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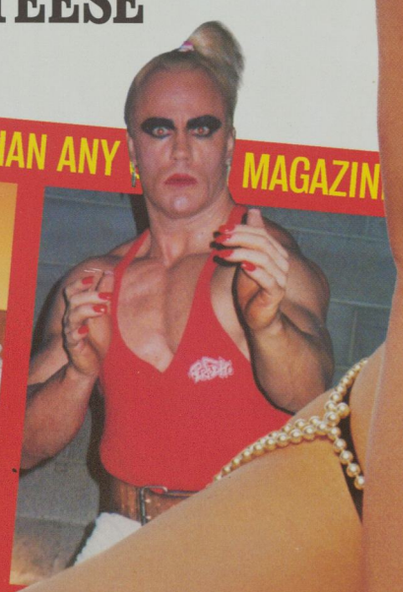

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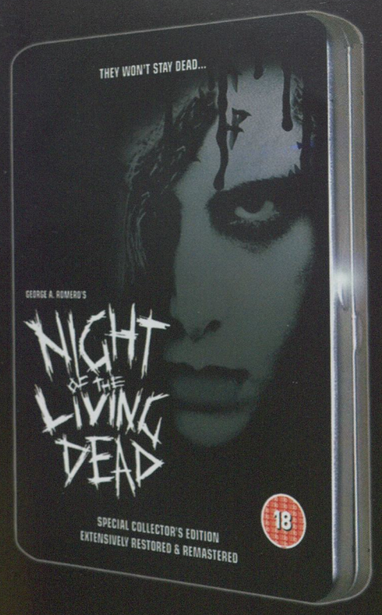

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52

Contents

FEATURES

48 THE BEST PIN-UPS EVER!
We track the history of glamour girls, from big knickers and winsome glances to rubber G-strings and silicone tits. PLUS! The incomparable Dita von Teese on her lust for classic pin-ups

54 QUEEN OF PIN-UPS
Meet Pamela Green – the cockney beauty your grandad may well have pleasured himself over

58 SOFT PORN GOES MENTAL
1960s women in not much. Photographers out of their minds on LSD. One massive afro. Far out, daddio!

60 MENSTRUAL MAYHEM
Kneel, worm! It's time to suck on your mistress' tampon! Oh, sorry mother – didn't see you there

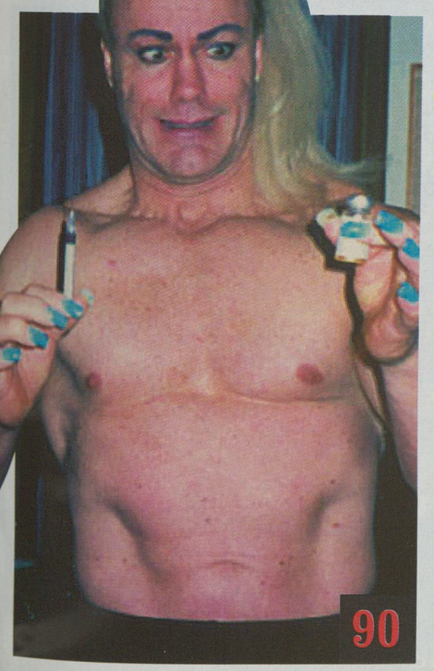
68 LONDON KILLS ME
The streets of London are paved not with gold, but DEATH. We know – we live here

72 VIC REEVES
Bizarre salutes the man who turned comedy weird, and *Little Britain*'s Matt Lucas pays tribute

82 SUICIDE
It may not be painless, but it sure is high-tech these days. We reveal the latest ways to top yourself

86 KENNETH ANGER
He makes his films "by magic", he puts hexes on rock stars and he HATES pigeon shit

90 BODYBUILDING TRANNIE
The curious tale of Stangelyne, the world's beefiest cross-dressing gym Nazi with Tourettes



90

60

86

72

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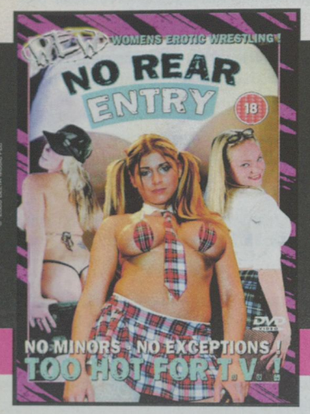

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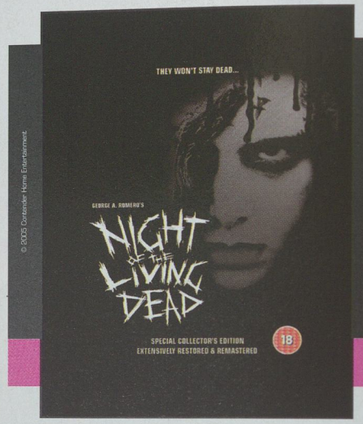

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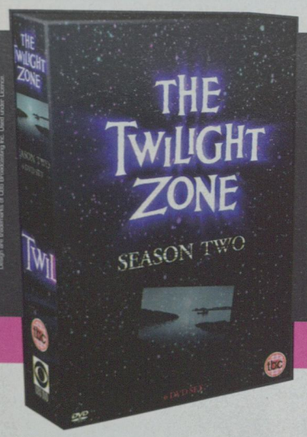

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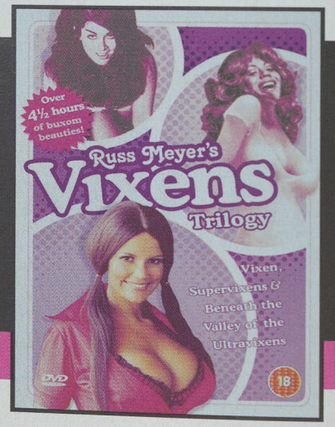

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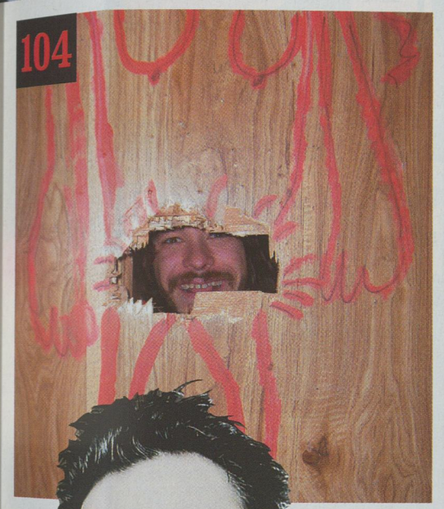
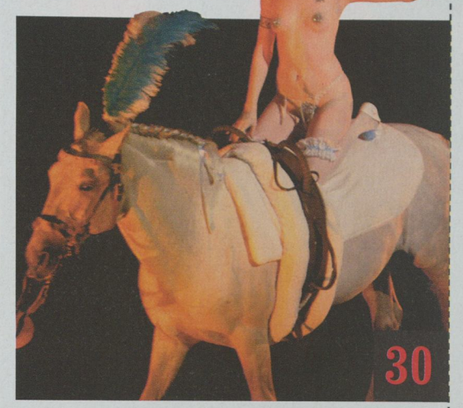




Contents

REGULARS

6 PHOTO ASSAULT
Ninety-four-year-old giving birth, human zoo, 43 fish in a woman's knickers, painful diving-board head split, long queue for the ladyboys' toilet. And worse!

24 MONDO BIZARRO
Amazing shark submarine, £500 OAP death bet, interesting forehead tattoo, dwarf pub, pigeon bombs, how to buy yourself human flesh – legally!

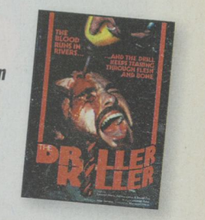
30 PARTIES
Mammaries on mammals at The Whoopee Club

36 THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...
Genocidal killer Idi Amin may have fed 500,000 people to crocodiles, but did you know he had an eye for the ladies and loved Scotland and rugby?

42 HOW BIZARRE ARE YOU?
Ville Valo, frontman of HIM, enjoys leaping across hotel balconies and being pissed in by bandmates

44 BIZARRE BEAUTIES
Sexy readers strut their steamy stuff for you to look at through your eyes and store in your brain

99 REVIEWS
Send More Paramedics tear their zombie faces open, *Burn My Eye* gobs in your ocular cavity, enormous pigs' testicles for sale, disabled mail-order Russian brides, and who would nail their shoes to their feet?



116 REVIEWED AND RATED
Real-life superhero equipment THAT YOU CAN ACTUALLY BUY (if you have a zillion pounds), including: invisibility cloak, X-ray specs, gills like a fish, sonic death ray, chewing-gum gun AND MORE

120 ASK BIZARRE
Is it legal to eat your own body? Find out here!

129 SLEAZE
The usual wholesome mix of deformed tits, not-Snatchphrase and horrible German clown porn

Stan Wright AKA Stangelyne (left), with our writer Dan and lady friend

Heil Fitness!

Sorry, just got possessed for a second there by the late Stan Wright, otherwise known as Stangelyne, the subject of one of the wildest stories we've ever printed. It's a microcosm of the *Bizarre* universe. This one has it all. Transvestites, bodybuilders, Tourette's syndrome, drugs and murder, all in the form of ONE PERSON. And it's right here (well, on **p90**, anyway), brought to you by one of our Los Angeles correspondents, Dan Kapelovitz, a former associate of Stan. Read it.

Among other highlights in this exciting instalment of Britain's most treasured magazine are a historical guide to London crime, written by novelist and former *Bizarre* staffer Cathi Unsworth (**p68**), zombie musicians (**p100**), menstruation erotica (**p60**), a bar run by dwarves (**p28**), and the removal of a dead foetus from a 94-year-old woman (**p6**). Ready?

Bizarre's make-up expert gets to work on our cover girl

Come to us, children. *Bizarre* will look after you. You're home now.
The Editor (left, with son).

BIZARRE

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WHAT DO JAZZ MUSICIANS CALL PORN MAGAZINES?

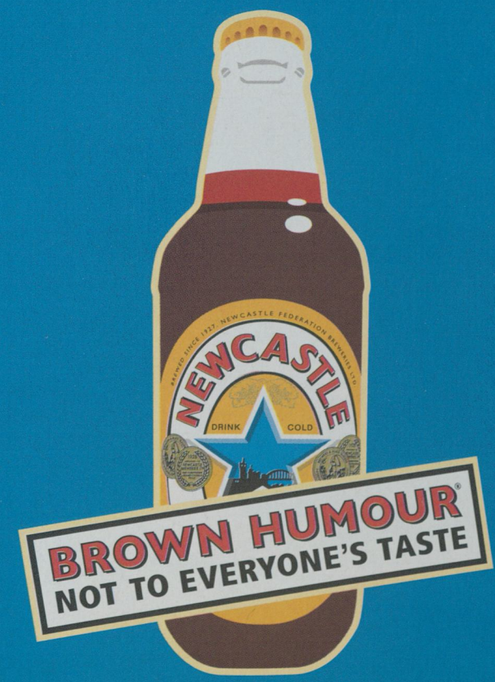

Photo Assault

The world's most extreme close-ups

CHINA

BIRTH PAINS

A 22.5kg (about 3st) dead foetus is removed from the womb of a 94-year-old woman in Beijing. According to the Chinese agency that supplied this picture, "The woman was operated on her big abdomen at Fengtai Hospital. After the operation for two hours, a dead foetus was removed from the womb of the old woman."

IMAGINECHINA/MAXPPP

CANADA

POOL OF BLOOD

American diver Chelsea Davis is helped out of the pool after hitting her head on the board during the preliminary round of the women's three-metre springboard diving competition at the World Aquatics Championships on 22 July this year in Montreal. Davis required stitches after bursting her head.

AP PHOTO/RYAN REMIORZ

ISRAEL

HUMAN ZOO

A mobile cage system is prepared at an army base in Zeelim, close to the southern Israeli city of Beer Sheva, for use in the (at the time of writing) upcoming disengagement from the Gaza Strip by Israel, due to start on 15 August. The Israeli authorities expect considerable opposition from the 7,500 of their countrymen who are resident in the occupied territories and are now required to leave their homes, many of whom will end up in this makeshift clink if their resistance to the land handover proves too vigorous.

MEIR AZULAY/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

DROP DEAD GORGEOUS

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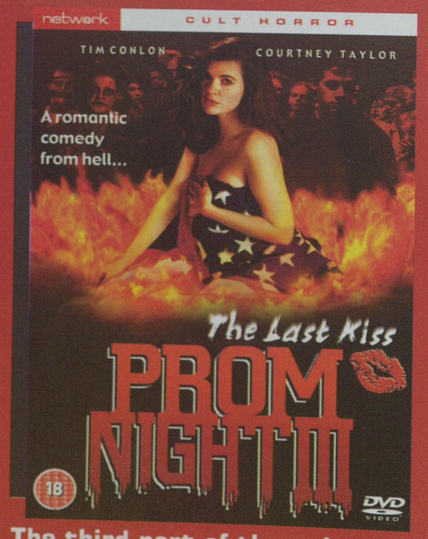

The third part of the cult horror saga, starring Tim Conlon and Courtney Taylor.

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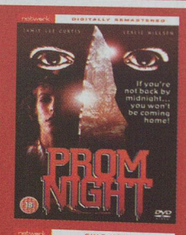
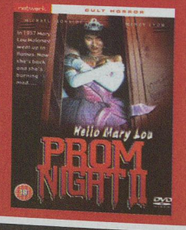
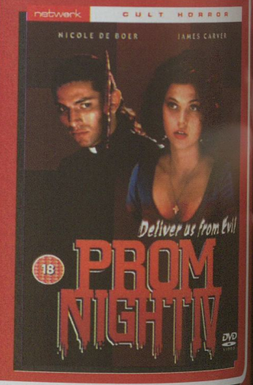




COMING SOON
PROM NIGHT IV



Virgin megastores
MEGASTORES VS INDIFFERENCE

Photo Assault

IRAQ

EXECUTED IN IRAQ

An Iraqi man holds the head of his brother, brought in by pick-up truck to the Yarmuk hospital, Baghdad, in August 2005 along with 12 other beheaded bodies. The dead men were found on wasteground near a Baghdad school, according to an Interior Ministry official. The murders are thought to be the work of 'insurgents', 'terrorists', or whatever we're meant to be calling them this week.

ALI AL-SAADI/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

AUSTRALIA

FISHY KNICKERS

This is the unconventional dress of a woman who arrived in Melbourne, Australia, on a flight from Singapore in June 2005. She had 51 *live* tropical fish hidden in a specially designed apron under her skirt. Customs officers thought something was fishy when they heard 'flipping' noises coming from the vicinity of her waist, and an examination revealed a secret hiding plaice: 15 plastic water-filled bags, all filled with fish.

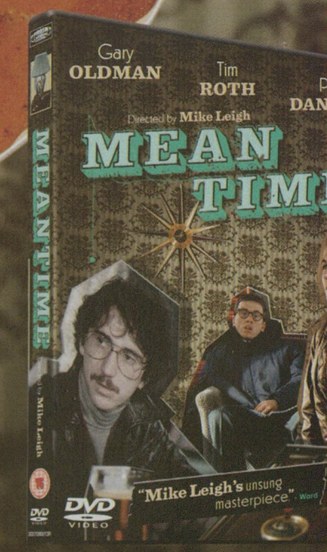
AP PHOTO/AUSTRALIAN CUSTOMS SERVICE

Gary OLDMAN
Tim ROTH
Phil DANIEL
Directed by Mike Leigh

"YOU TALKIN' TA ME OR CHEWIN' A BRICK?"

"Mike Leigh's unsung masterpiece" Word

"Rich in very British humour... every member of the cast is excellent" Variety



"GECHER OWN" - 22nd AUGUST £5.9

UK

QUEUE FOR THE LADYBOYS

Members of the cabaret troupe 'The Ladyboys of Bangkok' queue up to use the 'special' toilet at the Meadows Theatre during this year's Edinburgh Festival 10 August, 2005. The troupe's 'Cabaret of Smiles' has been a great success, attracting lots of oiled-up Scotsmen who don't *fancy* the Ladyboys, they simply find them fascinating.

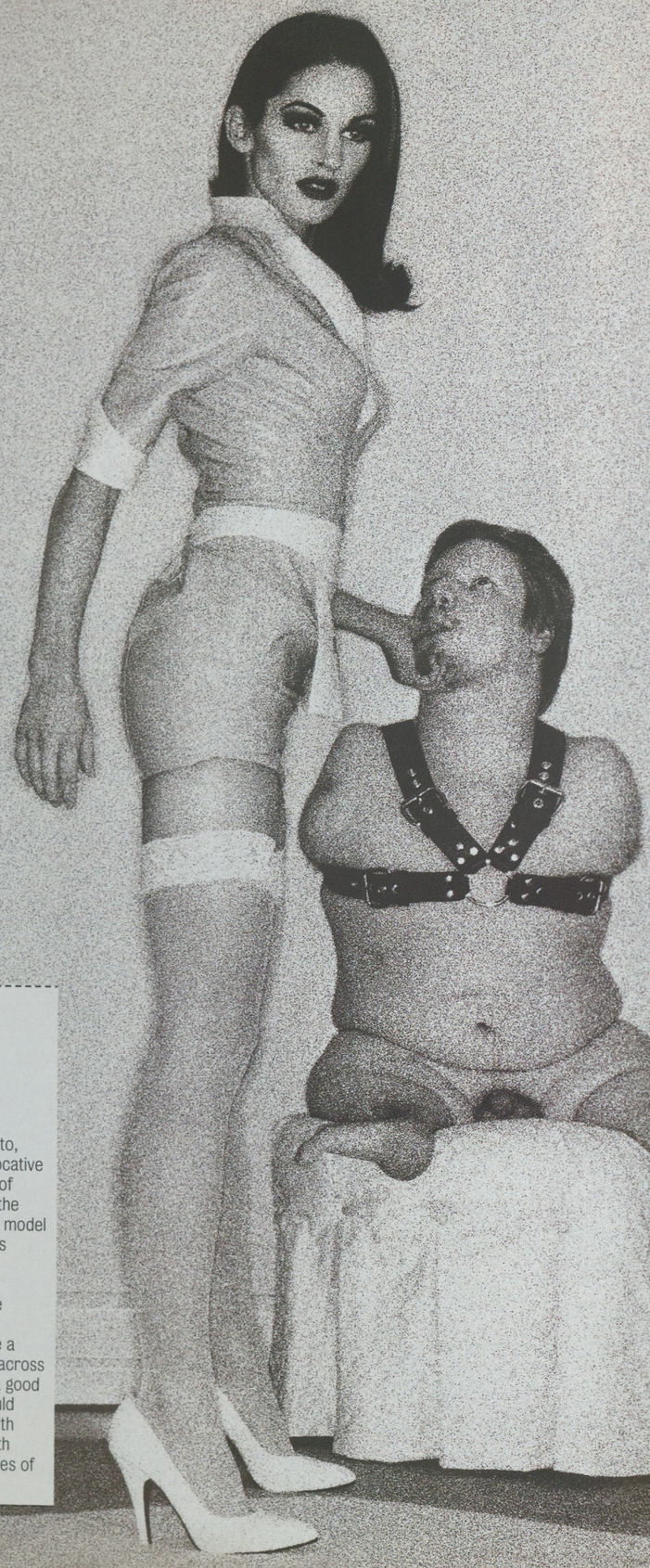
REUTERS/JEFF J MITCHELL

SPAIN

HOW GREEN IS MY ALLEY

People walk along a decorated street during a festival called Corpus Christi in Zahara de la Sierra, southern Spain. For two days in June, the residents cover every house and street in the town with tree branches and grass, turning the sleepy Andalucian streets into a 48-hour floral fiesta, complete with street musicians, food stalls and thousands of revellers.

REUTERS/MARCELO DEL POZO



USA

THE LOOK OF LOVE

Artist Tony Ward, who took this photo, writes: "I was looking for very provocative subjects and came up with the idea of creating an erotic shoot with Todd, the fellow in the picture, and my regular model Paulette. After lengthy conversations with the two subjects I invited them for a meeting where they would get to know each other a little bit before the shoot. Todd, I had seen around Philadelphia, my native city, for quite a number of years and I always came across him around nightclubs, bars having a good time. I thought how interesting it would be to invite him to an erotic shoot with one of my greatest models. They both got along famously resulting in a series of memorable pictures."

TONY WARD/THE COVER STORY

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LETTERS

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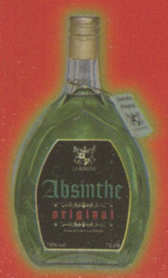
EDITED BY **DENISE STANBOROUGH**

EACH MONTH THE READER WHO SENDS IN THE STAR LETTER WINS A BOTTLE OF HEADMASHING LA BOHEME ABSINTHE. FOR THE REST OF YOU, THE GORGEOUS GREEN GUTROT IS AVAILABLE FROM ABSINTHE ORIGINAL.COM



STAR LETTER

AMERICAN BOOTY

Dear *Bizarre*,
We've shared languages, movies, wars and more, but there is one American secret the British have yet to pick up on. I'd say even 99.9 per cent of Americans don't know about it, but it's the best thing ever. It's better than sex with an armpit. Better than sex with a girl, even.

What you do is keep your arse a little muddy after dropping a deuce (Vegas slang for 'take a shit'). Rip a long piece of toilet paper and shove it like a bomb into your Death Star. Let the rest of the paper drop into the toilet water, then flush. I believe the British water runs in a circular motion like the water here in the States. This circular flowing action will twist the toilet paper inside the anus resulting in quite a pleasurable experience.

We Americans enjoy tossing our own salads, so I sincerely hope you'll learn to enjoy also. Take care and keep up the lovely work in your magazine.
Chris Haraway (not pictured), Nevada

GOTHIC COCK-UP

Dear *Bizarre*,
I'm just enjoying your latest issue and was pleased to see the article about Gothic Lolitas as I like the band Malice Mizer. It seems you were misinformed though. Mana was lead guitarist not singer. He wouldn't talk in public interviews, opting to whisper to other band members so as not to spoil his image as he has a deep voice. The lead singer was Gakt, who left for a solo career after the tragic death of the drummer Kami. Yes, a lot of their stuff is very classical and high-class European Vampire, but may I recommend the 'Illuminati' music video? One shot shows a band member sitting in a tub of blood from which he lifts the dismembered head of a girl, which he kisses and bites. I'm sorry this is just another 'get your facts righ' letter, but thank you for helping me be more aware of the real world and real people.
Love Rachel Fortin, Cambridge

ADULT BABIES

Hi all,
I have been reading your magazine off and on for about the past year, some of it I find interesting, some of it I find downright disgusting, but that's your prerogative, so print what you will. Anyway, to get to the point of this message, I was glancing through issue 98 and came across an article that piqued my particular interest, on p120, called 'I date adult babies'. I found it most interesting, as the AB community usually gets so little exposure in the media, mostly in a negative light. It was nice to come across some literature on the subject. I was wondering if it would be possible to see some more of this in *Bizarre*, I know many out there would be glad to see, myself included.
A reader, by email

UZI KIDDING

Dearest *Bizarre*,
I am writing to you for help. Correction, assistance! I would really like you to point me in the right direction for me to achieve certain goals. Let me explain a little first!

I have never been one to go on holiday to sit on the beach and burn, nor am I one to gasp in awe at the 'beautiful architecture' or ancient buildings. Fuck that. That said, I am not what you would call 'extreme', I just have different tastes. Among them are:

1. Appearing in a porn film. Not as a participant in the hardcore 'lurve' making, but as one of those guys dressed as a guard who has to look on while a young damsel is force-fed two cocks.
2. Bungee jump off the dam that Piece Brosnan leapt off in *Goldeneye*.
3. Learn how to hypnotise people.
4. Find out where I can go to try out human suspension.
5. Fire an Uzi.

These are just some of the things I wanna do... soon. I hope you can help me because I don't think I can trust any other magazine.

Hugs and kisses,
Cal, Shrewsbury
Cal, what dreams and aspirations you have in life. We're sure your parents are very proud. With regards to your various requests, let's pick them off one by one, shall we?

*1. Appearing in a porn film. Have a gander at **Adultfilmcareers.com** and see if they are in desperate need of a goon to stand in the background gawping at women's fannies.*

2. The Verzasca Dam, featured in the opening scenes of Goldeneye, *is actually situated in Vogorno, Switzerland. It is a devasting drop of 720ft, lasting 7.5 seconds and giving you sufficient time to shit your pants and damage your optic nerves. However, it is possible to for us ordinary mortals to bungee jump from it (with professional assistance, of course). Visit **Trekking.ch/welcome.asp** for more details.*

*3. Check out **Hypnos.info/pages/training.html**. You'll have your Nan barking like a dog and your sister sucking you off in next to no time.*

*4. Hardcore Dutch suspension artists Shocking Delight will be more than happy to attach hooks to your skin and string you up in a private session behind closed doors. Make sure you take a sugary snack with you and a mate to help you on your way afterwards. **Shockingdelight.nl***

*5. Firing an Uzi: Why not combine your interest in highly dangerous weaponary with getting a suntan? The Front Sight Firearms Training Institute in Nevada is a sort of holiday resort for gun freaks. Folk can take a break in the arid desert heat and get intimate with a fully automatic Uzi 9mm submachine gun, among a range of other impressive shooters. Visit **Frontsight.com** if you want to fire an Uzi the legal way.*

TOO PARANOID TO EMAIL? TOO LAZY TO WRITE?

NOW YOU CAN TEXT YOUR LETTERS TO US. JUST TEXT **81125** AND BEGIN YOUR MESSAGE WITH THE WORD '**LETTER**'

ALL LETTERS PRINTED GET A SYRINGE PEN, WHICH ARE "IN EXTREMELY BAD TASTE", ACCORDING TO SWANSEA COUNCIL. FAILING THAT, YOU CAN GET ONE FROM WELLCOOL STUFF.COM

INSIDE INVENTIONS

Dear *Bizarre*,
What the fuck is going on?

I was in my cell admiring the concrete surroundings when my weekly TV guide was slid under the door. It contained the small catalogue that accompanies this letter.

If you turn to p9, you'll see I've circled one of the ingenious creations you are able to purchase.

Me being me, I've tried my best to come up with some useful functions for the 'Invisible Urinal Sheath'. I've come to the conclusion that the device is aimed at Welfare State Independent Alcoholics. If you fit the criteria here are some tips on how to turn the useless device into a useful asset:

1) Are you an alcoholic who's been sent by your wife or the courts to an AA meeting? If so, you can use the collector bag and a piece of fine hosepipe to construct a device that would enable you to sit quietly in the back of the meetings and slyly drink away.

2) When the DHSS catch you committing benefit fraud; in the midst of the inevitable homicidal, vengeful rage that ensues, you could use it to smuggle a petrol bomb into the dole office so you could blow then up when they refuse your crisis loan.

3) Being a tearaway, end-of-the-tether alkie, it could help spare you the embarrassment of waking up in a shop doorway with cold and wet legs because you've pissed yourself.

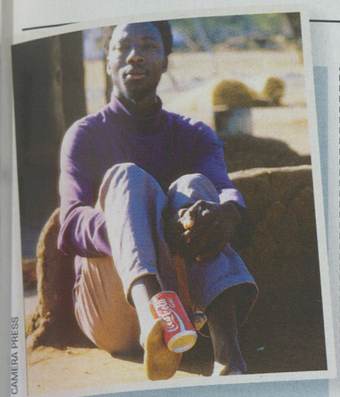
I hope I've been of some assistance to some of you.
Ben Long, HMP Wymott, Leyland, Preston

***Bizarre* accepts no responsibility for any sphincteral twistage you may experience during your perverted experiments**

Invisible Sheath Urinal

Helps solve incontinence problems — comfortably. Fits invisibly under clothing. Allows full social, business and sporting activities. Use when sitting, standing, even in bed or wheelchair. Adjusts to any waist for complete comfort and confidence. One size fits all.

#30620 Invisible Sheath Kit £29.99
#30622 Spare 4.8 fl. oz. (0.14L). (0.15 litre) Sheath £9.99


CAMERA PRESS

ALIEN AFRICAN TRIBE

In the photo section of your magazine a couple of issues ago I saw an image of the two/three-toed African tribe of alien descent and have been trying to find out some more info about them. My devout catholic cleaner thinks your magazine is the work of the devil and always destroys them with holy water (strangely she leaves the hardcore alone) so I can't even remember what the tribe is called! Any help will be greatly appreciated.
Alex, by email
The people, from issue 94, are the Vadoma tribe, Zimbabwe.

WORRYING US THIS MONTH

SEEDY CD ART

I've been tempted to send in a pic to you guys for ages but could never choose what one to send!

Last month's section on offensive CD covers, made me choose this picture I drew up for a German gore grind band CxMxP (corpse molesting pervert). In case you can't tell what is going on (a few people who've seen it have asked) it's an old man in the process of hacking up a dead woman with an axe while masturbating with one of her severed arms, the other severed arm is stuffed up her axe mangled arsehole, I guess this could be considered offensive by some people, but I hope you like it!
Phillip Green, by email

I'M NOT GAY, BY THE WAY

I'm writing to compliment the chap whose picture appears in your star letter (issue 100).

What a fine arse and legs he has, and I did read on before I did anything to myself. Even though I'm heterosexual, I had a mind-blowing wank over his pics, I just wish he had the bottle to turn around and show me what he's got in front. I would like him to get in touch with me so I can take my own photos of him and perhaps have a bit of male-on-male contact. If he wishes to get in touch then he can get my email address supplied to yourselves. Looking forward to hearing from you.

Many thanks,
An admirer of a lovely arse, by email

What straight man could resist?

SHOCK TACTICS

Dear *Bizarre*,
A friend sent me this pic and I couldn't work out if it's real or not – if it is, looks like the people of Pinheiros are a lot less squeamish about advertising the dangers of jaywalking than we are. Can anyone spread any light on it?
Ian, Sutton Coldfield

SICK AS A DOG

Lying in bed the other night, I thought I would flick through my boyfriend's magazine to see what's happening in the world of *Bizarre*. Flicking through your best-ever photos made me feel physically fucking sick, seeing the 'canine lollipop' and 'Mary' the hanging elephant made me realise what a sick bunch of cunts you really are.

If Steve Deerwood wants to prick himself 2,507 times with needles for fun, let the dickhead do it but looking at photos of dead animals that have obviously suffered and dancing bears is not a best-ever photo – it's fucking shit!

Do yourselves a favour and get proper fucking jobs that involve using your shitty brains and stop printing such pointless shit.
Jade Still, Bromley, Kent
Actually we're all animal lovers at Bizarre. *But while we don't advocate sticking a skinned pooch on a pole, it certainly won't stop us printing the picture in the magazine – we like to observe international cultural differences and share them with you all*

MAKE OVER

Flicking through issue 99 the other day I saw the makeover you gave Bam Bam (winner of *Bizarre* Beauties). I REALLY want my hair like that! Can u let me know what the products were?
Jenny, by email
We tried cement and electrocution, but in the end it was Tigi Uptight Heat Activated Curl Maker and Tigi Hard Head Hard Hold Hairspray that saved the day. For stockists call 0870 330 0995.

LEAD

BY ANDREW JAMES JONES

WE All knew THAT KEVIN Matthews HAD Customized his Vacume adding a pulse feature for sexual relief, I thought this was a bit of genious, but that was befor I knew the Dangers Dave told me that KEV had found out the hardway, stupidly he didn't use Any protection and SOME How Some OF his Sucked up cock snot Fertilised Summit inside the vacums.
Apparently Kev didn't even realise for ages and only found out his vacume was Pregnant when he WENT To change THE bag and ended up delivering His own Child.
WWW.STOLENIDEAS.COM

MONDO BIZARRO

C planet is sick... **here's this month's health report**

The sub has a steel skeleton with bullet-proof spine, to save the divers from real Great Whites

USA

Some Fin **Fishy**

JACQUES COUSTEAU'S GRANDSON MEETS HOLLYWOOD FOR SHARK SUBMARINE

Legendary diving expert Jacques Cousteau's grandson Fabien is carving out a name all of his own in the underwater world, with amazing projects like this – the shark submarine.

The flip-top-headed craft was inspired by a Tintin book – *Rackham Le Rouge* – that caught the young Fabien's imagination aged seven. Since then he has always dreamed of creating a shark submarine, and the oceanographer has finally realised his ambition with Troy – named after the Trojan Horse.

Troy is 14ft long, weighs 1,200lb and was meticulously designed by Hollywood engineering and special-effects expert Eddie Paul. Inside, a diver lies flat, cruising at speeds of up to five knots, holding a joystick in each hand "just like a fighter plane".

The steel skeleton and flexible bulletproof-plastic spine protect Troy's pilot ("it could survive a tractor driving over it"), who can survive for up to six hours using a silent-running re-breather unit, as used by the military, that emits no bubbles and thus does not alarm the real sharks under observation.

Troy's eyes are moveable camera lenses, and the mouth also moves, so the biologists can make specific gestures and study other sharks' responses. In order to see what's going on behind, the sub has two attached cameras concealed in 14in rubber remoras – the suckerfish that hang on to and feed from Great Whites. ***Greg Hughes***

MIKE HOOVER/STERN/SOAPHOTOAGENCY.COM

UK

£500 Says I'm **Dead** Pre-Xmas

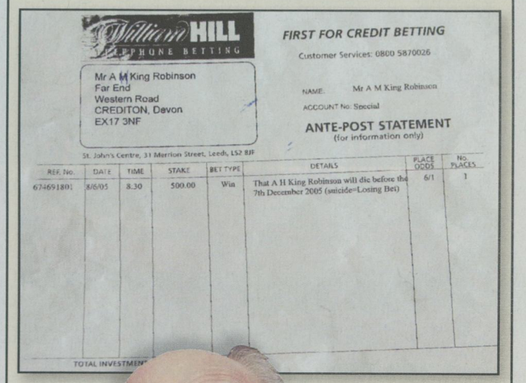
By the time you're reading this, this man will be dead – that's what he's hoping, at least.

Pensioner Arthur Robinson from Crediton in Devon has placed a £500 bet with bookies William Hill that he will trundle off this mortal coil by 6 December this year. Despite being in robust health, the 91-year-old was given odds of 6 to 1, although Hill's have stipulated that suicide would invalidate his deathly wager.

If Arthur achieves his goal of carking it before Christmas, his wife Cynthia, 85, will scoop £3,000 – enough to cover her inheritance-tax bill.

William Hill said they don't normally accept bets on people's mortality. "We have had requests from people wanting to back themselves or, in one case, their wife, to die by a certain date," said spokesman Graham Sharpe. "Usually we don't take these wagers but with Arthur we were so impressed with his ingenuity at solving his taxing problem we decided we would. After all, if he wins, it's his funeral."

Greg Hughes



William HILL TELEPHONE BETTING

FIRST FOR CREDIT BETTING

Customer Services: 0800 5870026

Mr A M King Robinson
Far End
Western Road
CREDITON, Devon
EX17 3NF

NAME: Mr A M King Robinson

ACCOUNT No: Special

ANTE-POST STATEMENT
(for information only)

St. John's Centre, 31 Merrion Street, Leeds, LS2 8JF

REF. No.	DATE	TIME	STAKE	BET TYPE	DETAILS	PLACE ODDS	No. PLACES
67469180	8/6/05	8.30	500.00	Win	That A H King Robinson will die before the 7th December 2005 (suicide=Losing Bet)	6/1	1

TOTAL INVESTMENT

REX

USA

When is a car not a car?

When it turns into a side street, of course. Or a giant stiletto. Or a huge rabbit. Over the weekend of 24-25 September, the weirdest cars in the US will be in San Francisco for ArtCar Fest 2005. Essentially a celebration of the strangest vehicles you can legally drive, hundreds are due to attend. "An art car is a double-edged sword. It's a real head-turner but if you kill someone in a hit-and-run you are fucked," one of the owners didn't say, but might have done.

On show here are some of our favourites. See Artcarfest.com for more. *James Doorne*

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DEPRAVED AND CORRUPT

18

SIX OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS VIDEO NASTIES...

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THE DRILLER KILLER
THE EVIL DEAD
THE LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT
NIGHTMARES IN A DAMAGED BRAIN

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Duncan's Dinners

EACH MONTH OUR RESIDENT GOURMAND DELIVERS HIS VERDICT ON THE WORLD'S MOST DISGUSTING DISHES

THIS MONTH: JELLYFISH

Greetings, omnivores! There are many horrors that lurk in the sea. The deadly poisonous puffer-fish or *fugu*, which every year claims the lives of up to 100 gourmands foolish enough to try it, for instance. That aquatic treat I leave for another more melancholy month, when I no longer plead to suckle from the teat of Dame Existence.

Instead, I turn to the jellyfish, brutal and alien-looking assassin of the deep. Oh, how I remember my first childhood encounter with the beast. Its quivering, eldritch flesh and the slimy tentacles that sweated poison into my pale skin as I innocently prodded it. How well, too, I remember the cruel laughter of mama as I cried!

The texture was like bacon rind and coagulated semen

Sat in a restaurant in the part of London set aside for the accursed Chinee and his infernal activities, I felt anxious as my dinner was carried towards me by a petit madame of the restaurant's employ. Even in its current state – shredded, boiled and, therefore, presumably dead – I felt a gnawing fear.

Gently, I teased portion after portion of its bestial, gristly flesh from the plate with the chopsticks provided. At last! Revenge over this most hideous of God's mistakes! But as the taste – barely discernible at first, under the vinegar strokes of its accompanying sauce – began to ferment in my gullet, I realised that the creature was having the last laugh. Such a vile texture, as well – like bacon rind crossed with semen, lovingly harvested, then left to coagulate in cold weather for not more than a day.

I could take no more. Flinging my money to the table, I cravenly fled the restaurant. Was it my imagination or did I hear cruel laughter once again, this time from the oh-so-demure waitress?

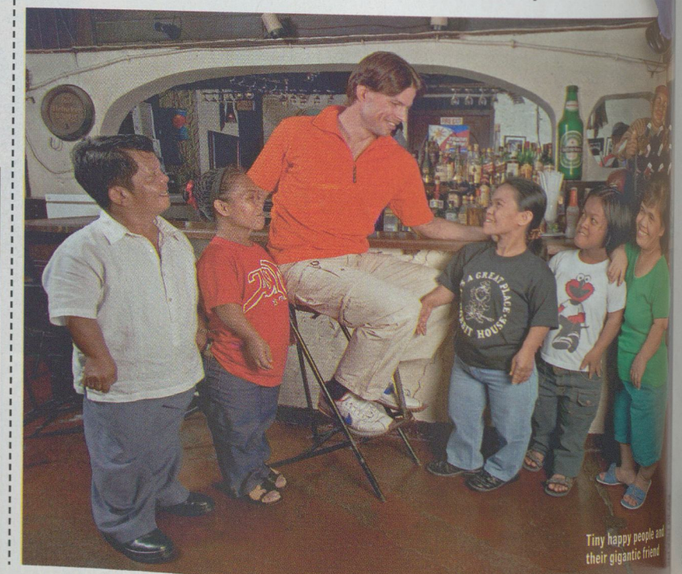
DUNCAN BELL

PHILIPPINES

Good Elf!

IT'S THE PUB WHAT'S RUN BY ALL SMALL PEOPLE!

Yes, a bar staffed entirely by little folk. It's called The Hobbit House, it's in Manila, and the owner's a JRR Tolkien fan who's decorated the place a bit like a Hobbit house from The Shire. Behind the stage is a Hobbit mural, and all the waiters are Filipino dwarves and midgets. Other than that, it's a perfectly traditional live music venue, right in the heart of the bohemian Malate area of the Filipino capital, where local bands perform blues and funk to the delight of traditionally sized people. Why not go? They do a good line in shorts, apparently. And so on. Insert your own joke here. ***Gimli Godfrey***



Tiny happy people and their gigantic friend

MINI MONDO

I'LL KEEP YOUR KID

Two Argentinian couples whose babies were mixed up in hospital had their compensation cut after they decided not to swap children. Neither family, from Concordia, could bear to be parted from the children they had been raising as their own for six years. But both pressed ahead with their claims for compensation from Felipe Heras Hospital

>Meet the cross-dressing bodybuilder with Tourette's p90!

USA

That's So A Good Look

WOMAN TATTOOS FOREHEAD FOR SON

We could explain why this woman has a tattoo of the name of an online casino across her face, but who better to justify the considered rationale than the lady, Kari Smith of Utah, herself:

"Are you sure you want this done?" the man in the tattoo parlour asked me again. "I don't like doing permanent tattoos on the face."

"But there was nothing that he could say to convince me. I was going to get the words Goldenpalace.com tattooed across my forehead.

"I wasn't doing this for glamour or for fame. I was doing this for my son. I was doing this for my little boy, Brady. He had just turned 11 in June and in the last two years of his life he had witnessed eight tragedies.

"Last year my son, my mother and I were all involved in a car accident. On 31 December last year I lost my grandmother. During that time my stepfather lost his mother and grandmother and just recently we lost another friend of the family.

"But the biggest blow to my little son was the death of my sister Amy in April this year.

"Amy was driving on a wet road when the accident happened and her car rolled 75ft. Amy cracked her head and broke her neck and her spine. That was the cause of her death. She was only 28 years old.

"After Amy's death we couldn't get Brady into a car. He would walk around the house with his teddy bear. After a couple of months my boyfriend and I started to think about what we could do for Brady. The biggest wish my sister had was that my little boy would go to college. So, Jeremy and I thought, 'What can we do? What's going to make an impact?'

"That's when we thought about selling a part of my body on Ebay as advertising space. Suddenly Jeremy said to me, 'What about your forehead?'

"We got offers from all over the world – England, Germany, France – but we decided to go for GoldenPalace.com, an Internet gambling company that gave us an offer of $10,000.

"When the owner contacted me and told me he was interested my heart leapt. After I had it done I got lots of attention from the local press and people in the street.

"They say, 'I would never have done that. You're crazy. You're out of your mind.' I tell them, 'You're entitled to your opinion, but I made my son happy.'

"Finally my son has come out of his shell. Now he brags at school and tells the other kids, 'My mom got a tattoo for me. What did your mom do for you?'"

SPLASH NEWS

MINI MONDO

AIRPORT SHOCKERS

Airport security is to receive a new type of scanner wand – one that is capable of delivering a 100,000-volt shock. The move is intended to foil suicide bombers who, on being found out, might try to blow themselves up. The wands give guards a silent warning upon detecting explosives.

Songs to make love to

CRACK OV DAWN

THE PARISIAN GOTH'N'ROLLERS TELL US WHAT GETS THEM SHAKING THEIR DERRIÈRES BETWEEN THE SHEETS

1 GUNS & ROSES, 'DON'T CRY'
"A very sweet song to get innocent girls into bed."

2 RAMMSTEIN, 'BÜCK DICH'
"German groove and brutish love. Perfect."

3 CRACK OV DAWN, 'GOTHIC PARTY'
"The magic of alcohol – the princess of the night becomes a freak in the morning."

4 SCORPIONS, 'STILL LOVING YOU'
"*The* immortal love song. Especially when you're 13 and kiss your girlfriend for the first time."

5 ZEROMANCER, 'HOUSES OF CARDS'
"Oh my God, this voice is sooo exciting!"

6 CANNIBAL CORPSE, 'FUCKED WITH A KNIFE'
"Just in case you change your mind and don't really want to fuck."

7 THE OUTBURST, 'VALENTINE'
"Love me just one night baby, just one night."

8 NIRVANA, 'RAPE ME'
"It's the kind of order I like to obey."

9 NICK CAVE, 'WHERE THE WILD ROSES GROW'
"Romantic, beautiful, poetic. Because even men have feelings sometimes!"

10 TATU, 'ALL THE THINGS SHE SAID'
"Hey baby, why don't you bring your sexy friend along for a ménage-a-trois."

Crack Ov Dawn's 'Dawn Addict' is out now via Equilibre music. See Crackovdawn.com for more…

Parties

Whoopee presents Wink The Other Eye

VENUE: HACKNEY EMPIRE, LONDON **DATE:** 22 JULY 2005
WEBSITE: Whoopee.co.uk

WORDS **ALEX GODFREY** PHOTOS **JAMES STAFFORD**

The Hackney Empire was built in 1901. Scandalous singer and 'queen of the music hall' Marie Lloyd performed here, as did the likes of Charlie Chaplin and Max Miller. Tonight, Burlesque cabaret club Whoopee took over, promising to "celebrate the decadence of the Edwardian period," and turned the stalls area into a dancefloor. On stage, we were treated to Miss Lily White's striptease on an Adalucian white horse, Edwardian pole-dancing, balloon-popping, and all manner of singing and dancing showgirls, while tassel-wiggling and various sideshows were on offer throughout the night up in the theatre boxes. Not to be outshone, the punters had spent hours preparing their outfits, aiming to trump each other in the Burlesque glamour stakes. Like so…

MARCELLE
Ooh look, that's the naked feather girl I was just talking about! I love animals riding girls. I mean girls riding animals. Yes, animals riding girls could be dangerous. It's a lot of weight.

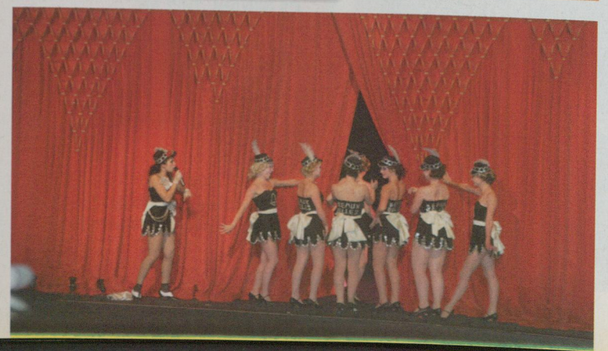
DEREK VALENTINE
My personal highlight tonight has been the naked lady on the horse. Wearing very little and riding a wild animal is a personal ambition of mine.

MISS CHERRY SHAKEWELL
I've been working hard tonight, tasselling for people. My tasselling technique? Pneumatic. Seeing the whole burlesque thing come to an old music hall is great. I just wanna have a bit of the old music-hall knees-up and get my tassels in a twist.

STEVE
Whoopee lives up to its reputation. It's all here, everything I hoped for from a cabaret burlesque night in London.

LISA
It's always better to dress up and fantasise than deal with real life. It's wonderful here, where else do you see a naked woman on a horse nowadays?

BOB
I came because I loved the poster, it promised me naked female flesh. I'm looking for pleasure and beauty tonight. I live burlesque.



MAY AND MATTHAEO
May: We're very naughty but nice.
Matthaeo: My special talent is painting.
May: He paints the essence of woman. What's the essence of me? Him.

PIGALLE
I've come tonight looking for trouble. I've already had fun twirling on the dancefloor and putting a penny in Delilah's slot.

MISS LILY WHITE
Tonight I rode a horse onstage. I always enjoy having ass between my legs. Hopefully later on I'll find myself another Andalucian stallion.

BIZARRE NUMBERS OF THE MONTH

2
Average life expectancy (in minutes) on falling into the river Thames

1
Number of seconds that will be added to time in 2005 to make up for slowing of Earth's rotation

5.5million
Amount, in US dollars, that convicted Texan drug dealer Jose Luis Betancourt cannot keep as he bought his winning ticket with drug proceeds

100
Number of roast pork buns devoured in 12 minutes by Japanese speed-eating champion Takeru Kobayashi

1/25
Number of 'dads' in the UK who are unwittingly raising another man's child, according to health researchers' estimates

Readers' Art

SEND ALL THE WEIRD AND WONDERFUL DRAWINGS AND PICTURES THAT LIVE INSIDE YOUR HEAD TO GREG HUGHES AT THE USUAL ADDRESS, OR EMAIL GREG_HUGHES@DENNIS.CO.UK

SHAUN
"I found this while pickin through some of the mo so-well-lit corners of my brainium. Please tell the world it can buy shirts an hoodies or just look at my brain-lint-crap like this. Somekindoferror.co.uk"

ANE SHOCK
"What is beautiful for one person might be macabre for another."

PAUL J WHYSALL, ISLE OF MAN
"I've recently transferre some of my tiny work doodles from analogue to digital. Enjoy."

PRODUCT

Tastes A Bit Like Human

If you're a modern kind of cannibal and find yourself tormentedly adrift between gnawing guilt and guilty gnawing, then help could finally be at hand, in the appetising shape of Hufu.

Yes, now you can indulge your cravings without getting your collar felt by chowing down on this new, bean-curd-based human-flesh substitute. It's designed to resemble the flavour and texture of you and me. Which is, according to the makers, "similar to beef, but a little sweeter in taste and a little softer in texture. Contrary to popular belief, people do not taste like chicken or pork."

How they know this remains shrouded in mystery, although the makers assure us they are "supremely confident" of the fact.

Greg Hughes

Get your own guilt-free, vegetarian longpig at Hufu.com

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BRIGADE RAF ROSSE
I FUCK NUNS
NECROPHILIA:
You Say PSYCHO Like It's A Bad Thing
TATTOOED WHITE TRASH
Home is where the trailer's parked
REAL MEN EAT PUSSY
DEBBIE DOES DALLAS
MY SOLE PURPOSE IS TO SERVE AS A WARNING TO OTHERS
Don't make me get my flying monkeys!
DRUM &BASS
ELVIS PRESLEY BURGER KING
i see DUMB people
THE MAN THE LEGEND
DON'T ANNOY THE CRAZY PERSON
ENJOY LIFE EAT OUT MORE OFTEN

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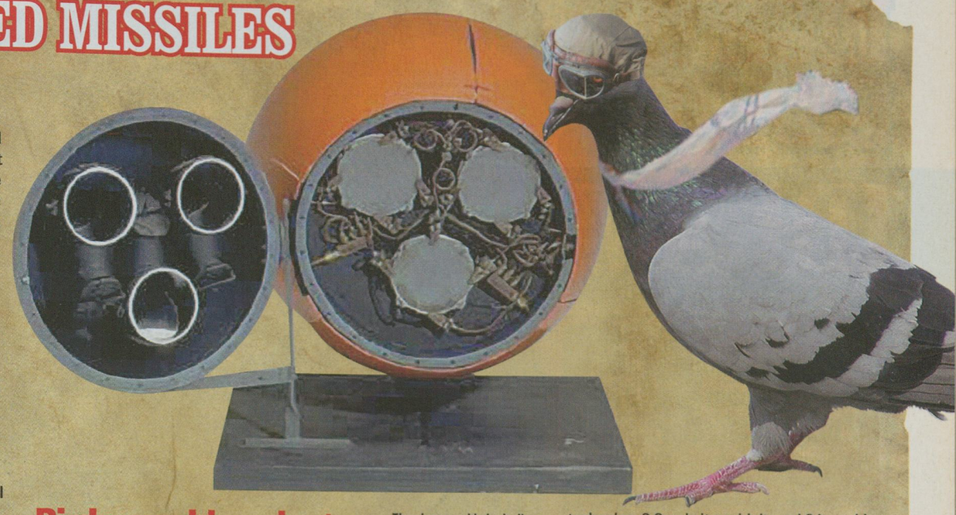
BIZARRE MOMENTS IN HISTORY

PIGEON-GUIDED MISSILES



The pigeon-guided missile: the world's first smart bomb, but abandoned by the military for being 'too silly'

You know when you turn on the news to enjoy watching the 'war' between ourselves, the mighty West, and whatever group of poverty-stricken brown people we've decided to liberate this week? Isn't the best bit the 'smart bomb' footage? Those bombs that can navigate streets, stop to ask for directions, then introduce themselves politely to the intended target before flying into his ear and blowing up. They cool!

But brainy as they may be, smart bombs are still machines. Which is a shame, because if history had been just *slightly* different, such humane weapons might have been guided not by computers but by highly trained pigeons.

Behavioural psychologist B F Skinner is the man who nearly turned a generation of pigeons into suicide bombers. The American inventor of The Skinner Box – a sinister device for training rats to be obedient – Skinner knew that if you give an animal grain in a systematic way, as a reward for specific behaviour, the little sluts will do *anything* you tell them to.

Seized by patriotic fervour during WWII, Skinner wanted to use this knowledge to help the war effort. Missile technology was in its infancy at the time, and reliable guidance systems were proving elusive. From his research, Skinner knew there was one thing that would fit the bill perfectly: pigeons. A bemused-but-desperate US government coughed up $25,000 for his research costs and 'Project Pigeon' was born.

This is how it worked: three pigeons were chained in front of a screen inside the missiles. They had to peck at a crosshairs on the screen – wired into the missile's guidance fins – to keep it over the target (photos were used for training). Why did the feathered fucks oblige, you ask? Because if they kept the cross-hairs over the target, they were rewarded with hemp seeds, which was dumped in a tray in front of them!

Birds would peck at a screen to guide the missile to its target

So why have we never heard of this miracle technology? Surely it couldn't work? It could. Test runs showed that pigeons were capable of guiding WMD, pecking their way to the target even with shells exploding around them and the US Coastguard later used pigeons to guide aircraft to shipwreck victims. The US Generals to whom Skinner presented his work rejected its use (in favour of radar) because they thought it was the spackiest idea they'd ever heard of. They didn't even *bother* to study the details, or the chances of Project Pigeon's success because it seemed dumb to them, and they thought people would laugh. The fools. ***Duncan Bell***

USA

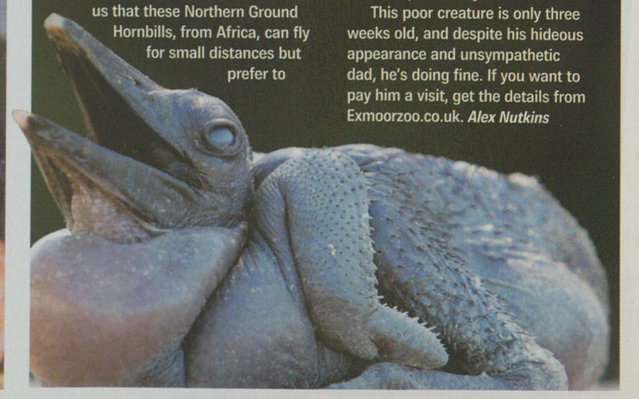
Hell Toupee

Usually, if you see someone with an obvious wig, you might snigger and sneakily take a camera-phone picture. But when a 19-year-old in a dodgy syrup walked past customs officers at New York's JFK airport, the border bouncers decided to investigate. When they peeled it back, they discovered $100,000' worth of heroin the man had brought with him from Colombia. He'd shaved his real hair, glued the packets to his scalp, and covered it up with the fake hairpiece. "Because he used Superglue, they took him to a medical facility to have it removed," said Officer Jennifer Conners. "Even at that, it pulled out the hair wherever they removed a package, so he ended up looking like a spotted cat." ***Tudor Halfwig***

SPLASH NEWS; REX; NAAH

UK

Ugly Chick



And now, a sad story. This little guy, who currently lives in Exmoor Zoo, Devon, was hand-reared by staff there after his egg was hurled 15ft out of the nest by his dad, who just didn't like the colour of the shells supplied by his wife.

A helpful man at the zoo informed us that these Northern Ground Hornbills, from Africa, can fly for small distances but prefer to walk, and as a result are often shot and eaten by farmers who don't like them feeding on their crops. "They're so ugly, they're beautiful," enthused the zoo man. "You can see the prehistoric monster in them – they look like pterodactyls."

This poor creature is only three weeks old, and despite his hideous appearance and unsympathetic dad, he's doing fine. If you want to pay him a visit, get the details from Exmoorzoo.co.uk. ***Alex Nutkins***

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

IDI AMIN

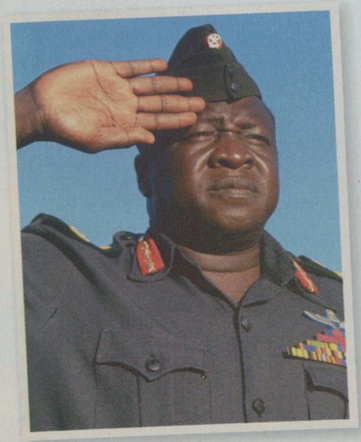
He had an eye for the ladies and a love of Scotland. Why get bogged down in quibbles over mass-slaughter?

WORDS **KAMPALA MACHETE**

Idi Amin (or, to give him his full title, Field Marshal Alhaji Dr Idi Amin Dada, VC, DSO, MC, CBE) was born in Uganda in about 1925 – estimates vary. He was undeniably dead in 2003. He seized power in 1971 and set about killing between 300,000 and 500,000 Ugandans (bodies were dumped in the Nile to be eaten by the crocodiles). He also expelled 40,000 Ugandan Asians, on the grounds that God had told him to make Uganda into a "black man's country". Unfortunately, Asian Ugandans were, by and large, middle-class businessmen, and removing the lot of them crippled Uganda's economy.

Hitler fan Amin caused outrage when he supported the Palestinian hijackers of an Israeli passenger plane that was forced to land in Uganda. Enraged when Israeli special forces subsequently raided the plane, he had an elderly Israeli hostage, who had been freed early for hospital treatment, taken from her bed and shot.

Finally, after Ugandan raids into the territory of neighbouring Tanzania, the Tanzanian government decided enough was enough, invaded Uganda and ousted Amin. He lived out the rest of his life in Saudi Arabia, who offered Amin protection.



The great Scottish hero

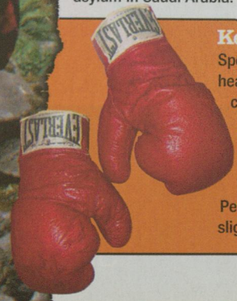
From the moment he joined the King's Scottish Rifle regiment as a young man (Uganda was at the time still a British colony), Idi loved all things kilty, and little wonder – the funsters in his regiment used to hit him on the head with hammers to "psych him up" before army rugby matches. He later offered financial support to extremist Scots nationalist groups and, rather charmingly, wrote a letter to the Queen, requesting she arrange a visit to Scotland in order to "meet the heads of revolutionary movements fighting against your imperialist oppression". Eventually, he took this love of the Hibernian land to its logical conclusion, and declared himself King of Scotland.

Mr Romantic
Amin had six wives, but that wasn't enough. He was obsessed with that hot slut Queen Elizabeth II, and once sent her a fax that read: "Dear Liz, if you want to meet a real man, come and visit [Ugandan capital] Kampala".

Highly successful
'King' Idi also had a VC and CBE ('Conqueror of The British Empire'), and so many medals he had to have his uniform specially lengthened to fit them all on. The only problem was that they were all self-awarded.

Loyal friend
After seizing power, Idi had many former chums knocked off – but he still kept in touch! He would dine with their heads arranged around his table, chatting about old times and chiding them for their disloyalty.

Devout fella
Idi's mum was a shaman who used to offer to cure hexes. Despite this, Idi was educated at a Christian mission. Not one to stand still intellectually, he later became a muslim – handy when he needed to seek asylum in Saudi Arabia.



Keen sportsman
Sporty Idi was Ugandan heavyweight boxing champion for many years. He once said he wished to be remembered as "a great athlete". Perhaps that was slightly wishful thinking.

NETWORK; CORBIS; REX

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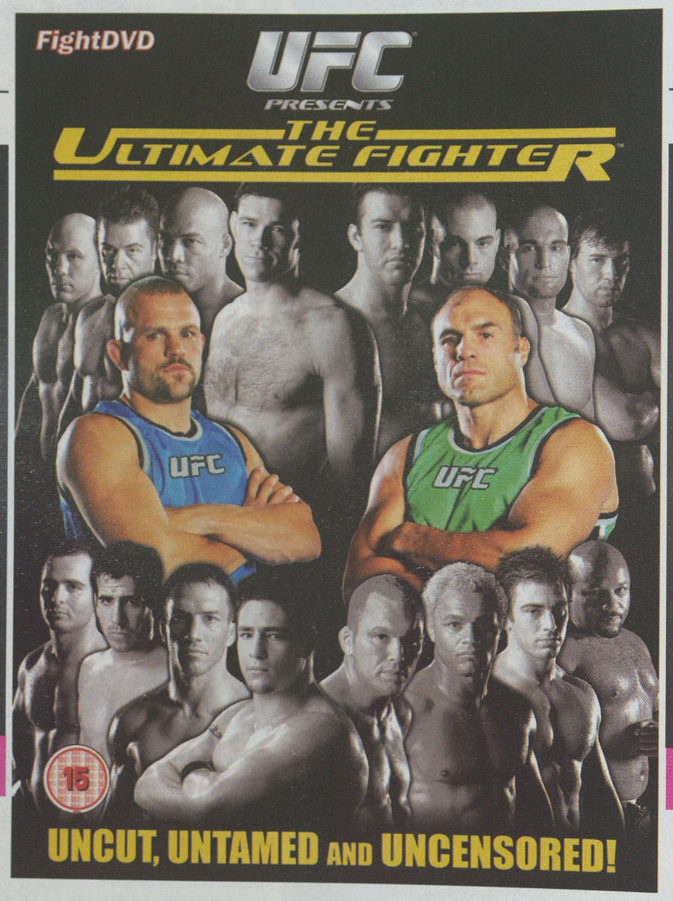

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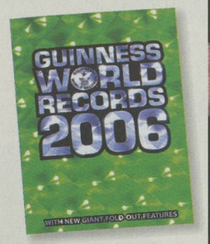
RIDICULOUSNESS

Bizarre Records

We love Guinness. It tastes good and gets us drunk. We also love the *Guinness Book Of Records*. Although it doesn't taste as good or get us remotely tipsy.

Some of its records are very funny, however. Although we don't believe Norris McWhirter was present at the breaking of most of these. Considering he's dead. Anyway, the new issue of the book is out now.

Kate Hodges



LARGEST OBJECT REMOVED FROM STOMACH

A hairball weighing 2.53kg (5lb3oz) was removed from the gut of a 20-year-old female compulsive swallower in the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital, UK, on 30 March 1895.

MOST GENDER REASSIGNMENT SURGERY

Fulvia Celica Siguas Sandoval (Peru) has had 64 operations since 1979 to complete her sex change. Of these, 25 have been to her face, with other alterations including ear reductions, arm liposuction and transformations to her legs. The TV clairvoyant hit the headlines in 1998 when she ran in mayoral elections in Lima, Peru.

OLDEST STRIPPER (MALE)

Bernie Barker (USA) began stripping in 2000 – at the age of 60 – as a way to get in shape while recovering from prostate cancer. Since leaving his previous job in real estate, the 'Silver Tom Selleck' has won more than 40 stripping contests.

MOST FINGERS AND TOES ON A LIVING PERSON

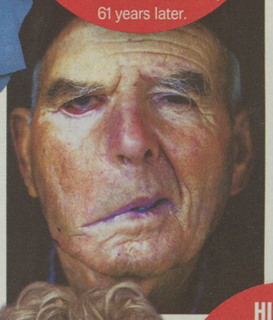
Brothers Tribhuwan and Triloki Yadav (both India) have the condition polydactyly, whereby each of their hands has five fingers and a thumb, and each foot has six toes.

LONGEST TIME WITH A BULLET IN THE HEAD

Kolyo Tanev Kolev (Bulgaria) accidentally shot himself behind his right ear with a pistol in 1942, aged 17. X-rays taken on 5 July 2003 show the bullet lodged at the base of the skull, 61 years later.

SITTING IN A BATH WITH MOST LIVE RATTLESNAKES

Jackie Bibby (pictured) and Rosie Reynolds-McCasland (both from the USA) jointly hold the record of having sat in two tubs each with 75 live Western Diamondback rattlesnakes on 24 September 1999 in Los Angeles.



HIGHEST JUMP BY A PIG

On 22 August 2004, Kotetsu, a pot-bellied pig trained by Makoto Ieki (Japan), jumped 70cm (27.5in) at the Mokumoku Tedsukuri Farm, Mie, Japan.

MOST SPENT ON PLASTIC SURGERY

Cindy Jackson (USA) has spent $99,600 (£53,148) on 47 cosmetic operations since 1988. These include three full facelifts; two eye lifts; liposuction; two nose operations; thigh, knee, waist, abdomen and jawline surgery; lip and cheek implants, chemical peels, chin bone reduction and semi-permanent make-up. And she still looks like Carol Smillie's mum.

HEAVIEST WEIGHT LIFTED WITH TONGUE

Thomas Blackthorne (UK) lifted 11.025kg (24lb3oz) on the set of *Guinness World Records: 50 Years, 50 Records* at the London Television Studios, UK, on 11 September 2004.

LARGEST CHEST MEASUREMENT

In February 1958, shortly before his death aged 32, Robert Earl Hughes (USA) weighed 484kg (76 stones 3lb) and had a chest measurement of 3.15m (10ft4in). At the age of six, he weighed 92kg (14 stones 6.7lb), and by age 10 he weighed 171kg (26 stones 13lb); at 25, he reached 406kg (63 stones 13lb).

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METAL HAMER AUG 2005

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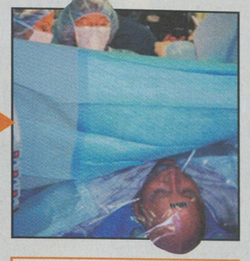
MIDGET BONES' DIARY

HAVE YOU GOT A BIZARRE EVENT TO PROMOTE? EMAIL ME AT MIDGETBONES@DENNIS.CO.UK (WITH AT LEAST SIX WEEKS' NOTICE PLEASE!)

THIS MONTH'S WEIRDEST HAPPENINGS

13 Sept
TV: Sex Change Capital Of The World, Reality TV
Trinidad, surprisingly, is the place in question, housing more converts than Traci's Trannie Tavern in Tamworth. A behind-the-scenes peek at how the daunting surgery of gender-swapping is done.



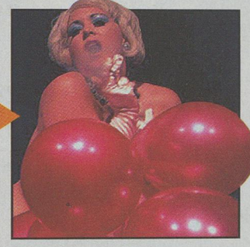
16 Sept
Film: Tell Me Something,
Gritty North Korean horror with a whiff of *Se7en* about it. Three mutilated stiffs turn up in rubbish bags. Who is the chop-happy killer? A disgraced detective takes on the case in a desperate bid to clear his name.

19 Sept
Single: Got Love To Kill, Juliette & The Licks
"The void I want to fill is a female-fronted rock'n'roll band that brings energy, and doesn't want to be coy or cute," says Juliette Lewis, who enjoys screaming, wearing spandex and spanking fans.

Sept 22
Club: Midsummer Slave Party, The Fortress Dungeon, London
A bevy of hardcore Mistresses subject you to "humiliation, biting and mummification". Inferior males should bring chocs and champagne. Or else.
Mistressdemonic.com

Sept 28
TV: Medieval Mischief, Playboy TV
What will Robyn find deep down in the woods today? A dirty little maid and a big hard woodsman who give an aristocrat the Friar Tuck-ing of her life, we'll bet our bottom groat.

Sept 29
Club: Sex and The Lotus – Chinese Erotic Obsession
Sip your complimentary Wild Orchid cocktail while a DJ spins old-time jazz and soul. Oh, and watch as a naked person covered in balloons pops them one by one.
llbordello.co.uk

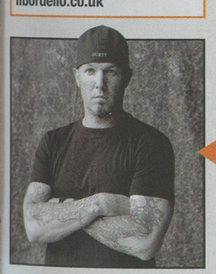


1 October
World Beard & Moustache Championships, Berlin Beard Club, Germany
Facial-hair connoisseurs unite to fight for the world title. Categories include Sideburns, Full Beards and, of course, 'Freestyle Moustache'.
Worldbeardchampionships.com

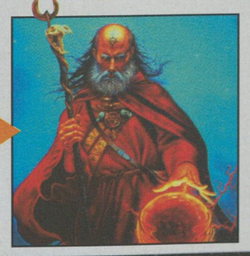
1 October
Tarantula Festival and Fall Barbecue, Coe Park, Morgan Hill, California
Everything tarantula, including presentations about their mating season and lovely crafts made from the spider itself. Not for arachnophobes.
Coepark.org

3 October
Album: Limp Bizkit – The Unquestionable Truth Pt 2
"Limp Bizkit Ice-cream would taste like the sweetest pair of panties in the world. It would taste like sushi. Sushi or panties." Reassurance, were any required, that Fred Durst is still an insufferable bell-end.

October 7-9
Club: Skin Two Rubber Ball Weekend
Get your latex-clad behinds to London for the biggest fetish event of the year, with events all weekend. Don't miss the scandalous Rubber Ball party. The theme is retro fetish.
Skintwo.com



October 7- 10
Merlin's Magickal Mystery Tour, Wales, UK
A four-day spiritual retreat at the birthplace and home of the magician Merlin, led by Edwin Courtenay, a clairvoyant and "Priest of the Old Ways".
Collegeofpsychicstudies.co.uk



10 October
European Pumpkin Championship, Jucker Farmey AG, Zurich, Switz
European pumpkin-fanciers head for Zurich to discover who has the heaviest fruit. Last year's winner weighed in at a hefty 341kg.
Juckerfarmart.ch

NEXT ISSUE OF BIZARRE GOES ON SALE ON 11 OCTOBER

How Bizarre are you?

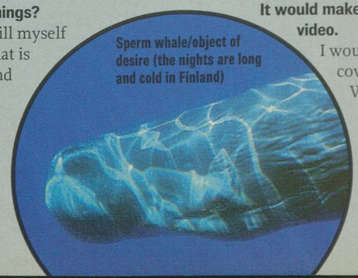
Ville Valo

The frontman of Finnish Love Metal band HIM on dropping his granny and sniffing Jimi Hendrix

WORDS **JAMES DOORNE**

What's the weirdest animal you've ever ridden?
A turtle, which is not that weird.
I disagree. Tell me more.
I got asthma young so I couldn't have normal pets. I sat on it and tried to ride it. Unfortunately, the doctors said I was also allergic to reptile shit so I couldn't have any snakes or anything like that. Having no pets was very exhausting spiritually and mentally. The depression and the existential problematics turned me into an alcoholic. When I grew up I was the only child in the family. My dog Sammy taught me to walk. When he died I cursed the gods.
What's the weirdest thing you've ever had in your mouth?
A bandmate's piss. That was for a bet, not for sexual pleasure. We're like blood brothers but we are piss brothers. It is almost as close as you can be to a male person without being homosexual. It is very close. It is kind of exciting but not too exciting.
What were you thinking?
I just tasted it.
Why?
For the sake of it. If you are going to share your life with people, share your passions and dreams, then you are going to share your pee too.
I'm going to tell my girlfriend that.
You can try it. Good luck.
Do you have any recurring dreams?
I have vivid dreams of flying. When I was a kid I was convinced I could fly. It's not like flying over the mountains, it is more like me jumping and staying in the air. I don't know what it represents. I used to keep a dream diary but it got way too chaotic. My dreams were extreme and didn't obey the laws of nature or physics and I kept mixing them with real life. I used to have sexually explicit dreams where I was flying and then drowning in water. It makes even the strongest guy feel a bit weird.
Have you ever seen a UFO?
No. I've smelled a ghost though. We recorded at Electric Lady Land studio in New York where people claim there is Jimi Hendrix's ghost. One night I came out of the studio, walked through the corridor, there was nobody there, but I could smell a puff of hash. I'm convinced it was Jimi Hendrix's ghost. I just sucked it in and hoped for the best. I am so proud of that. Artistically, it was one of my most important achievements ever.
I'm no scientist but I reckon I could crack you open and retrieve a small sample of Jimi's DNA out of you.
We'll see the wonders it does to my pecker.

Do you believe in aliens?
I would love to. I would love to be abducted and have them stealing my sperm and conducting weird experiments. It would be fantastic. I have never had any of that weird stuff happen to me. Maybe I am just blind.
Do you collect anything weird?
I collect 'DO NOT DISTURB' signs from hotels. I've got maybe 400 of them. I was thinking of having an exhibition. You can always tell the quality of a hotel by the 'DO NOT DISTURB' sign. If they have spent money on the design it is a good hotel. They should probably just scan the pictures of the 'DO NOT DISTURB' signs onto their websites to help us choose the right ones.
What is your idea of hell?
Probably the Christian idea of heaven: sitting on a fucking cloud all day, listening to this old bastard with grey hair. I think the Christian hell will be my heaven. I think after the cold of Finland I'll be ready for hell. I'll send you a postcard.
What's the most violent thing you have done?
I've always been kind of a nice guy. I've never got into fights and that. I am really bad at team sports but for some reason I still wanted to be the David Beckham of my generation. When I went to my first soccer practice we had a rehearsal match and I was determined to get it in the goal, but someone took the ball off me. So I punched that fucker on the nose and then climbed up a tree and wouldn't come down until my parents picked me up. It was then I decided team sports weren't for me. They cause violence in me.
Do you ever hear voices in your head?
Yeah, when I haven't been sleeping at all. I am super-sensitive to staying awake. That is the reason I have never done speed. If I am awake for 24 hours I start hearing these weird, childlike voices in my head.
Do they tell you to do things?
Yeah. They tell me to kill myself and things like that. That is when I drop a Xanax and go to bed. To drive me onto the brink of insanity just spike my drink with speed.
Have you ever seen a dead body?
No, but I have carried one in a coffin. That was my grandmother. I almost saw that body. The Finnish winter is harsh and the graveyard was slippery; we nearly dropped the coffin into the grave. Embarrassing moment. Some of us nearly slipped into the grave. I was inches from seeing a real dead body. Five inches. It would have been a great laugh in a TV comedy but not in real life.
What is the closest to death you have come?
Being intoxicated out of my brains and hopping from balcony to balcony on the 10th floor of a hotel. It was a hobby of mine back in the day. It is probably one of the reasons I am scared of heights. Realising the next morning you have a terrible hangover, and the comedown of being totally fucked-up and thinking, "What did I do?" Being in a rock band, sometimes you need to act irresponsibly, you have to test your limits every now and then and hope you survive.
If you had to have sex with an animal what would it be?
A sperm whale. I've always been fascinated by sea creatures and it'd be a good session. First she could go on top, then I could go on top.
A bit of blowhole action too?
Every hole possible. They are lacking in holes. There are so many things you could do with a sperm whale. You could be there all day.
Coprophilia, bestiality or necrophilia?
Coprophilia, of course. I've drunk my bandmate's piss already so that's the next step for us bonding as brothers.
So you're turning your back on the whale already?
Come on. Why not? Necrophilia feels a bit desperate. You made me choose before. We didn't talk about shit then. It would be interesting.
It would make for an interesting video.
I would only do it to a cover of 'We Are The World'. That would be great.



The new HIM album, *Dark Light*, is out 26 September

COMPETITION

Win a Part in the Circus of Horrors

Obviously you're all very special people – but can you squirt blood out of your eye, or stick your head in your mouth? If so, or if you can do anything particularly ridiculous with your body, we want to know about it. Specifically, we want to see footage of it, and if we like it, as do the people at nightmare freakshow Circus Of Horrors, you'll scoop an amazing prize: the chance to perform on their tour. Just get some footage of yourself doing something amazing on a digital camera and send it in to us before 20 October – see Bizarremag.com for all submission details, and Circusofhorrors.co.uk to get a feel for the show. No jugglers please.

USA

Resfest

Resfest, the world's foremost showcase for weird and wonderful digital films, is back with a dazzling array of contributions, including these keep-fit poodles (from the short video *Ex-Fat Girl*, directed by Nagi Noda). The festival, which includes short films, documentaries and music videos, also features among its highlights *Overtime*, a CG homage to Jim Henson directed by French duo Oury & Thomas, about a bunch of puppets contemplating life after the death of their creator, and a taxicab opus called *What Goes Up Must Come Down*, directed by Adam Smith, who did The Streets' 'Blinded By The Lights' video, and starring Charlie Creed-Miles as multiple dubious late-night characters.

Resfest is on at London's National Film Theatre from 27 September-2 October, then tours Britain until the end of November. See Resfest.com for details.

Bizarre Beauties

They're hot-blooded and sexy, and they like hot blood and sex. Who's your favourite this month?

NAME: AMANDA **AGE:** DIDN'T SAY **FROM:** DIDN'T SAY
"I've done many kinky things, but I think my favourite would be burning with candles, licking alcohol off the body and being blindfolded and pinned down – that's always best." Amanda also likes "sex and blood", but hates "terrorists and cheats".

NAME: MISS STILETTO **AGE:** 24 **FROM:** ESSEX
Miss Stiletto would like to "have sex with another girl on a giant canvas covered with gold paint while my boyfriend watches". She once went to a fetish club on a lead, but wouldn't be seen dead eating poo. Or sprouts.

NAME: SHADOWJEN **AGE:** 21
FROM: NORTHERN IRELAND
This little lady goes misty-eyed at the thought of having "three bloodthirsty female vamps go down on me. I once asked a guy to bite my clit during head… I won't be doing that again!"

NAME: KC **AGE:** 26 **FROM:** NORTH WALES
KC once had sex "in a rancid gutter with a strangely alluring whiff of pee". She'd like a threesome with "John Travolta and Harrison Ford because they are now old and smell". She loves "good arses and PVC", but hates "small communities and £1 shops".

NAME: BEE **AGE:** 19 **FR**
Bee is keen to forge… time she was caught… giving her boyfriend … in his car, but she did… "being fucked in the … dildo". She likes "kni… Harry Potter", but hates *Brother* and tacky tatto…

NAME: ILONA **AGE:** 18 **FROM:** BERKSHIRE
Ilona fondly remembers being "finger-fucked and licked out by a girl in Stockholm Central station". She wouldn't mind getting dirty with Masuimi Max and Johnny Depp.

NAME: AKASHA **AGE:** 19 **FROM:** LANCASHIRE
Not the shy type, Akasha once had sex "on a body cradle in a swingers' club surrounded by six men". She's given a golden shower in the countryside and fantasises about "taking my partner from behind with a strap-on, over a church altar".

NAME: SHELLEY **AGE:** 23 **FROM:** SCOTLAND
The oddest place Shelley has had sex was "in a country park kids' adventure playground. It was inside a green tube that was made for

VOTE NOW!
WHO'S YOUR HOTTEST BIZARRE BEAUTY?
To vote for your favourite, text 81125 and start your message with the word 'Beauty', followed by their name* or email bizarrecomps@dennis.co.uk

WHO WON LAST TIME?
TURN OVER NOW TO FIND OUT...

YOU CAN BE A BIZARRE BEAUTY!

Send in your pics and complete the form below, and you could win a free photo session with one of the world's best professional photographers, and become a *Bizarre* pin-up!

Name: Daytime contact tel. no:
Age (you must be over 18 to enter): Occupation:
Address:
Who's your ultimate hot'n'throbbing sex symbol?
What's your favourite fantasy?
Name 5 things you LOVE…
Name 5 things you HATE…
If you had to take one thing with you to a desert island what would it be and why?
Answer the following in 15 words or less. I'm this year's ultimate *Bizarre* Babe because:

Send to: *Bizarre*, 30 Cleveland Street, London W1T 4JD or email hi-resolution pics to bizarrebeauties@dennis.co.uk

Send your photos today, either by using this form (or a copy, or a letter giving the same info) or via Bizarremag.com
*Texts cost 25p each plus your standard text-message charge except T-Mobile customers who are only charged 25p

MONDO BIZARRO

Bizarre Beauties Winner

Feathered Bird

Lady Kitt was an absolute joy to work with. Having no qualms with showing off her 46DD charms, she looked a delight rolling on her cute black stockings with a rose up hanging out of her mouth. After refusing to pose for the camera until we supplied her with flap jacks and 7-Up, she finally let her see-through baby doll fall to the floor as she boldly stepped in front of the lens – who said Northern chicks aren't classy? She even indulged in a little light bondage by letting us tie her wrists together using her cascading, blonde braids.

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20th CENTURY FOXES

Glamour girls, from Bettie Page to Dita von Teese, have been adding a special sauciness to our lives for over 100 years. *Bizarre* celebrates the classic pin-up, from the days before scowling Barbies pretending to be lesbians ruled the roo

Pictures of beautiful women have always been an artistic staple. But when girls leapt from the walls of galleries to the pages of magazines with huge circulations, the image, rather than the artist, became the star. Mass production meant sexy girls appeared on everyday objects such as calendars and chocolate boxes, rather than having to be gazed upon gravely in exhibitions. Magazines discovered pictures of girls sold copies, and have never stopped printing them. The grandmothers of today's models may have worn bigger pants, but they were just as sexy. And caught in time by a lens or an airbrush, they'll never age.

1887: The debut of 'The Gibson Girl'

The Gibson Girl was the first lady to wink from the pages of a mass-market publication. The world's first pin-up tripped demurely but confidently across a series of picturebook illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson. Incredibly popular, the writer Susan E Meyer said of her: "Though always well bred, there often lurked a flash of mischief in her eyes."

BETTMAN/CORBIS

1893: 'Psyche At Nature's Mirror' published in *Munsey's* magazine

This infamous painting, painted by Paul Thumann, featured a skimpily dressed nymph on a rock. The rights were snapped up by drinks company White Rock, and Psyche appeared in more cartoon-like (and topless) form in their advertisements. Psyche was a hugely famous advertising character, and models dressed as her even went bare-breasted at parties in the 1940s.

1904: 'Glamour Girl' calendar by Angelo Asti

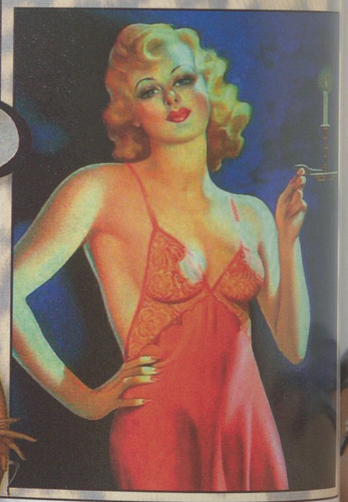
Angelo Asti painted soft-focus, well-fed ladies. His 'Pretty Girl' calendars in the art-nouveau style sold millions. His pictures were never exactly rude, but did feature more than a hint of cleavage, which was tremendously saucy for Edwardian times.

1913: 'September Morn' exhibited

The painting of a shivering, nude girl standing in a lake caused a furore when it was shown in Manhattan, but the anonymous nymphette quickly became an icon, and sparked a craze for items bearing her image. She was emblazoned on chocolate boxes, and calendars, and immortalised in song.

1920s: Enoch Bolles and his covergirls

Enoch Bolles' art-deco-style girls beamed from the covers of fantastically named 1920s magazines including *Titter*, *Gay Book*, *Pep*, *Breezy*, and *Tattle Tales*. Late in life, Bolles had a stroke, and subsequently began to deface his earlier work, adding grotesque faces and phalluses to his original paintings of girls.



1933: First appearance of 'The Petty Girl'

The first issue of *Esquire* magazine – which arrived between the wars – featured a cartoon starring a girl drawn by George Petty (right). Over the next 23 years, various incarnations of the voluptuous beauty appeared in advertisements, magazines, and she was even the subject of a film. Rather creepily, Petty's own daughter was the basis of the girl for a while. One of George Petty's pin-ups was famously painted onto the Memphis Belle bomber aeroplane during WWII.

1937: Elvgren starts painting pin-ups commercially

Gil Elvgren's girls were famous for finding themselves in hilarious, knicker-revealing situations. Skirts were snagged on fences, ice skaters skidded to show their pants, dressing gowns 'fell open', and bathroom doors were left ajar. Elvgren's pictures are classic pin-ups, and have been much copied and parodied. ▶

WHITE KNICKERS - CAROSOUL - 0207 267 9559; STOCKINGS - PINK PIRANHA - 0207 267 1100; BLACK FRILLY KNICKERS - ALICE AND ASTRID @ LE BETE FEMME - 0207 434 1666; BLACK STOCKINGS (WITH BOW) - PINK PIRANHA - 0207 267 1100; SHOES - SHOW GIRLS - 0207 697 9072; BRA AND KNICKERS (BLACK SHEER WITH TASSELS AND TURQUOISE RIBBONS) - JANET REGER - 0207 584 9360

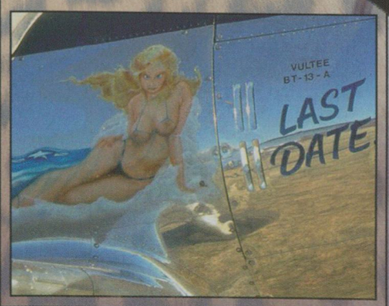
'The Petty Girl', drawn by George Petty and based on his own daughter, appeared on everything from magazines to films to WWII bombers

1940: Alberto Vargas' first pin-up appears in *Esquire*

Peruvian Alberto Vargas was the Leonardo da Vinci of the pin-up world. He replaced George Petty at *Esquire*, working under the cunning pseudonym Alberto Varga. His first calendar for the magazine sold better than any other prior to its publication. During the war, he would paint morale-boosting pin-up commissions for soldiers. He later moved to *Playboy*, and, at the insistence of *Esquire*, had to add the 's' back on the end of his name. Aficionados of pin-up art regard Vargas as the king of the genre, and his paintings sell for hundreds of thousands of pounds. When asked why he only painted girls, Alberto would respond, "Show me something more beautiful than a beautiful woman and I'll go paint it."

1941: World War II

US GIs relied on pin-ups to get them through the war. Painters would depict patriotic girls in uniform or with the American flag, and planes were emblazoned with girls. The bomb that was dropped on Hiroshima was said to have had Rita Hayworth's likeness on it.



CORBIS

1953: *Playboy* launched

The first issue of *Playboy* featured the legendary pictures of Marilyn Monroe wearing "only Chanel No. 5". Hugh Hefner had bought the prints from Tom Kelley, and they ensured his magazine would be a smash hit. The golden formula of celebrity plus nakedness had finally hit the newsstands.

1954: Bettie Page meets Bunny Yeager

Bettie Page had already been modelling for a couple of years when she met photographer Bunny Yeager. Bunny signed Page up for a shoot in Florida. And from the collaboration came Bettie's most famous shots, in a home-made leopardskin outfit, in the surf, and naked with a pair of cheetahs. Bettie's reputation as the biggest pin-up of all time was founded on these shots.

1959: Vargas moves to *Playboy*

Times were changing. Magazines were becoming more racy. 'Stag' (porn) films were starting to go overground, shops starting to sell more explicit material. Men's magazines had to compete, so their models shed more clothes. Hence, Vargas' *Playboy* paintings are less innocent than his works for *Esquire*.

1970: *Playboy* shows pubic hair for the first time

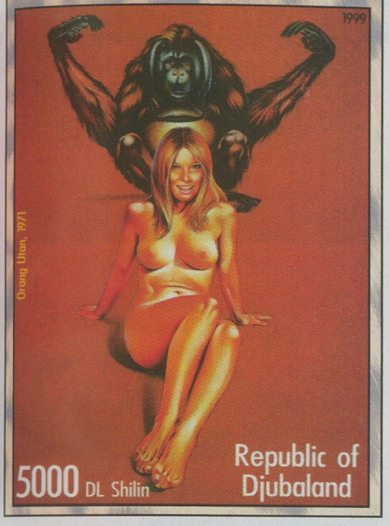
Naked hippies had been cavorting in public for several years before old-fashioned *Playboy* caught up. The admission that women had muffs came in 1970. A triumph for women, a blow for chirpy, innocent pin-ups.

1972: *Oui* launched

Derived from the French magazine, *Oui* was launched by Hugh Hefner. It was more European and artistic than other mainstream US titles, and featured the work of French artist Aslan. His work was harder, glossier, and more explicit than that of previous pin-up artists.

1964: Mel Ramos' first solo exhibition

By the 1960s, pin-up art had been around long enough to be revived, and referenced in modern art. Pop artist Mel Ramos' girls were styled after Vargas' classic pin-ups. His work parodied advertisements, with girls frolicking with giant hotdogs, rolling in huge fruit salads, and emerging from banana skins.



1977: Farrah Fawcett poster sells out

Mike and Ted Trikilis' poster of Farrah Fawcett in a red swimming costume was the top-selling of the late 1970s. It was stuck on more than 6million bedroom walls.

1978: Sorayama draws his first robot

Japanese artist Sorayama's super-glossy, hyper-real style was an airbrushed, logical step from Aslan's cold, aloof girls. His half-woman, half-robot models glisten with dispassionate intent. His work has been seen in books and posters, and in 1995 started to appear regularly in *Penthouse* magazine.

1982: Dave Stevens publishes *The Rocketeer* comic

Cartoonist Dave Stevens' *Rocketeer* heroine Betty *was* Bettie Page. Interest in Bettie was sparked, and she became the poster girl for rockabilly and retro fetishists.

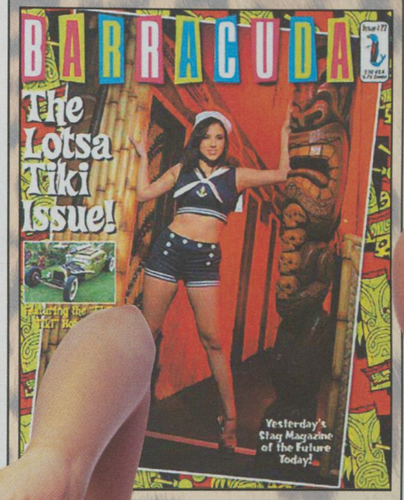
2002: Dita von Teese on cover of *Playboy*

And so pin-up history came full circle, as Dita, who had previously modelled herself on Bettie Page, appeared on the cover of *Playboy*, marking a return to old-fashioned coyness over tanned, pneumatic Barbies. Dita is now approaching the levels of fame Bettie Page achieved. Turn the page for an exclusive interview. ▸

For more classic pin-ups see Thepinupfiles.com. *The Playboy Book* is available from Taschen (Taschen.com)

1998: *Barracuda* magazine launched

Leading the pin-up revival, *Barracuda* features covergirls ('*Barracuda* Girls'), features, and an old-fashioned look. A new generation of revivalists now have a set of contemporary pin-ups. A fresh-faced, perfectly proportioned model named Dita von Teese featured on the cover of issue eight.



TEESE-O-RAMA

Catching up with Dita von Teese, the burlesque beauty who strips in a Martini glass and steps out with Marilyn Manson

WORDS **KATE HODGES**

Burlesque superstar Dita von Teese is the best-known old-school pin-up in the world today. Dita is a thoroughly modern model, and among the first models to have her own page on the internet, but her stockings-in-trade poses echo classic pin-up shots, and she takes inspiration from some of the great poster girls of the 1940s. Her career started as a Bettie Page-style fetish model, and she has appeared on the front cover of *Bizarre* twice.

Her burlesque act is world famous and features her legendary bath in a gargantuan martini glass, complete with a giant, olive-shaped sponge. Nowadays, she can aloso be found winking from the pages of high-fashion magazines, and in the front row at couture shows. She's become a celebrity in her own right, as well as appearing on the arm of her betrothed, Marilyn Manson. We asked her what she finds so irresistible about the classic era of pin-ups.

You obviously take a lot of influences from pin-up culture – can you pick any favourite artists out?
I was mostly influenced by pin-up art. People like Zoe Mozert and Alberto Vargas, Billy De Vorss. And also by old men's magazines from the 1930s and 40s, like *Wink* and *Titter*. I'm also a big fan of 1940s Technicolor movies, and the pin-up look was a regular fashion style in that era.

When did you first become aware of pin-up art?
I would watch old movies. Betty Grable films. I started watching those when I was six, and carried on watching them through my childhood. When I was 15, I started collecting pin-up art.

What attracted you to it?
I think that the women in that time, and in the pictures, were so ultra-feminine. It was a great time for curves, beautiful curled hair, and red lips. To me, those things are all the things that make a woman feminine. It's what every woman should want to look like!

Do you think pin-ups shaped your idea of what women should look like?
Films did it for me first. But looking at pin-ups was like seeing under the clothes of all the women I admired, like Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth and Hedy Lamarr. Seeing what they looked like with no clothes on.

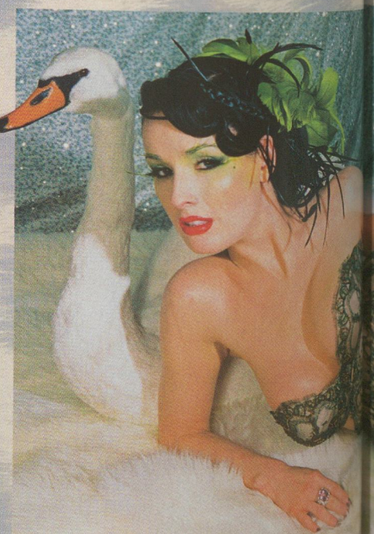
Have you ever met any of your pin-up heroines?
I've spoken with Bettie Page on the phone. She's a very interesting woman, she's not particularly ashamed of her past. She reminisced about how she was discovered, and how she'd make her own clothes.

Did she have similar experiences to you?
She was asked why she disappeared and she replied that she was already in her mid-30s by the time her most famous photographs were taken. So that was a similarity with her. I'm not 18 years old, I'm going to be 33 soon, and there's something that comes from experience that shows in front of the camera. I'm not going to disappear though. I'm not done. Although I do hope I recognise when the expiry date pops up on my rear end, and I know not to show it. A lot of people don't really understand that happens. I'm not afraid of it, because what I love is the fashion and style, you don't need to be showing it all off to be a pin-up. It's not about how much skin you're showing – you don't need to be showing your belly off and wearing chaps. I'm guessing there are a lot of young popstars who have a lot more to be worried about than I do. Because they don't know how to dress sexily any other way.

Who would you like to have worked with?
My favourite is Billy de Vorss. His colours are so rich. I worked with the greatest living pin-up artist *[As opposed to photographer]*, Olivia. She's pretty much the only one of that calibre around now. She's one of my very good friends, and to see her turn you into a pin-up is incredible. It was an important stage in my career. She's done maybe 20 of me now, and they look more and more like me.

Do you have a lot of pin-up memorabilia?
I have a lot of magazines, signed burlesque photos, personal letters written by *[1930s burlesque legend]* Sally Rand. Things she used to sell at her shows. One thing she sold came in a little box and it was signed by her. On the outside it says 'winter underwear for men' and inside is a crocheted penis-and-ball cover. It's really graphic, and this is from 1939! I have Betty Grable's corset from *The Farmer Takes A Wife*. She jumps in a lake in it. It's like watching a 1940s version of a wet T-shirt competition. You can see almost all the way through the corset. It fits me perfectly. I trained my waist with a corset, so she must have had an itty-bitty waist. Naturally small but busty! I have tons of old Hollywood memorabilia.

CHRIS CUFFARO; IDOLS; CELEBRITYPICTURES.CO.UK



A lot of pin-ups were painted on bombs in WWII. How would you feel if your image was used on one?
It has been. In Iraq. It was a few years ago. Someone sent me a picture of it. I can't remember where it was dropped or anything like that. It's part of the pin-up history. I try not to think of the political aspects. Betty Grable was on all kinds of bombs. I look at it from the historic side of it rather than the right-or-wrong aspect.

What makes a truly good pin-up model?
Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth were the ultimate pin-ups. The colours they were photographed in. The movie-star pin-ups were done the classiest way. But there's a great appeal in looking at the not-so-professional pictures of Bettie Page. She has something different about her that makes her appealing, other than the fancy tricks and lighting. She had something that came from within, it wasn't just she had black hair and bangs. A lot of people miss that point when they try to recreate her image.

How was appearing on the cover of *Playboy*?
It changed my life completely. My entire career. I'd been on the covers of fetish magazines for 12 years, but after *Playboy* everything changed. I was in a different league. Suddenly I became an overnight success. Talkshows, interviews, people would describe me as a *Playboy* covergirl. Other people who've been on the cover have been incredible. My parents were thrilled. Who wouldn't be? *Playboy* is one of the most recognisable symbols in the world. When I see the cover it still seems unreal to me. That *Playboy* lettering. Everyone looks larger than life on the cover of that magazine. The women look statuesque, I look at it and think I look giant. I worked on the shoot for about three weeks straight, and I got to do everything I wanted to do in photos. I did it completely my way.

Why are pin-ups still so popular?
They're timeless. Class and elegance never go out of style. There are people out there with good taste still, believe it or not.

See Dita.net for more

I have Betty Grable's corset from *The Farmer Takes A Wife*. She jumps in a lake in it. It's like a 40s wet T-shirt contest – you can see everything!

BRITAIN'S PIN-UP QUEEN

Pamela Green kept peckers up in post-War Britain. She dared to bare, but whether blacked up or au *naturel*, it was always done with tits and class

WORDS **DENISE STANBOROUGH** PHOTOS **PAMELA GREEN**

In the 1950s, Pamela Green was one of the UK's best-known pin-ups and was dubbed 'Queen of Curves'. She counted legendary photographer George Harrison Marks (see *Bizarre* 61) among her lovers and starred in the first nude scene in British cinema history, in the controversial *Peeping Tom*. But behind the tits and arse was a woman who studied art, toured with the Russian Ballet School, and survived a violent marriage. At 74, she still receives fanmail, and while most mature ladies sell homemade jam, Pamela continues to peddle her rude picture cards to admirers. *Bizarre* put the kettle on, pulled up a chair and listened as the ex-nymphette took us on a trip down mammary lane.

How did you first get into nude modelling?

I was 17 years old when I went to Douglas Webb, who was a photographer in Soho, and asked him if he needed a nude model. I'd already modelled nude for art classes, earning five shillings an hour to help me financially while I was studying at The Royal Academy. I also worked at a casino on Old Compton Street where I had to wear a G-string, nipple tassels and shoes and stand perfectly still. It was through my modelling I met George Harrison Marks.

Weren't you a little young to be posing nude?

I was underage! When I was getting dressed, he said, "Hang on, what's that you're putting on?" I said, "It's my school scarf," and he asked how old I was. I told him and he said, "Good God! What would your parents think?" I said, "They couldn't care less, it's money!" He visited my parents in Kent to get their approval and my father signed the release form.

Was George your first love?

Oh no! I was married in 1951 for a month. We got married two weeks after we met. My mother was saying to me, "All your friends are married." I was 21, I thought marriage would be fun, but it didn't last. I had another man-friend who threw me down the stairs. I said to myself, "That wasn't very friendly." One time, I was walking down to the theatre and he tried to run me over and I thought, "This isn't going to work!" He used to drink and he was on drugs, I'm sure it was heroin. I picked up my little tabby cat and went.

Did you just stick to modelling?

No, I worked in the *Folies Bergère* show in London for four years. I was the youngest one there and most of the other girls, well, I wouldn't say they were old hags, but they had been going for a long time. I was so naive – I remember seeing the girls swapping Dutch caps backstage. I couldn't believe it! Someone would shout out, "Who's got the cap tonight, kids?" It all depended on who got lucky.

Was a casting-couch in use there?

Well no, it was me who used to find and vet the models. I used to show them how to pose properly. It was easier for me than a man to say, "Look, I want you to move your tits like this."

How do you feel being called 'Britain's Bettie Page'?

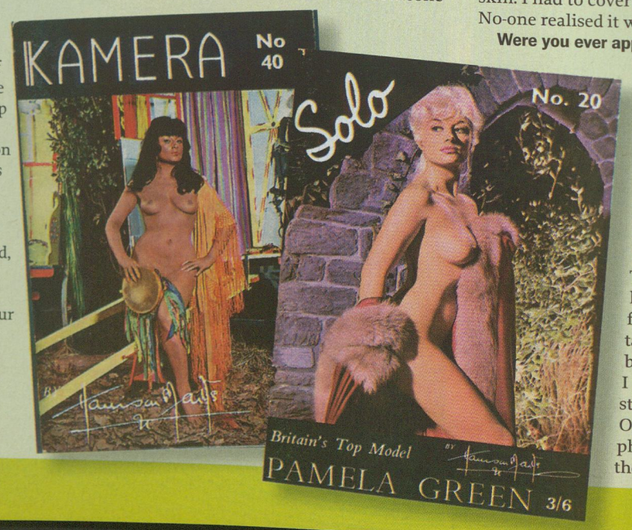
I'm nothing like Bettie. The Americans pinned that on me. She was going long before me and, at that point, I'd never even heard of her! I didn't shoot the kind of things she did. Me and George created two glamour personas: Rita Landre, who was sexy with red hair, and Princess Somnar, who was Moroccan with very dark skin. I had to cover my whole body in dark make-up. No-one realised it was me in disguise!

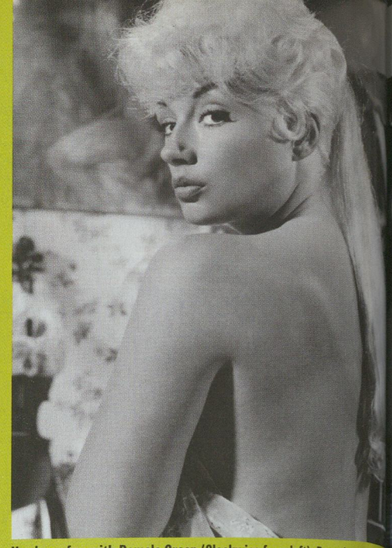
Were you ever approached to shoot harder material?

A man once asked if he could take pictures of me, but I'd have to be completely emaciated. He liked very skinny girls, but I had an hourglass figure, which I wasn't prepared to ruin. How peculiar! Someone else wanted pictures of only my feet, so we did that – no shoes, just feet.

Did you have any over-'keen' fans?

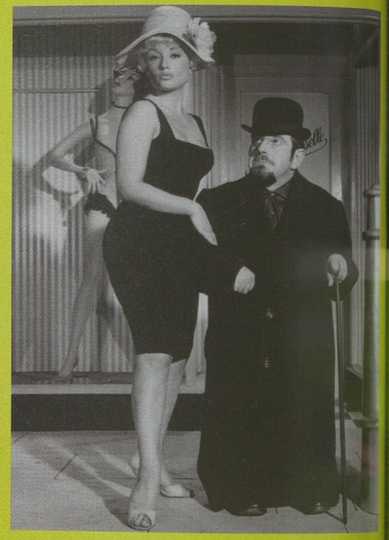
There is a chap in Derby who has been collecting my pictures forever and he often rings me to talk about cats. I think he could be classed as my number-one fan. I used to get odd phone calls from strange men when I was younger. Once, my mother answered the phone and this man asked her, "Are there any busty women round





Hardcore fun with Pamela Green (Clockwise from left): Raunchy naturism; the 'classy' look; with George Harrison Marks; "Look at this fascinating spread";the sultry Princess Somnar

"One boyfriend threw me down the stairs. I thought, 'That's not very friendly'"



▶ there?" and my mother said, "Oh yes, very busty." He said, "Are they beautiful?" She said, "Yes, I'm free actually," and she started this whole conversation with him. I could have killed her! She was saying things like, "I've got a 48in bust, you know."

You must have met quite a few well-known faces.

I met Michael Caine in 1951 when he was just starting out. He came to our studios in 1953 with this girl called Pat, later to be known as Marie Deveraux, and she was his bird. He said to us, "I want you to take pictures of 'er," but he wanted to stand around and watch. I said, "We'll use her, she's a good model, but you are not coming into the studio with her." We took them to a shoot in the Scilly Isles and afterwards Michael wanted to know if he got any money as well and we said, "No way!"

How did you land a role in the film *Peeping Tom*?

Quite simply, the director Michael Powell came to our studio after seeing some of my pictures. He said if I could act, I could play the role of Millie the model.

What was Powell like to work with?

He was an absolute so-and-so. I said to him once, "Why are you such a bastard?" He said, "Don't you like me?" and I said, "No, not really." One time, he wanted the lights adjusted. He took the lenses off so he had pure light, which burns. He kept me standing there in front of them and told me to stay perfectly still. The cameraman said to him, "You can't do this, she could lose her sight!" He was trying to see if I'd break, but I didn't, I just stood there. The next morning my eyes were terribly swollen and the lids were split. The cameraman said to Michael, "Look what you've done!" and he just replied, "I see. Alright, just put the make-up on and get her back here quickly".

Tell us about doing the first nude scene in British cinema history.

Michael told me he wanted a nude scene, which I had been told nothing about. This was 1959 and you didn't have nudes on film. The *Carry On* gang were hanging around because they had been told there was going to be a nude scene. I told him to clear the set and put up some drapes and I'd do it. I had nothing on and they were taking shots from behind. Suddenly, someone moved around the front and was trying to take pictures of me! The crew had to wrestle the camera from him and sling him out. He was a newspaper photographer who'd been tipped off about the nude scene. It was a very big thing then. Michael Winner said I was a pioneer and I've been called an icon.

What was it like being sucked into the controversy surrounding *Peeping Tom*?

The nude scene was taken out, but it's now out there, in the director's cut. In the scene, I'm lying down in a negligée, which falls open a bit, and then I get my throat cut, which, of course, you don't see. I was hoping for a grisly death with blood all over the shop, but it wasn't like that. The censors were outraged by the nudity, although I don't know what all the fuss was about. My career did very well after that, but Michael Powell didn't direct in this country again. Scorsese resurrected the film in 1979.

How do you spend your days now?

I had a stroke in 1998. I lost my memory and speech completely, and I was in hospital for a long time. I had to relearn a lot of things. I've been left with double vision, but I've started to draw again and I'm learning to use a digital camera. People still write to me and visit and, of course, I've still got one cat left.

See more of Pammie at Pamela-green.com

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WHEN PIN-UPS WENT MAD

1960s sexpots were groovy, fab and downright weird

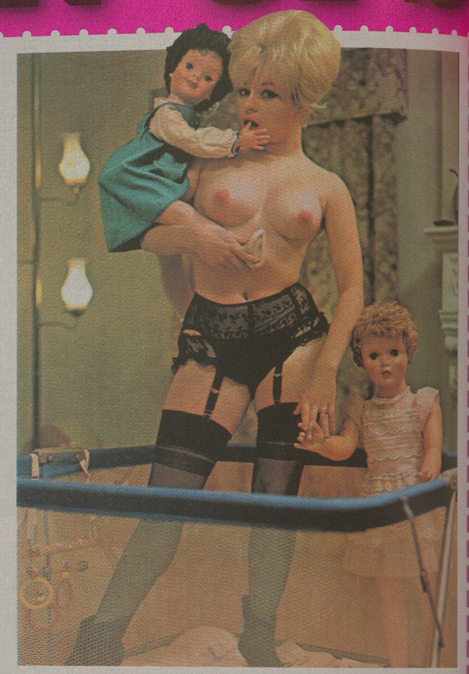
WORDS **KATE HODGES** PHOTOS **TASCHEN**

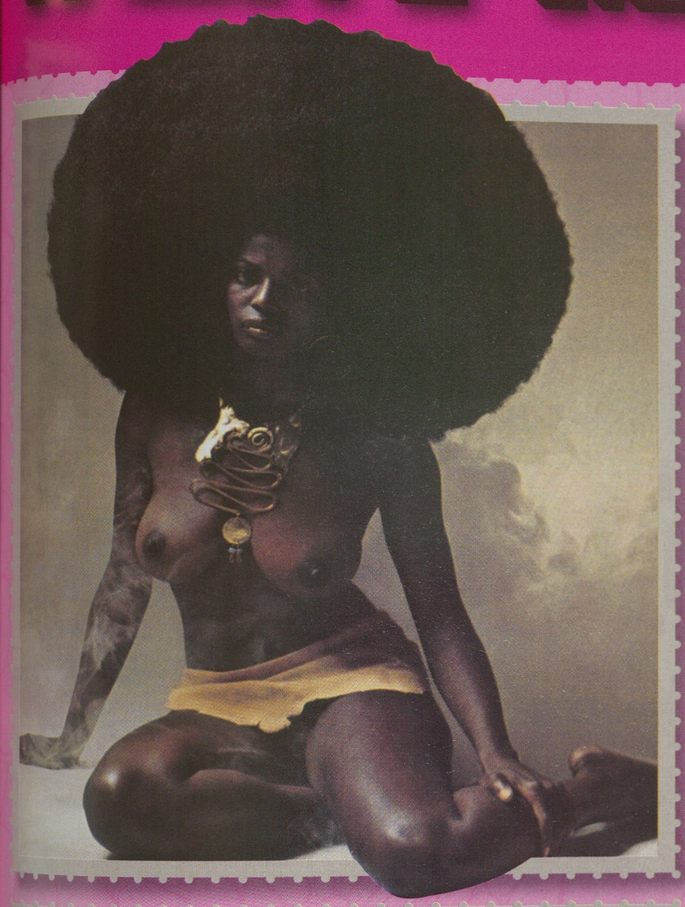
In the 60s, pin-uppery was a more creative craft than today. Girls didn't just pose pouting and spread-legged. They used disconcerting props such as golliwogs. They had strange hair. They performed such 'exotic' pursuits as limbo dancing and voodoo rituals. They were blacked up, wore folk costumes, or posed with curiously inappropriate animals. Just *look* at these photos.

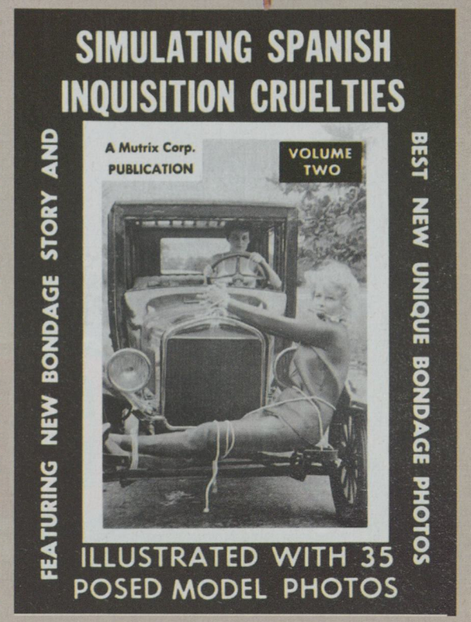
As 1960s pop culture exploded into psychedelic optimism, porn was leading the charge. As attitudes became more relaxed, and everyone let it all hang out, more girls became willing to pose. At the start of the decade, models were scarce and often over 40, but by the end of the decade, young girls in their 20s were queuing up to pose in the nude.

Some of the strangest images in pin-up history were created in the 60s, fuelling masturbatory fantasies for a generation of baby boomers. So when you walk in on your grandad jerking off and muttering about "girls with kaleidoscope eyes", you'll know what he's thinking about.

***History Of Men's Magazines* Volumes 3 and 4, edited by Dian Hanson, are published by Taschen and available now**



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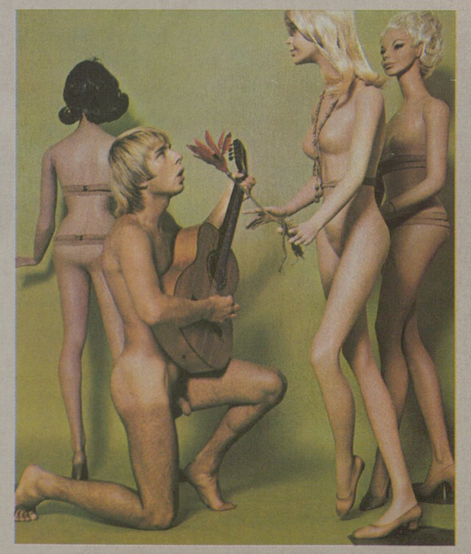
MEN'S DIGEST



Menstrual As Anything

For most of us, it's a bloody nuisance at worst. For some, though, a woman's monthly cycle is a turn-on second to none

WORDS **DENISE STANBOROUGH**

Although we can breezily peruse newspaper photos of a public beheading over a bowl of cornflakes, many people still balk at the mention of periods. Women on the rag have often been ostracised and left alone to bleed. In Native America, feared the power of menstrual blood, and in rural spots in Portugal a bleeding woman was forbidden to be present at the slaughter of pigs in case she turned the meat bad. It seems, however, despite the locker-room myths and neurosis about women's 'private' bodily functions, these ingrained attitudes are slowly disappearing. And there's an army of women prepared to throw back the (meat) curtains and show the world their monthly leftovers.

Madame E is a Seattle-based dominatrix (Exquisite agony.com) who has recently added a new service to her repertoire: Menstrual servitude. At present she has her very own menstrual submissive who tends loyally to her monthly needs. "Menstrual servitude falls on the 'intimate' spectrum of services a sub can offer his Mistress," she says. "I expect a sub to perform sexually even if I am on my period, including oral sex.

Menstrual servitude is not just about mopping up after an intimidating woman once a month. ▶

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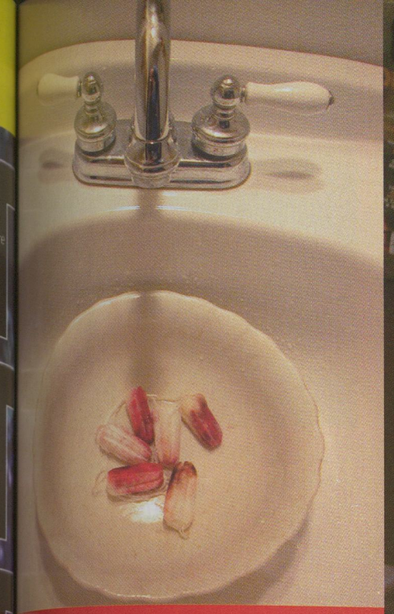

A slave may be required to wear an empathy tampon in his 'man pussy' or anus

A sub needs to be familiar with the internal workings of a woman's body during menstruation to anticipate hormonal fluctuations and cycle. "It is the submissive's duty to take care of the health and wellbeing of his FemDom," Madame E explains. "At minimum, he should be familiar with his Madame's needs: is she a heavy bleeder? Does she suffer from PMS? Moodswings? Does she cramp? Does she use tampons or pads?"

A menstrual servant may be called home from work to tend to his Madame's sanitary needs. A tampon may need changing and he'll be expected to happily assist her by taking the string between his teeth and tugging it free or inspecting her pad for blood. They are also responsible for handwashing soiled pants, and feeding her the contraceptive pill between periods. Some Mistresses even make their submissive insert an empathy tampon into his anus (or 'man pussy').

The concept of a woman having sex while on her period is still a little hard for some to accept. Myths and old wives' tales are bandied around on internet messageboards. "I was told my menstrual blood was toxic since having a baby and would harm my husband," writes one girl. "Has anyone else heard this?"

Having introduced her sub to a world of feminine products and period-worship, Madame E wanted both of them to break through these taboos surrounding menstruation and sex.

"In the initial stages, I did feel uncomfortable because of my own conditioned and societal hang-ups about my period, but these hang-ups are long gone," she says. "From my standpoint, menstruation is part of my biology, it is part of being a woman. So having a submissive who understands what this means holds great appeal to me."

Madame E isn't the only woman who enjoys sharing her menstrual blood with others. Trixie runs her own menstruation porn site, Bloodytrixie.com. "There is more to me than a bloody cunt," reads one of her postings, but judging by the members' gallery of pictures and videos, that's hard to believe. All you see is bloody cunts. Bloody cunts being invaded by dildos, penises, fingers and tampons.

"The defiance part is definitely a big thing for me," says Trixie. "I like doing ▶

Inset: Some of Swedish artist Tinet's monthly work – "The colour can range from black to a very light pink or sepia"

▶ gross things like tasting my own blood. It's just like smelling your own farts, it doesn't bother me any more."

Trixie even manages to mix menstruation and politics, with her 'Vote John Kerry' gallery showing her sitting in front of a cardboard cut-out of Kerry while spreading her legs to reveal a pair of bloody knickers. "I was just praying John Kerry would win and wanted to do anything I could to get the message across."

Members of the website are not shy when it comes to suggesting poses and scenarios for Trixie to recreate. "Mostly they just want to see something really simple with a little more detail, like a woman pulling a tampon out of her pussy. One guy wanted me to do a shoot where I'm wearing a schoolgirl uniform and menstruating on the bible, but I think the one that made me the maddest was someone requesting I do a video of myself masturbating while I was having really bad menstrual cramps."

Aside from making bloody porn, Trixie uses her blood for household chores. She says, "It's really good for your plants! I watered my sweet peas, pansies, geranium and ferns. I'm hoping it won't draw all the neighborhood animals to rip up the plants." Aside from watering her back garden with discarded womb lining, Trixie also likes to closely examine her monthly excretions. The *pièce de résistance* being a gallery dedicated to a 'hunk of tissue' proudly displayed next to a giant paperclip to emphasis how big it is. "Hunks this big often give me cramps when they pass through and feel so delightful when they finally slip down my vaginal canal – they feel like a huge warm relief in the form of quivering fleshy fillets of endometrium."

Visitors to Trixie's site seem to be a combination of those who like the gross-out factor and those who are true menstrual fetishists. They talk for hours on the messageboard discussing looped sanitary belts and pads. "I don't even know half the product names, but they know it all!" she says. Sneaking a crafty glimpse at a sister's tampon string or bloodstained underwear in the wash explains partly where this fetish starts for some men and Trixie agrees, "It's the thing they first encountered with their mom or sister and it kind of crosses over into an incest fetish in a way, which is more interesting to me than the pads and tampons. There's this fascination with getting in trouble for looking at their sister's maxipads in the garbage can."

Keen to keep the porn-and-politics mix prevalent on the site, Trixie has some future plans up her sleeve. "Our government in the United States has been trying for years to pass a flag-desecration amendment to ban burning the flag and things like that. If that goes through, my plan is to make a big sanitary-pad flag and just bleed all over it," she says proudly.

Painting with menstrual blood isn't a method you'll have seen on *Watercolour Challenge*. But Tinet, a cartoonist from Sweden (Kommiekomiks.com), likes to swap ink for real-life claret once in a while. Her website holds a monthly archive of her 'drawings' and she also keeps a running commentary on the process behind each painting. "I guess I've always had a slightly morbid interest for blood as a material," she says. "I'd been playing around with drawings made from my regular blood, but one night, about three years ago, when I had just gotten my period, I had a dream where I was painting with my menstrual blood. The next day, I decided to try it out."

Trixie's site features hunks of human tissue – "I love the feeling when they finally slide out of me..."

Tinet likes to work with fresh blood from the early stages of her period and transfers claret to paper using the most direct method. "First, I squat over the paper and let the blood drip randomly onto it. Then, I try to see if there might be some shape I could pursue. Maybe the drops are arranged in a way that reminds me of the outlines of a dragon, a tree or a lion. The clots are the best part, the colour scale can go from black to a very light pink or sepia tone." She then allows the paintings to dry and scans them on to her computer before the blood turns brown.

Like other responses to menstrual sites, the posts on Tinet's website swing from interest and intrigue to disgust and outright horror, but she doesn't feel she is doing anything too outrageous. "I personally don't think of it as a taboo subject. For me, it's ultimately just a material that's very different from anything else. It's interesting to doodle around with your period and see how it shocks people. If there's a 'message' in my menstrual paintings, it might be something like 'menstruation can actually be fun!'"

Up until the late 1960s, medical books were still advising women to refrain from exercise and taking baths during their period. Fisting, painting with menstrual blood, and squatting over a slave's mouth weren't even considered. Periods have come out of the bathroom and into daily life. And about bloody time. B

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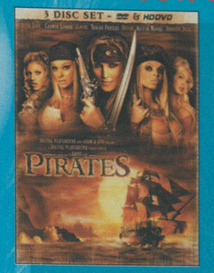

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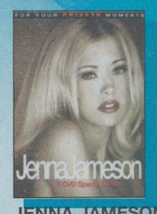

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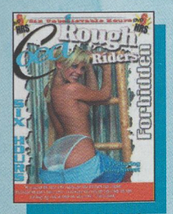

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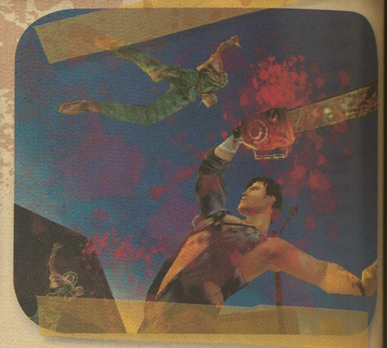
THE NECRONOMICON

From ancient Arabia to *The Evil Dead*: The secrets of the demon-summoning 'book of the dead' revealed!

Imagine if everything you thought you knew about the world was false. Where in every basement there lurked a grotesque, indestructible monstrosity just waiting to suck your brain out through your eye sockets. Where the brainwashed or possessed human agents of hideous ancient gods worked around the clock to bring their idols back into power over the world. Where, lurking at the bottom of the ocean, slept the greatest beast of all, dreaming of conquest.

That's the world of *The Necronomicon*. Loosely, it's name translates as 'The Book Of The Dead' or 'The Book Of Things That Are Past', but interest in it shows no sign of dying. It was a product of the devious mind of the 20th Century's greatest horror writer, HP Lovecraft, and he would be overjoyed at how it has become woven into the fabric of our nightmares via his books, horror-film culture and – above all – the internet. A quick Google search throws up endless websites devoted to *The Necronomicon*, many of them by people seemingly convinced it is real. Another tribute to Lovecraft's genius came with Sam Raimi's use of *The Necronomicon* in his delirious *Evil Dead* trilogy (see that column over there for more).

It's not hard to see the appeal of *The Necronomicon*. As Lovecraft tells it, the book was written in the 8th Century by "the mad Arab", Abdul Alhazred. It's considered the most terrible of all occult books. Yes, even worse than "the terrible *Saducismus Triumphatus* of Joseph Glanvill" and "the shocking *Daemonolatreia* of Remigius" (from Lovecraft's 1923 short story, *The Festival*).



"THAT IS NOT DEAD WHICH CAN ETERNAL LIE, AND WITH STRANGE AEONS, EVEN DEATH MAY DIE"

ABDUL ALHAZRED, INSANE AUTHOR OF *THE NECRONOMICON*

The Necronomicon describes the ancient rites of the 'Old Ones' – long-dormant gods such as the most powerful monstrosity – the insane, half-blind titan Cthulhu and Yog-Sothoth, the mind-raper and keeper of The Gate between the human world and the Old Ones. These demons once ruled the Earth but are now imprisoned in outer space and at the bottom of the sea. In *The Dunwich Horror*, Lovecraft quotes at length from Alhazred's unholy work: "Nor is it to be thought that man is either the oldest or the last of earth's masters, or that the common bulk of life and substances walks alone. The Old Ones were, the Old Ones are, and the Old Ones shall be… Man rules now where They ruled once; They shall soon rule where man rules now."

The power of *The Necronomicon* is in how it plays on our fears. Like any religious book, it is full of dire warnings and predictions. It tells us that the world we think we know is as brittle as an old twig, protected from mind-blasting horror only by the thinnest of protective shields. It could easily be a reference work for any cult with an interest in 'evil' or 'magic' – Aleister Crowley, for instance, would recognise the idea of summoning old gods and doing deals with beings that many would consider 'evil'.

Ultimately, whether *The Necronomicon* is 'real' or not is neither here nor there. Lovecraft loved to implant the idea that madness and horror lurked an inch below the surface of our normal lives. With *The Necronomicon*, he succeeded beyond his wildest dreams – and our wildest nightmares…

"GROOVY!"

ASH J WILLIAMS, CHAINSAW-HANDED, DEMON KILLING BAD-ASS FROM THE *EVIL DEAD* SERIES

DEAD BY DAWN!

The Necronomicon in the *Evil Dead* series

Opinions differ on whether *The Necronomicon* contains direct instructions on how to wake the Old Gods, but Sam Raimi, director of the *Evil Dead* films, is clearly in no doubt. The version of the book in his films (a Sumerian incarnation that predates Alhazred's by over 1,000 years!) allows the reader to summon demons. Now quite why you would want to do this, when said demons will immediately possess your limbs, kill your friends and leave you wide-eyed with terror, covered in blood and prone to hysterical laughter, is another matter.

THE EVIL DEAD

In this classic 'video nasty', *The Necronomicon* is found in an old log cabin by a group of holidaying kids, led by Bruce Campbell's square-jawed Ash. Soon, the hapless holiday-makers are being assaulted by demonic psychos, murderous body-parts, sexually-aggressive trees and some of the most obvious continuity errors and cheapest-looking special effects in movie history!

THE EVIL DEAD 2

In this brilliant sequel-cum-remake, Ash and his girl are, once again, holed up in a rickety old shack in the woods. Once again, reading from *The Necronomicon* summons demons, and sends us off on another 90 minutes of demon-slaying, but this time played for shits and giggles. Highpoint: Ash's hand is possessed, so he hacks it off, and traps it under a bucket weighed down with a copy of Hemmingway's *A Farewell To Arms*. High-brow! He then replaces his missing wank-spanner with – yes! – a chainsaw. One that's very "groovy" indeed…

ARMY OF DARKNESS

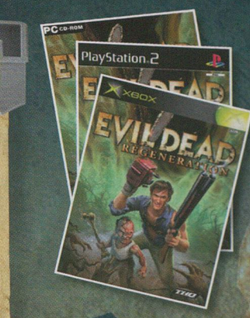
Hurled through a time-vortex at the end of *Evil Dead 2*, Ash lands in 1300AD and must find *The Necronomicon* and cast a spell in order to return the Evil Dead to Hell. Unfortunately, he misreads the spell, and instead summons a whole army of possessed and pissed-off 'Deadites'. Duh. In this full-on, big-budget action movie, Ash is now a wise-cracking hero rather than the terrified, blood-spattered putz of the first two films. He's so cool, he can say to the local Lord, "You're in charge of two things: jack and shit. And Jack just left town," and not end up with his head on a spike.

EVIL DEAD: REGENERATION

In this latest addition to the increasingly-mental *Evil Dead* legend, THQ's computerised Ash is back in the present day, on XBox, PS2 and PC. Unfortunately, he's been convicted of murder, and banged up in the Sunny Meadows home for the psychologically special. The cops think it was him that killed his friends back at that shack in the woods, see?

It gets worse. In the basement of the asylum, fruitloop-in-chief Dr Vingo Reinhard is trying to harness the power of *The Necronomicon* for his own, perverted ends, unleashing a new breed of even deadlier Deadites. Can Ash save the day, or is mankind set for a one-way trip to Apocolypseville?

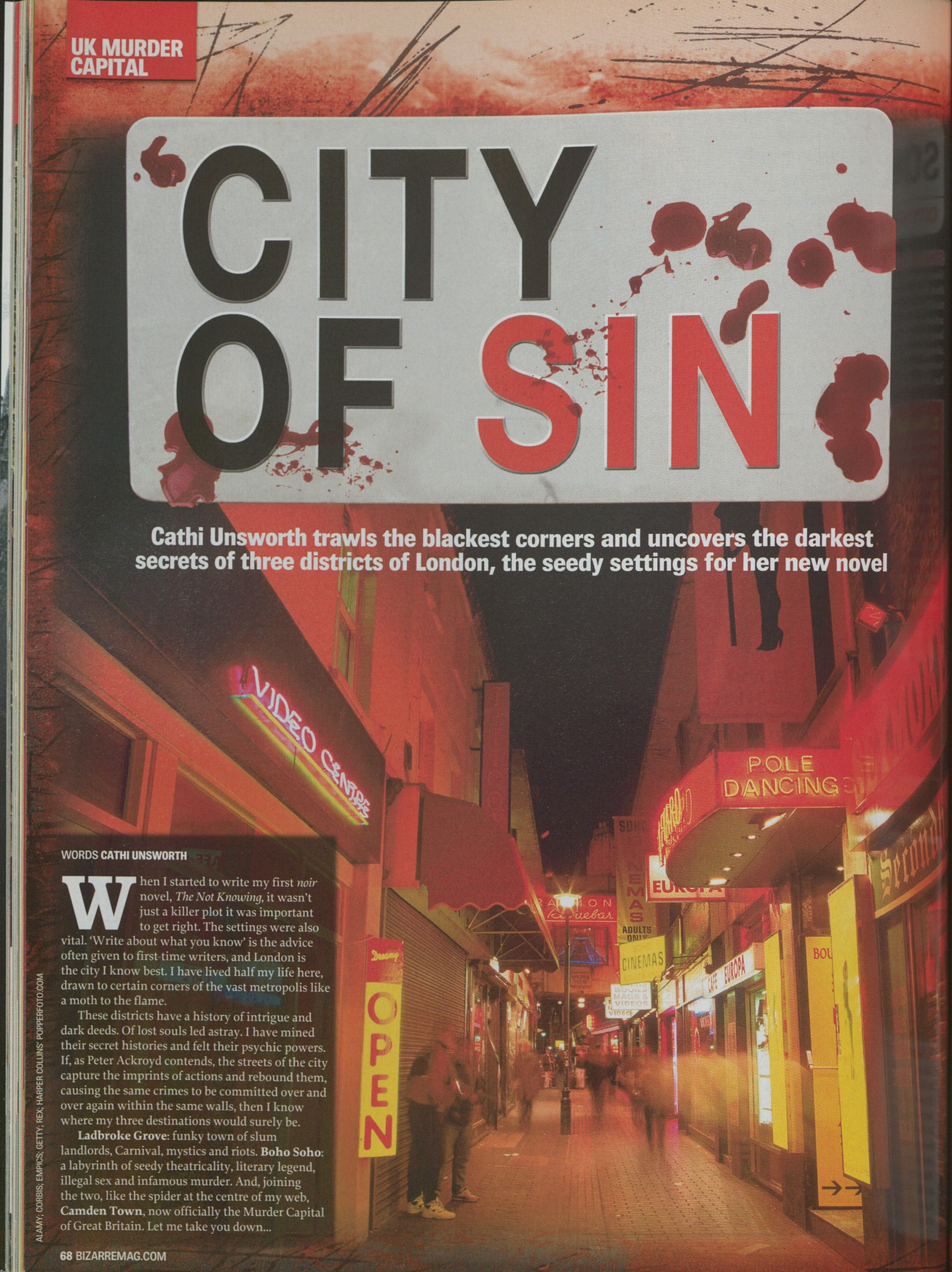
Combining the trademark *Evil Dead* humour, gore and beheadings galore with gameplay that'd make even a Sumerian demon put down the head he's gnawing on and grab a joypad, Regeneration is the ultimate *Evil Dead* experience. The Deadites come thick and fast, keen to tear you a new butthole. But with Ash's sidekick, Sam – a Deadite dwarf who's part empath, part wise-ass and all corpse – and dual-weapon combos that let you eviscerate Deadite scum with everything from harpoon guns to flame throwers to the world-famous chainsaw-and-shotgun combination special, you might just make it through the night…



EVIL DEAD
REGENERATION
www.evildeadregeneration.com

CITY OF SIN

Cathi Unsworth trawls the blackest corners and uncovers the darkest secrets of three districts of London, the seedy settings for her new novel



ALAMY; CORBIS; EMPICS; GETTY; REX; HARPER COLLINS' POPPERFOTO.COM

WORDS **CATHI UNSWORTH**

When I started to write my first *noir* novel, *The Not Knowing*, it wasn't just a killer plot it was important to get right. The settings were also vital. 'Write about what you know' is the advice often given to first-time writers, and London is the city I know best. I have lived half my life here, drawn to certain corners of the vast metropolis like a moth to the flame.

These districts have a history of intrigue and dark deeds. Of lost souls led astray. I have mined their secret histories and felt their psychic powers. If, as Peter Ackroyd contends, the streets of the city capture the imprints of actions and rebound them, causing the same crimes to be committed over and over again within the same walls, then I know where my three destinations would surely be.

Ladbroke Grove: funky town of slum landlords, Carnival, mystics and riots. **Boho Soho**: a labyrinth of seedy theatricality, literary legend, illegal sex and infamous murder. And, joining the two, like the spider at the centre of my web, **Camden Town**, now officially the Murder Capital of Great Britain. Let me take you down...

SOHO W1

CITY OF WESTMINSTER

SOHO: MONSTERS IN BOHEMIA

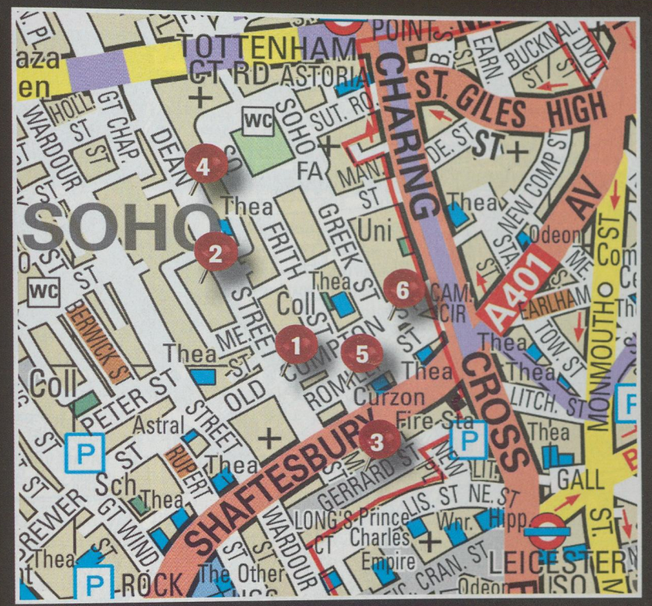
Since time immemorial, Soho, the seedy cancer that lurks at the heart of London, has attracted thrill-seekers, kill-seekers, druggies, perverts, artists and piss-artists. Criminals of all hues have long crawled through its fleshpots and bars, alongside the loud 'characters' and grubby-suited 'entrepeneurs'. From bombers to rippers, Soho has lived in fear of them all...

1. Terror in Soho

The corner of Dean Street and Old Compton Street was the setting for the 30 April 1999 nail bomb attack on the Admiral Duncan pub, specifically targeted for its largely gay clientele. The bomber, BNP member David Copeland, had previously set a device off in Brixton, aimed at the black community, and one in the Asian area of Brick Lane. He was planning to hit the Notting Hill Carnival in August. Three people died in Soho; Nik Moore and his pregnant friend Andrea Dykes; and 30 were injured. Copeland was well aware that Soho has long been the 'gay quarter' of London, notoriously so in the years between the Oscar Wilde obscenity trial and the 1967 Sexual Offences Act. The gay slang code, 'polari', has recently been revived by staff at esteemed tranny piano bar Madame JoJo's.

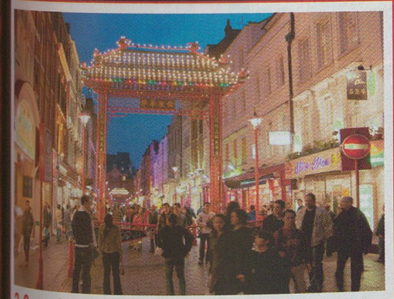
2. The London Monster

Foul of mouth and wretched of deed, 'The London Monster' was an 18th-century precursor to Jack the Ripper. He was first reported to have attacked a young woman in Soho, slashing at her upper thighs and buttocks with a knife. Mania erupted, with no fewer than 30 further attacks on women's rear ends reported between 1788 and 1790. In the end, florist Rhynwick Williams was (probably unfairly) arrested as the Monster.



5. Mystics and Working Girls

Diana finds the Soho 'Bermuda Triangle' between Romilly Street, Greek Street and Dean Street. Dean Street has long been a centre of prostitution, from 'French tarts' in the 50s to today's slave labourers, trafficked by Albanians. Thomas De Quincey, opium-eater and spiritual father of psychogeography stayed on Greek Street in the early 1880s.

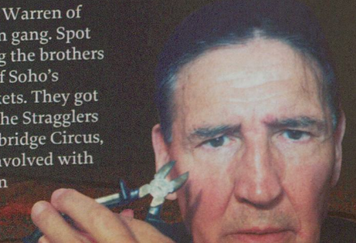


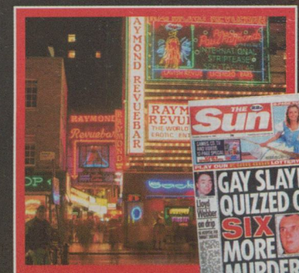
3. Gerrard Street: Gangsters, Jazz, Literature

Diana, the main character in my book, thinks of Soho as the spiritual home of literary rogues, and it is. This thoroughfare, now the heart of Chinatown, has been home to all sorts of artistic – and criminal – diversions. In the Roaring 20s, all the swingers came here. They bought their opium from 'Brilliant' Chang, and the overdose of actress Billie Carleton inspired Sax 'Fu Manchu' Rhomer's novel *Dope*. They partied hard at the 43 Club, run by doctor's wife-turned madam Kate Meyrick. In the 1950s, Gerrard Street was full of stripclubs run by Maltese gangsters.

4. Dean Street and Greek Street: Mythic Gangsterland

On the corner of Old Compton Street and Frith Street, one of Soho's most notorious ganglords, Jack 'Spot' Corner, was stabbed in the 'fight that never was' on 12 August 1955. He blamed his rival, Billy Hill, and invited the Kray Twins to help him overthrow his former comrade in crime. The war raged for over a year, before Spot was stabbed again, by 'Mad' Frankie Fraser and Alf Warren of the Richardson gang. Spot retired, leaving the brothers to the riches of Soho's gambling rackets. They got a foothold in the Stragglers Club, off Cambridge Circus, and became involved with Peter Rachman *[see p71]*, who paid them off with a share in Esmeralda's Barn in Knightsbridge. Soon, the Krays had control of three Soho nightspots: the Gigi Club, The New Life and The New Mill. They rubbed shoulders with celebrities, politicians and the American Mafia before their spectacular fall in 1968. These heady days were recently recreated in Jake Arnott's *The Long Firm*, in which the fictional Harry Starks blurs the line between the true-life Reg and Ron.





6. The Gay Slayer

Colin Ireland made a New Year's resolution as he saw in 1993. He was going to be a serial killer. So off he set to Soho's gay bars to find victims. First was choreographer Peter Walker. Posing as a pick-up, Ireland went back to Walker's flat and suffocated him. Two months later, he picked up librarian Peter Dunn, who was into S&M. Ireland bound him, tortured and killed him. He also used bondage on his third victim, Perry Bradley. Housing warden Andrew Collier was next. Finally, chef Emmanuel Spiteri was bound, gagged and killed. Ireland knew that, having killed five times, he now qualified as a serial killer, and called the police to inform them. ▶

CAMDEN TOWN NW1

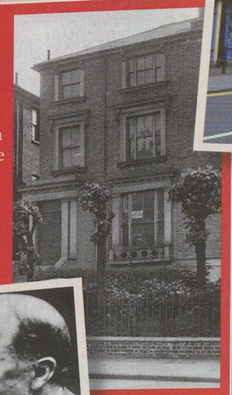
BOROUGH OF CAMDEN

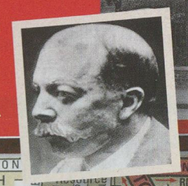
THE MURDER MILE

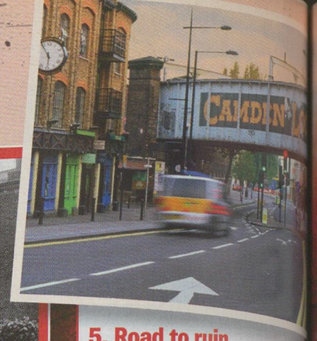
Camden is where King's Cross sinisters meet Primrose Hill bohemian s in an area thick with pubs and bars. And crime is the inevitable result. The German exchange students, whacked out on mushrooms and having dreadlocks put in their hair on the canal bridge, have no idea what sinister events take place in NW1 at night.

1. A Poisonous Passion

In 1910, at 39 Hilldrop Crescent, Dr Hawley Harvey Crippen poisoned and filleted his wife. The American came to England in 1900 with wife Cora Turner, who fancied herself as a music-hall star and went by the name Belle Elmore. Cora was a popular character; Crippen was not. Bad feeling simmered. Crippen took a mistress, his secretary Ethel Le Neve. He ordered a large quantity of the poison hyoscine hydrobromide, then told everyone his wife had returned to the US. In fact, poor Cora was in pieces, in the cellar of 39.





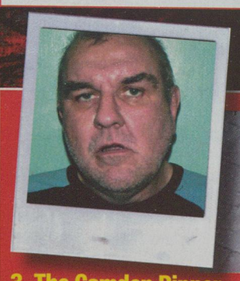


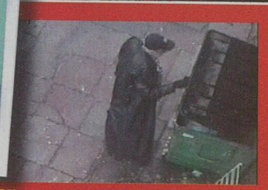
5. Road to ruin

The section of road linking Camden Town, Chalk Farm and Kentish Town gained the soubriquet 'murder mile' in 2002, when Thomas Breen, Hassan Abdulhai, Tommy Scott, Jamhai Conquest, Jason Gibson and Andreas Hinz were all killed between July and August. Trainee rabbi Hinz came to the strangest end – he was sawn up and stuffed into binbags – obviously a Camden speciality. It is in this interzone, beneath the railway arches, that my killer makes his second strike.

2. The Camden Town Killer

The killer in *The Not Knowing* first appears in the middle of the night on Agar Grove. He has a sense of history, for it was here, in 1907, that one of the district's most notorious murders took place. A prostitute, Emily Dimmock, had her throat cut, and many have claimed it was the work of Jack the Ripper. At the time, Robert Wood, an 'artistic' young man of Emily's acquaintance, was put on trial. But Wood was acquitted, and the guilty man was never found.



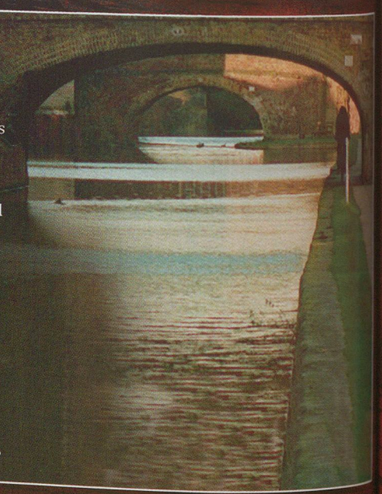


3. The Camden Ripper

Camden's many homeless denizens make their presence felt in my novel and it was one of their number who made a particularly gruesome real-life discovery on New Year's Day 2002. Foraging for food in College Place, he pulled out a binbag stuffed with human remains. Two days later, another bag was discovered in Plender Street. Police raided the home of Anthony John Hardy in Royal College Street and found a woman's torso. Hardy was apprehended and sentenced in November 2002 for the murder of Elizabeth Valad, Brigitte MacClennan and Sally Rose White. Hardy had dressed Valad and MacClennan up in demonic masks and photographed them before dismembering them.

4. Torsos in the Canal

My killer found the Grand Union Canal a useful place for a killing. So have many others. Hideously, the remains of crack dealer Marvin Gentles – his torso – pulled out of the canal in June 2005, has a grisly precedent. In February 2000, three 10-year-old boys fished a bag out of the canal and found within it the dismembered remains of prostitute Paula Fields. It has been speculated Anthony Hardy could be responsible, but Hardy (see left) was in jail by the time the carved-up body of Somalian call girl Nasra Ismail was found last April in a suitcase in the canal at Camden. A Dorset man was charged with this murder, but his trial has been suspended until December. Could there be a new 'Ripper' at large?

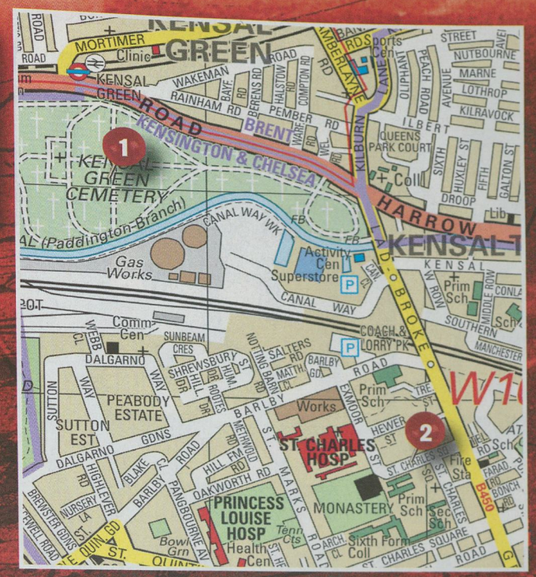


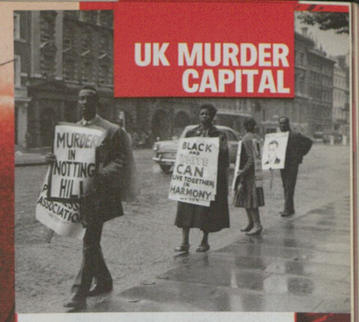
LADBROKE GROVE W10

KENSINGTON & CHELSEA

A RIOT ALL OF MY OWN

Diana Kemp, the heroine of *The Not Knowing*, lives in a bedsit in Arundel Gardens, halfway up Ladbroke Grove. Her neighbour, Jerry, is an ancient, annoying hippy who can't believe the 60s have ended. Maybe he can remember the time when, across the road in a similarly cramped abode, the producer Joe Meek had his first studio. He recorded his album *I Hear A New World* in this flat before relocating to 304 Holloway Road, where he went on to record the legendary *Telstar* before shooting his landlady Violet Shenton and then himself during a psychotic episode in 1967.



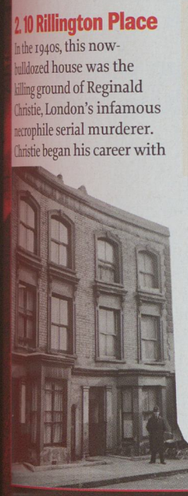


1. Riots, Murder, Carnival

In 1958, many of Rachman's West Indian tenants found themselves under siege from the Teddy Boys of Ladbroke Grove, in riots that punctuated that summer from July to September. Sensing an opportunity, Oswald Mosley moved in with an idea of recruiting new fascists to his Union Movement. A year after the riots, a 33-year-old Antiguan man, Kelso Cochrane, was stabbed to death on Goldborne Bridge in a racist attack. His vast funeral at Kensal Green Cemetery would be the uniting force that brought about the Notting Hill Carnival.

2. 10 Rillington Place

In the 1940s, this now-bulldozed house was the killing ground of Reginald Christie, London's infamous necrophile serial murderer. Christie began his career with



mistress Ruth Fuerst, whom he strangled during sex in 1943. A year later he tricked neighbour Muriel Eady into coming over by saying he could cure her toothache. Using a 'knockout gas' he'd developed, he strangled her, then raped her corpse. He buried both in the garden. In 1949, Christie sublet part of his house to Timothy and Beryl Evans and daughter Geraldine. Learning Beryl was pregnant with an unwanted child, he persuaded her he could perform an abortion. Out came the knockout gas again. Telling Timothy his wife had died as a result of this then-illegal operation, Christie talked the weak-minded Evans into letting him take care of the body – and childcare arrangements for Geraldine, with whom he promptly did away too. Wracked with guilt, Timothy went to the police – and was promptly arrested and hanged for Christie's crimes. Christie killed four more women before finally being brought to justice in 1953, when he was hanged.

Michael X

Michael de Freitas, a Trinidadian seaman, first arrived in Ladbroke Grove in the 1950s and set about the pimping game. He soon fell in with Rachman, becoming one of his enforcers. After the riots, he metamorphosed into a Black Power leader, bringing Sammy Davis Jr and John Lennon to hear his teachings in the 1960s. Converting to Islam, he reinvented himself as Michael Abdul Malik, then Michael X. In 1970, bored of London, he sailed to Trinidad with white girlfriend Gale Benson. Once there, in a state of psychosis, De Freitas decided to initiate a race war by slashing Gale to death with a machete. He was hanged for the crime in Port of Spain in 1975.

Rachman, Gangsters, Performance

Bad landlords come with the territory. Practically all of Ladbroke Grove was once owned by Polish landlord and primo racketeer Peter Rachman. In the 1950s, he carved up the area's big stucco Victorian terraces into bedsits, into which he would insert prostitutes under his control or as many newly arrived West Indian immigrants as possible. Rachman associated with gangsters, wrestlers and movie stars and was part of the inspiration for Donald Cammell and Nic Roeg's classic Ladbroke Grove movie *Performance*. In *The Not Knowing*, my film director Jon Jackson rips off *Performance* and comes to an even sticker end than Cammell, who killed himself in 1996, replicating the cinematic death scene of Mick Jagger's character Turner.

The Profumo Affair

Another of Rachman's tenants was Christine Keeler, whose affair with War Minister Jack Profumo brought down the Conservative MacMillan government and caused the suicide of her upper-class 'pimp', Dr Steven Ward, in 1963. Rachman was both obsessed with and scared of Keeler and he suffered a fatal heart attack when she told him she was leaving London for Paris in 1962. After Rachman's death, scandal erupted over his involvement in Profumo and his rotten empire, leading to speculation that he may have faked his death to avoid investigation. Rachman has been 'sighted' many times in Ladbroke Grove since his death, driving his Roller, wearing his sharkskin suit and smoking his fat cigar.

***The Not Knowing*, by Cathi Unsworth, is out now, published by Serpent's Tail, £7.99**

Lawton Public Library

TALC AND TURNIPS WITH VIC REEVES

Reeves and Mortimer tore British comedy a new arsehole and filled it up with puffins, lard, tapdancing, crisps and many other wonderful things. We were sitting comfortably

WORDS **ALEX GODFREY**
BEARD PHOTOS **JOE PLIMMER**
INFORMATION BUBBLES AND RANDOM DOODLES **VIC REEVES**

When *Vic Reeves Big Night Out* was first broadcast in 1990, Britain wasn't ready for two northerners doing nonsensical performance art involving food and plants, a ridiculous slapstick routine called Talc and Turnips, homemade Sean Connery masks, and a gormless bald mute in a lab coat who hated chives but loved spirit levels. Most people didn't watch it. And many who did detested it. But by the end of the first series the show had gained a hardcore cult following, and a second series followed, as did a massive tour, a number-one single, and an incredibly eclectic career, still going strong with odd gems like *Catterick*.

Jim Moir (Vic's real name) and Bob Mortimer were both born in 1959. Jim grew up in Darlington and worked on farms before moving to London, forming bands, going to art college and creating his own variety comedy show in bars and pubs. Bob was born in Middlesbrough, and was working as a solicitor in London when a friend brought him to see Jim's show. The pair struck up a friendship and Bob began performing onstage as a judge, in an act called Crown Court Capers ("I was only on to give Jim time to change into, say, Heinz Mindpeeler, which was his mind-reading drunk"). Vic and Bob began attracting a sizeable, enthusiastic and often celebrity crowd to their three-hour shows, and moved to the 350-capacity Albany Empire; a Channel 4 TV deal quickly followed.

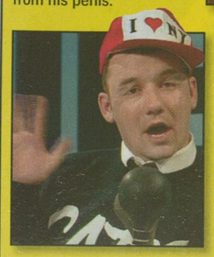
Vic Reeves Big Night Out instantly divided audiences and critics. London's *Evening Standard* described it as "a lot of shouting, a lot of unfunny people", while the *Daily Telegraph* deemed it worthy of "instant devotion". Vic and Bob have since insisted their work has never been surreal, just daft, despite the first *Big Night Out* TV show alone including: Vic being brought onstage by Bob, in a wig, beard and with a stuffed Alsatian, in the guise of Isambard Kingdom Brunel; Vic promising to bring on a family of trained puffins driving a traction engine over a really smart dish of fresh olives and reversing back through the smallest keyhole in Britain; a variety contest called Novelty Island, which boasted a sighing caterpillar; a man called Graham Lister pushing lard through Mickey Rourke's nostrils on a cereal box; and a pair of shrieking brothers called the Stotts making a bird appear from hot oil. So it would seem surrealism is, as far as Vic and Bob are concerned, relative.

With the DVD release of *Big Night Out* almost upon us, please immerse yourself in the world of Reeves and Mortimer, as we celebrate the strangest comedy show of our time. ▶

VIC REEVES ON SELECTED BIG NIGHT OUT CHARACTERS

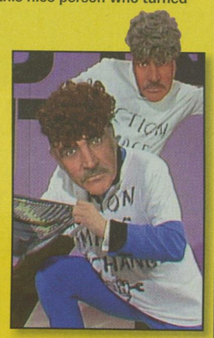
THE STOTTS

They're our favourites, Donald and Davy. Once, I made Bob piss himself on television when we were doing the Stotts. Literally, he did, he wet himself, when I was talking about a bright-green racing car. He did actually unleash liquids from his penis.



WAVY DAVY

He was a nemesis, like Lister was. Vic Reeves had lots of them. Wavy Davy was one who turned out to be The Devil. He was revealed to have hairs on the palms of his hands, and he'd been hijacking children and keeping them somewhere. He started off in Novelty Island, all he did was come on and wave at people, and that was his turn. But there was more to him than that. He was this nice person who turned out to be Satan.

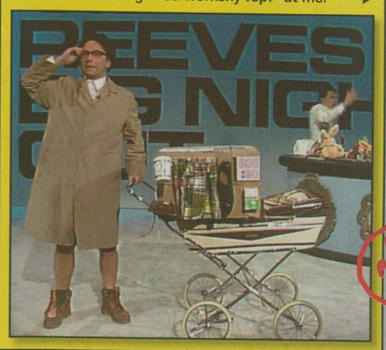


ACTION IMAGE EXCHANGE

At that time in Deptford there were a lot of people around who would do those meaningless political performance pieces. If they were gonna complain about housing benefits, they would do something as ridiculous as push a banana into a football, representing squeezing thousands of people into… you know, just bollocks. That was about as political as we got.

GRAHAM LISTER

Nemesis. Pure and simple. He hated my guts. He was incredibly popular. I used to get loads of Lister lookalikes shouting "You workshy fop!" at me. ▶



VIC SPEAKS

▶ **Do you look back fondly on *Big Night Out*? There's often a glimmer in your eyes, both you and Bob, and it looks like you're having the time of your life.**

Yeah, it was great, some of the best days ever. It was brilliant. Very good days.

There's a real sense of anarchy about it.

Well, controlled anarchy. There's always a sense of anarchy sort of lurking in the background, always a sense of it all going wrong any second now, but it had to be controlled. When we filmed those things we pretty much used to go in there, hardly do any rehearsal, and film the whole lot in 32 minutes. We'd be back in the pub half-an-hour later.

I've been trying to think what I can compare it to and I can only think of *The Muppet Show*.

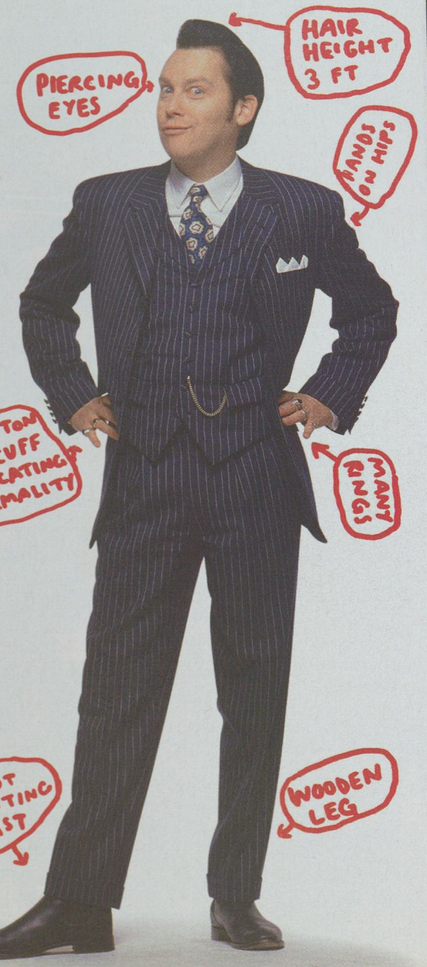
Really, I deplore the Muppets. I think they're all wankers. I didn't like *Sesame Street* either. It's certainly not an influence.

Why are the Muppets wankers?

They just are, aren't they. All you have to do is look at them. They just are, they irritate me. Not as much of a wanker as Barney. That big purple monster thing.

Bob says one of the first things he saw you do onstage was something called Tappy Lappy.

Yeah, we had two Bryan Ferry masks, both identical with the same smile, and the fact that they were identical made it hilarious. Me and John Irvine, who was the unofficial third member of the team, made



these masks – we've never beaten them – and we had two big pieces of wood taped onto our feet and tapdanced. But we'd recorded the tapdance using pans and things in the house, so it started off as a tapdance and ended up as a cacophony, pans and things dropping down the stairs. But onstage we were just two tapdancers.

What was the first stuff you did onstage with Bob?

After I'd met him I said, "Do you want to do something next week?" and he was a lawyer, so we wrote something about lawyers, which became Judge Nutmeg. It was as simple as that. Most of it was so shit. We'd have half-an-hour talking about joint cuts of beef, or do a crisp consumer test. And bits of it just wasn't funny, we thought we'd impart some information about crisps to people, as a sort of break from the comedy.

Some of the criticism you got early on, from people who weren't into you were doing, was that your work just wasn't funny. But you've said that it isn't always supposed to be funny, just interesting.

Yeah. It's a fair point. What's wrong with that?

Nothing at all. And some of the funniest things on *Big Night Out* made no sense whatsoever – things like Talc and Turnips, which is just such pointless, nonsensical slapstick.

It was one of our favourite things, we loved Talc and Turnips. We used to do it onstage and we loved doing it, because it was so preposterous, and so

"I deplore The Muppets. I think they're all wankers. Just look at them"

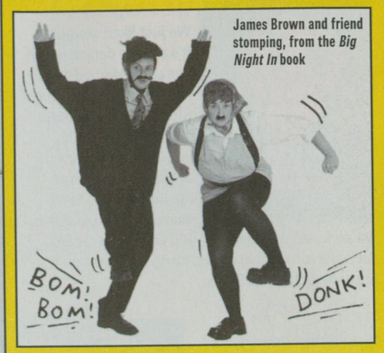
monstrously ridiculous... The director and producer said, "You can't do that, not on television." I thought it was great. The noises we'd make used to crack us up. If you listen to it very carefully you can hear Bob and me giving instructions to each other. Which we thought was hilarious. Like [quietly], "Throw the squirrel over there now."

There was a lot of pointless nonsense in the show, but that was the most extreme.

Well, that's all it is. You never should have to describe or explain, but that's all it was. Reaction to it is probably nervous laughter, it's the most ridiculous thing you've ever seen. "How dare they!" What made us laugh was doing something for no reason but giving instructions. It's qualifying anarchy. I'd love to do it again. Talc and Turnips was a career peak. Another peak was managing to get on BBC1 at 6pm with *Families At War*, and we had a kid who was destroying a garden shed to below the height of an Alsatian with his bare hands. To get that on national TV, BBC1, Saturday night – you can't get much higher than that. ▶

JAMES BROWN ON PRE-TV BIG NIGHT OUT

The founder of *Loaded* and *Jack* magazines recalls Vic and Bob: the early days



James Brown and friend stomping, from the *Big Night In* book

In the early 90s I was working as features editor of the *NME*, and Metallica's publicist, Ted Cummings, rang up and said, "You've got to come and see this bloke down in Deptford, you'll love him." We went down to the Albany Empire on a Sunday night to see what was billed as comedy but would transpire to be like nothing else I'd ever seen. A series of rambling, chaotic, hilarious routines that clearly had key phrases and characters but a style that suggested there'd been very little rehearsal. It was like a pantomime for the insane.

Vic Reeves arrived onstage in this community theatre in a chariot with dry ice and classical music. He'd run around the stage singing wildly, in his Edwardian suit and slick quiff, prompting outrageous screams from the women in the audience. It was the sort of entrance Elvis thrived on.

What followed was a very wild version of what would later be boiled down to become Channel 4's *Vic Reeves Big Night Out*. Like with the Charlie Cairoli circus 70s TV series it wasn't possible to tell whether Vic's stooges were actually mental or not. The main partner was, of course, Bob Mortimer, who played a sort of smart Watson to Vic's evil Holmes. Huge favourites were a man called Dorian who came on as 'The Toff' – his appearance would prompt the audience to scream "Fuck off Toff!" – bald-headed Les, and another weirdo called Kingy, who was always dropping spoons while pushing a shopping trolley around.

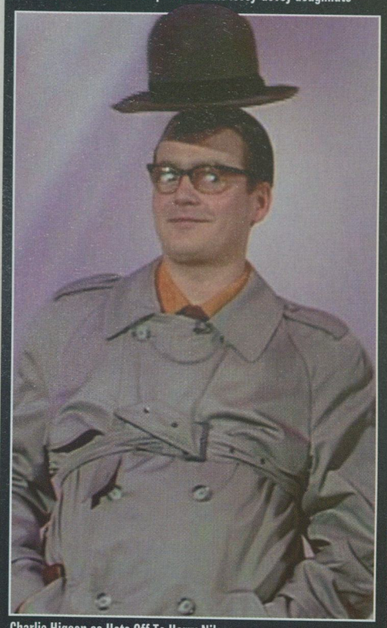
Like a gang show organised by Spike Milligan, there was seemingly no logic or purpose to the parts of the show, other than to entertain. All the trademark surrealism was in place: references to nature, The Human League and Tamil rebels. Overall there was a heightened sense of excitement. It was so obvious to the hundred or so people gathered there that Vic and Bob were going to be massive if someone gave them a chance on TV.

I knew there were enough musical references in the show to fit him in the *NME*, and I reckoned he was probably a big enough music fan to have been brought up on the paper. I charged backstage and suggested an interview, which I doubled up on a spread with Jack Dee. 'Far From the Manning Crowd' was the title. Within weeks, the Sunday night show was being watched by Alan Yentob and Michael Grade, who were running BBC2 and Channel 4. They were both getting their ears bent by Jonathan Ross and Jools Holland, who were championing Vic. The rest is history. A very strange and peculiar history.

THE FAST SHOW

Long before the birth of BBC2's *The Fast Show*, stars Paul Whitehouse, Charlie Higson and Simon Day often popped up as peripheral characters on *Vic Reeves Big Night Out*.

Paul Whitehouse as Mr Popkins and his lovey-dovey doughnuts



Charlie Higson as Hats Off To Harry Nilsen

Simon Day (left) as Piltdown Man

LITTLE BRITAIN'S MATT LUCAS ON BIG NIGHT OUT

Bob Mortimer saw Matt Lucas' live stand-up act five weeks after Matt had started performing, aged 18. Bob encouraged him to pursue a career in comedy, and later cast him in *The Smell Of Reeves And Mortimer*. Matt went on to play score-keeping drummer George Dawes in *Shooting Stars*, and, more recently, appeared with Vic and Bob in their action comedy drama *Catterick*. Here, he tells us how it felt to discover *Big Night Out* 15 years ago.

What are your memories of watching the first episode of *Big Night Out*?

Friday night, stuck at home, didn't really have any friends, and this show came on... I was lying in bed watching it, and Vic kept saying, "Later on this guest is coming up, and later on that guest is coming up." And the guests never came on. And I was just utterly baffled by it, and quite annoyed, angry. So I rang Channel 4 to complain. I said, "This show is disgraceful, why are you showing it?" I thought it was just a load of rubbish, what were they talking about? It didn't make any sense.

Seriously?

Yes! I hated it. I thought it was dreadful. I was baffled by it. And I was convinced the show would be taken off, so I watched the second week, because I thought it was going to go down in history as one of the worst things ever broadcast. It was that bad. And I thought maybe the second week the guests would actually come on.

What guests?

You know, they'd say, "Later on we're meeting a squirrel with a top hat on," or something. So I watched the second week like one would watch a car crash. But then I started to get it, and started to smile, and I actually quite enjoyed it. And then gradually I became a real fan of it. By about episode three it strangely got hold of you. And it was kind of subliminal. I think I'd just let my guard down because I'd thought it was so bad. And then I absolutely couldn't wait for the next week's show. Waiting for the second series to come on was about the most exciting event in my life, because by then I'd found other people that enjoyed the show and it became like a little club. I liked the fact a lot of people didn't watch it and it was a small show. By the end of the second series it was obviously a phenomenon, but at the beginning of the second series it was still a secret. You either loved it or loathed it. You were either a devotee or a heretic.

Matt (left) and David Walliams as Ting Tong Macadangdang and Dudley Punt, in the new series of *Little Britain*. Below: Matt with Vic and Bob in *Shooting Stars*

What was it for you that inspired such a response?

It came around at a very good time, because alternative comedy took hold three or four years earlier, and it needed to – you needed to get away from all those comedians in tuxedos who told racist jokes – but by this point alternative comedy was everywhere, this next generation of people who told you about their lives, talking about periods and relationships, and it was just time for something else. You could watch *The Harry Enfield Show*, but there wasn't anything utterly bizarre.

And there was also, with a lot of the big comedians at the time, a kind of southern vibe, and Vic and Bob, to me, were like foreigners, they were like aliens. The only person I'd heard talk like that on television was Oz from *Auf Wiedersehen, Pet*. It was exotic. And not only their accents, but their language – there was something very rural about their vocabulary, Jim knew about owls and foxes and methods of agricultural farming. You suspect he'd be able to identify every bird in Britain. It was a different type of knowledge and set of references. And no one else was doing surrealism. *Big Night Out* was as close to performance art and Dadaism as comedy. Although also, because of alternative comedy, we lost a lot of great things, a lot of great things got rejected with it. It was important to shun the likes of Bernard Manning, but at the same time we turned our back on people like Benny Hill and Morecambe and Wise, and Vic and Bob paid tribute. There was a lot of great visual comedy, slapstick. So they were also unashamedly traditional.

Going back to what you were saying about comedians in tuxedos in the 80s, I remember Jim Davidson saying he just didn't get Vic Reeves at all, didn't find it funny. Although Jim [Moir] maintains it wasn't always intended to be funny – if it was interesting, it was enough.

Absolutely. And don't forget for a moment the influence Vic and Bob had culturally. There's a huge influence on Harry Hill, Ant and Dec have said they were an enormous influence, me and David [Walliams] always cite them as our biggest influence, and now The Mighty Boosh, Dick and Dom. And beyond comedy, I think a lot of the adverts at the time featured surrealism that was, I would say, influenced by Vic and Bob. There was something incredibly liberating about Vic and Bob because it wasn't just about the comedy, it was very daring. Very provocative to do Talc and Turnips for three minutes.

They brought surrealism into contemporary mainstream pop culture.

Definitely, I do think so. There's this school of thought that says alternative comedy wouldn't have happened without Peter Cook, and I think whatever happened after alternative comedy wouldn't have happened without Vic and Bob. I don't think they've ever been given the credit for that. The worst thing you can do is call a comedian important.

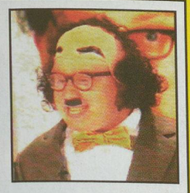
Why?

Well, it's scary. The comedian's job is to be off-message. It's scary to think of comedy as important. But it is, and Vic and Bob are the most important comics of our generation. They're true pioneers.

They've been talking about doing a new Friday night comedy variety show.

I'd like to see it. I'd like to be in it. I think it's important for them to do something that only they can do. And nobody can make comedy in front of an audience like Vic and Bob can. They've got to shoot it in front of an audience – *Monkey Trousers* wasn't filmed with one. So I absolutely hope they do it. And if they say Dame Shirley Bassey's coming on the show, I hope that it's Vic dressed as Dame Shirley Bassey.

GREAT STOTT

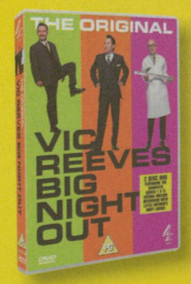


Matt Lucas played John Stott, the son of the Stotts, for a sketch in *The Smell Of Reeves And Mortimer*.

"That was the greatest honour I've ever had. As their son, I had to pitch my voice even higher than them. I remember pulling on my pair of very long Stott shoes, and there and then, I became a Stott. It was *so* exciting."

"Vic and Bob were like aliens – Vic knew about owls and foxes and agricultural farming. You suspect he'd be able to identify every bird in Britain"

***Vic Reeves Big Night Out* is out on DVD 26 September**



ABSOLUTELY FLABULOUS

The rise of the giant showgirls of San Francisco proves there's a hunger for big and beauti

WORDS **KATE HODGES**

San Francisco is a bulimic's nightmare. Full of over-skinny California girls, but jammed with stores offering deep-fried seafood, over-stuffed fajitas, and the biggest donuts in the US of A. No wonder it's the big melting pot in which the Big Burlesque Original Fat Bottom Revue was formed. The troupe of fat-girl burlesque dancers have been bumping and grinding across the Bay Area and beyond for three years. "I think it's important for women to shake their big butts in somebody's face and get paid for it," says founder Heather MacAllister.

Highlights of their shows include their song 'Grandma Sold My Panties On Ebay', and show-stopping numbers that involve the girls stripping to reveal their acres of glorious flesh.

Heather and her troupe are sticking two chubby fingers up at the glamour establishment. As Heather says: "It's a world that would like to see us skinny or dead." Even the supposedly 'alternative' world of new burlesque usually insists the performers be svelte. Heather says: "Burlesque folks like to think of the scene as 'very open-minded' when it comes to body type, but I sometimes feel like our body types cross an invisible line." However, Big Burlesque are raising the temperatures and cocks of men who have previously only fancied perfect-10-sized girls.

The girls are super-sized, super-confident, and super-sexy. Heather says she just "felt compelled" to do burlesque in 1999. She was inspired by old-time legends including Dixie Evans and Satan's Angel, but particularly someone called Dirty Martini: "She was a big girl and looked great and was successful."

Audiences at the girls' shows feast on a mixture of classic striptease and music. "People have told us, 'You've changed my idea of what is 'sexy'," says Heather. "They are definitely turned on, but they are also entertained and thrilled. Most stripclubs here are very formulaic – the dancer comes out mostly nude, gets nuder, does some pole work, and hustles lapdances. It's not really great for the dancers or necessarily for the patrons. Our shows allow for more creativity and are much more comfortable for most women."

The group has played the world's biggest burlesque show, Tease-O-Rama, as well as Miss Exotic World. They produce their own shows twice a year at least, and perform at other cabarets. But Heather is mildly tetchy about the fact they've never been asked to take the stage by other San Francisco burlesque troupes.

The troupe gained a seal of approval from Mr Spock himself, Leonard Nimoy, who photographed them for his Maximum Beauty photo series. He wanted to shoot the girls because they were comfortable with themselves. "He was very vocal about body acceptance," says Heather, and the girls are planning another shoot with the pointy-eared snapper.

People take away more than a tune stuck in their head and a stiff penis from Big Burlesque shows. Heather says: "Any time there is a fat person onstage as anything besides the butt of a joke, it's political. Add physical movement, then dance, then sexuality, and you have a revolutionary act."

For more see Bigburlesque.com

LARDS OF THE DANCE

Four other weighty dance troupes that will rock and shock your world

BIG DANCE

Bigdance.org

Big girls can be avant-garde performers too. Choreographer (and skinny chick) Lynda Raino formed the troupe, based in British Columbia. She says: "What I hadn't planned for was to ask the women to bend forward, and they couldn't. There was a large breast or a stomach in the way."

THE FATIMAS

Http://users.rcn.com/allenharris/fatimas.htm

These LA belly-dancers perform mainly at NAAFA (National Association to Advance Fat Acceptance) events. Lead Fatima Rhonda Wood formed the troupe. She says of their first performance: "We had whistles and whoops from the time we danced out onto the stage until the time we danced the last choreography, 25 minutes later. There were flashbulbs going off from all over the audience – it felt like a Hollywood premiere."

THE BOTERO SISTERS

Chez.com/affection/potin/soeurbotero.htm

Brazilians Li and Lu Medeiros appear in Cirque Du Soleil. They are around 5ft tall, and weigh 200lb each. They dress in full-on showgirl regalia, and feed the audience strawberries, as well as performing juggling feats. Lu says: "You don't have to be Miss Universe to be beautiful. Big women can feel sensual with what they have."

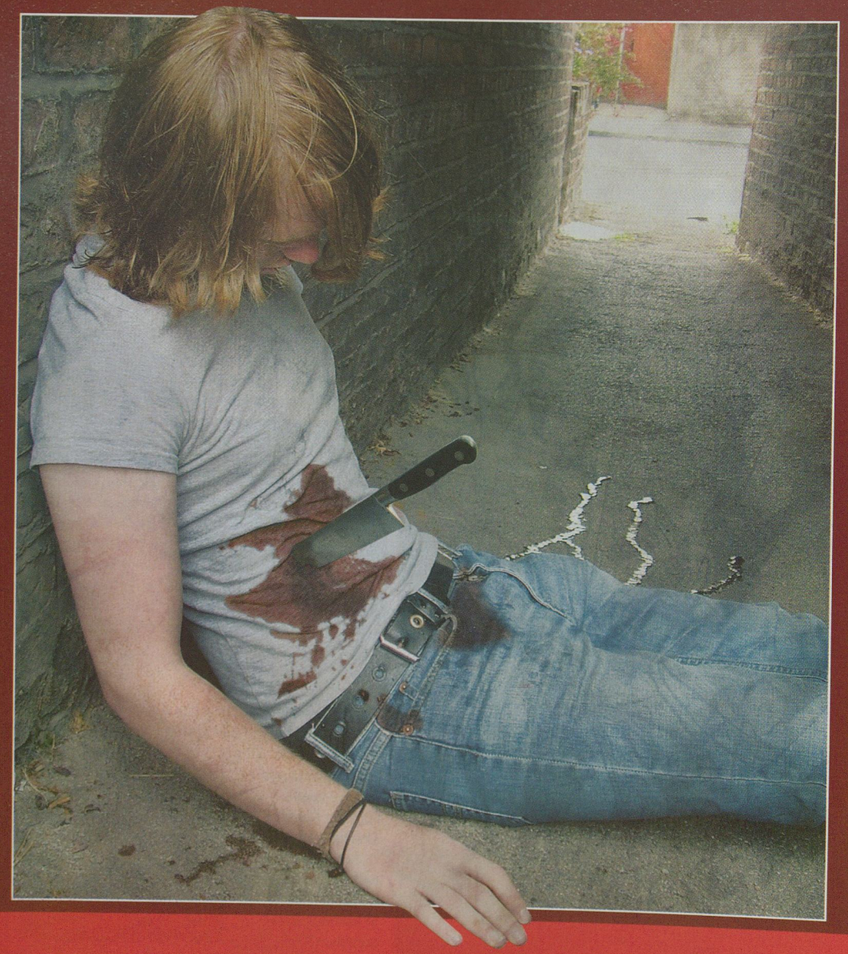
THE PADDED LILIES

Paddedlilies.com

These five portly paddlers formed a synchronised-swimming troupe in San Francisco in 1997. They beam out of the deep end in their Technicolor bathing suits and flowery caps. Founder Shirley Sheffield says: "We get laughed *with*, not *at*, because we have a sense of humour about ourselves."

THE NEW SUICIDE

If you're going to go out, why not do it with a bang? Suicide cases are becoming ever more inventive in their methods of topping themselves. Here are six of the best



WORDS **JAMES DOORNE**
ILLUSTRATIONS **MAT BRADSHAW**

There was a time when all you needed was a piece of rope and a tree to end your life. But that kind of suicide is on the way out. Washing down painkillers or slashing your wrists is embarrassingly old-school. Now you can choose death by barbecue. You can use the internet. Or, if you really have to, you can use a bandsaw. Failing that, why not build your own suicide machine? Or for those who aren't so handy you can get national law-enforcement to kill you. There really are no rules any more. This is the new suicide.

Suicide By Internet

The infamous Japanese online suicide clubs might be making dying alone a thing of the past, but a boy from near Manchester in the UK came close to creating a much more extreme case of 'suicide by internet'.

In June 2003, the 14-year-old, who was referred to only by the pseudonym 'John' during the court case, made what was described in court as "an extraordinary suicide attempt". He convinced a 15-year-old boy, referred to as 'Mark' in court, to stab him to death in an alleyway in Goose Green, Altrincham.

Mark and John had first met in a chatroom online. Although Mark thought he was talking to six different people, they were all John. Among these fictional characters were a 16-year-old girl and her brother, but most importantly John pretended to be a 42-year-old female spy called Janet.

Mark was promised a reward of up to half-a-million pounds, a gun, a meeting with the Prime Minister, employment by the Secret Services and sex with Janet if he could perform the mercy killing of John, who, he was told, had a brain tumour and just one week to live.

Mark stabbed John with a 6in kitchen knife, damaging his kidney and liver, and leaving him critically ill in hospital for a week. His gall bladder had to be removed as well but he lived to be the first person in the UK to be convicted of inciting his own murder.

Bandsaw Suicides

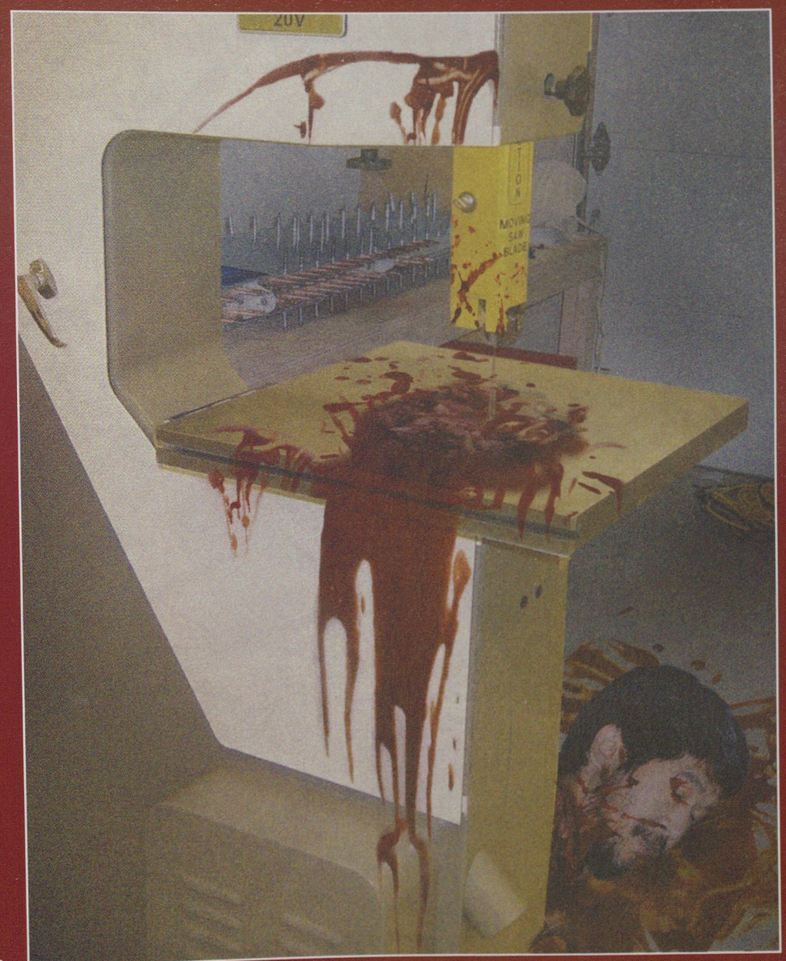
Depending on who your friends are, you may or may not have been sent via email a picture of a man handcuffed to a bandsaw. One half of his body is lying across the bottom of the machine, the other is on the top. The top and bottom halves are about a foot apart. He is very dead. Most people think it can't be real and the fact the photo is black-and-white and quite blurry makes it look like the picture was taken in a hangar full of old B-movie props. As well as that, would anyone actually commit suicide with a bandsaw?

Well, the answer is yes; at least three people have done just that in South Africa in the last five years. And after the third case there was a fear it might create a wave of copycat suicides – a common occurrence when bizarre suicides are heavily reported in the press. (After Kiyoko Matsumoto jumped into the crater of a volcano at Mount Mihara on the island of Oshima on 11 February 1933, hundreds copied her. Four years later, the yearly number of suicides at the site was still in the hundreds.)

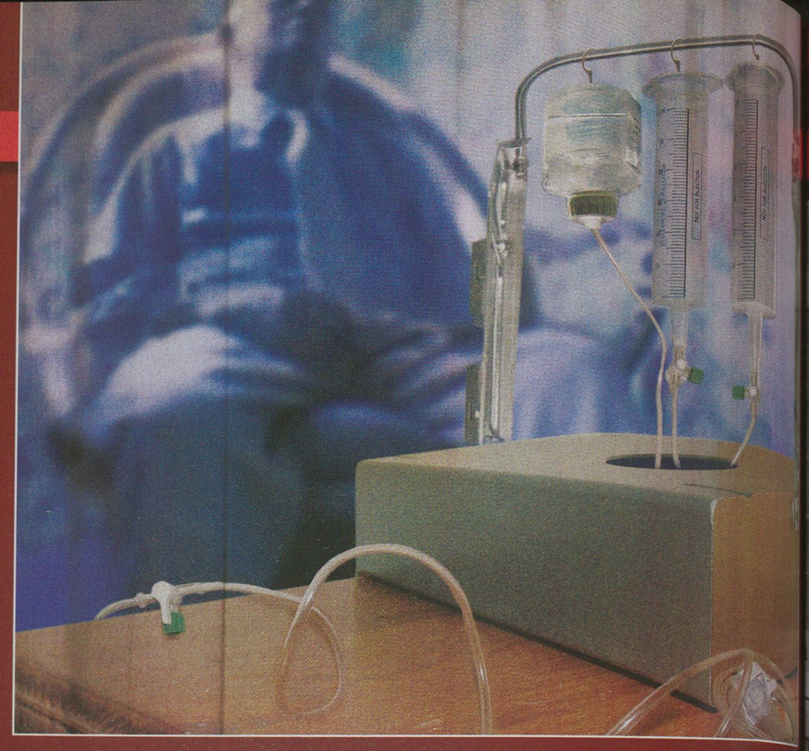
The first of the most recent bandsaw suicides occurred in October 1999. A 30-year-old man who worked at a butchery near the Eastern Cape town of Aiwal North placed his head directly onto a saw. A police spokesperson, Ursula Roelofse, confirmed death occurred, although his head wasn't entirely severed.

Then, in May 2003, a man walked into a supermarket in Richards Bay as it was about to close, went to the meat department, and committed a gruesome suicide in front of the customers and staff. Superintendent Jay Naicker explained what happened: "The man just walked in, went to the bandsaw machine and switched it on. Apparently he knew what he was doing. He put his neck to the blade and it cut about halfway through before he fell to the floor."

The next month Mzuvukile Baleni, who worked at a butchery in Alice Street, Durban, killed himself in the same way. Although the wound wasn't deep enough to sever Baleni's head from his body, he died from loss of blood before he could receive medical attention.



The Mercitron



Depending on how you feel about euthanasia, Jack Kevorkian is either a compassionate, brave man prepared to suffer public hatred just to deliver people from undignified, painful death, or he is Satan himself; a mass-murdering, amoral attention-seeker. Either way, Kevorkian was instrumental in the deaths of at least 70 people from June 1990 onwards.

All the 'mercy killings' were performed with the patients' consent, with Kevorkian using three machines to help them die.

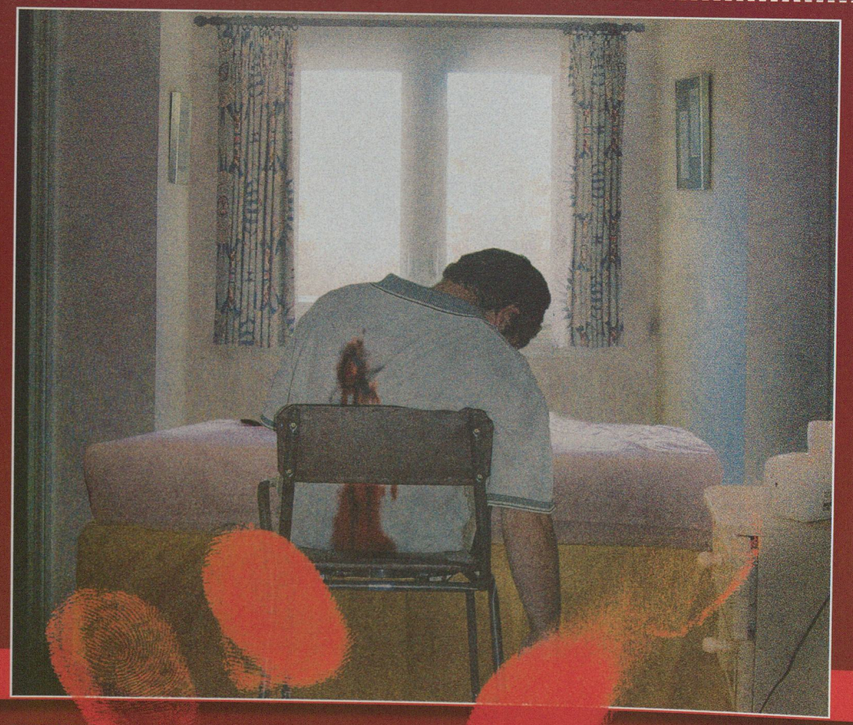
The first machine, dubbed a 'Mercitron', was mostly constructed of scrap metal, plastic tubing and the motor from a dismantled toy car. Attached to the framework were three canisters, each attached to an intravenous line that runs into the person's arm. One contained a saline mix, another the sedative sodium penthanol, and the third, a lethal dose of potassium chloride.

Kevorkian would make the initial injection of saline, but the patient had to administer the sodium penthanol and potassium chloride themselves for legal reasons. After the first self-administered chemical, the sodium penthanol, the patient's arm would fall and start the potassium chloride flowing, ensuring the lethal drugs would only be administered when the person was asleep. That original Mercitron was only used in the first killing. Mercitron Mk2 didn't include the sodium penthanol and was only used on the second patient. After that, Kevorkian used carbon monoxide administered by a facemask. Often a clip or a clothes pin would be placed over the tube containing the gas. Removing the clip would set the gas flowing and kill the patient. The experience was much the same as killing yourself with car fumes or barbecue briquettes in a confined space.

While Kevorkian will be in jail at least until 2007 – he was never found guilty of murder, but was charged with administering a controlled substance – Dr Philip Nitschke, from Darwin, Australia, has stepped into his shoes.

After creating an initial machine similar to Kevorkian's Mercitron, Nitschke built a 'death machine'; a laptop computer attached to a driver that asked the patient five questions. The last one is "In 15 seconds, you will receive a lethal injection and die. Do you wish to proceed?" If all five questions were answered positively the machine would administer thiopentone, pentobarbitone, and atracurium, a muscle relaxant that stops the patient breathing.

Nitschke was only able to use this while euthanasia was legal, but once it was made illegal again he had to turn to other methods of helping people kill themselves, one of which was a specially sealed tent where the oxygen replaced with inert gases, letting people die peacefully.



Solarcide

One of the most inventive suicides of all time was that of Robert Saylor, who, in the All Star Motel, Seattle, on 11 April 1986, harnessed the natural power of the Sun to take his own life.

After being told there was a suicidal man staying in the motel, police surrounded the building and began negotiations in an attempt to coax him out. The stand-off lasted until a couple of minutes after sunrise, when police heard a loud bang, stormed the man's room and found him slumped in a chair, his feet propped on the bed, dead from a single gunshot wound to the chest. He had been shot straight through his heart.

As the police began to investigate they realised the gun in Saylor's hand hadn't been fired, and the fatal shot had come from a machine he had designed and created specifically to kill him as the Sun came up.

Police spokesman Dick Larsen confirmed Saylor hadn't simply shot himself in the chest: "He had some sort of electronic device taped to his chest over his heart connected by a wire to a photoelectric cell he set in the window," Larsen said. "When the sun came up, the light triggered the photoelectric cell and triggered this electronic device and shot him in the heart."

Saylor's estranged wife, who had tipped off the police about her husband's plight, confirmed that earlier that week he had shown her a device "with meters and wires coming out of it" and said he was going to use it to kill himself.

Homemade Guillotine

Few people can have taken more time to plan their suicide than 36-year-old Boyd Taylor from Northumberland.

In October 2002, he quit his job working with his father and spent his days in his bedroom in the house the two of them still shared. After adding a second inner door to his bedroom and putting a sheet up at the window so people wouldn't be able to see what he was doing, Taylor spent three months building an 8ft-tall guillotine, with a 3ft blade. When his father asked him about what he was making, Taylor told him it was "just a woodwork project".

What he was actually building was a complex machine to behead him while he slept. The device consisted of an 8ft-by-3ft frame that housed a blade weighted down with a paving slab. That was wired to a piece of plywood that was attached to a block of wood at the foot of his bed. An electric jigsaw next to the device started by a timer switch allowed it to cut the wood and release the wire that was stopping the blade from dropping. Taylor even created another device to cut out the power so the noise of the electric jigsaw wouldn't attract attention. When the guillotine dropped, a hammer attached to the blade struck a peg that was positioned to knock out the power supply in his room as soon as he died.

In the small hours of 9 January 2003, Taylor took 12 sleeping pills to ensure he wouldn't move about in his sleep, and waited until 3.30am, when the timer was set to kick the machine into action. It worked perfectly, killing him instantly and switching the power off seconds later.

Policeman Robert Fawcett told the inquest into Taylor's death: "The head had been completely severed from the body and was resting on a pillow against the wall. Both hands were crossed across the torso." Recording a verdict of suicide, coroner Eric Armstrong described Taylor's creation as "ingenius, if applied to a somewhat bizarre purpose".

Again, there was soon a copycat incident.

Taylor's imitator was 42-year-old Kevin Brunie, who was found in the back garden of his house in Longley, Sheffield, on 18 January 2004. His confused dog, Tip, was next to him. Brunie had spent the previous weeks building a guillotine similar to Boyd Taylor's in the back garden of his ex-girlfriend's house, before taking it to his own house and beheading himself. He had told people it was a toy car and he was making new shelves.

"He said he wanted some wood to build some shelves," his ex-girlfriend said. "He got some four-by-four which I thought would be too big, but he clammed up when I asked him about it."

Suicide By Cop

Suicide by cop is so common in the United States that a 1998 study revealed that one in every six fatal police shootings is a result of a suicidal person deliberately trying to get killed. However, in the UK, where gun-control laws are different, it is a much rarer occurrence. In fact, the phenomenon was not even legally recognised as existing until a couple of years ago.

In May 2003, the UK's first ever 'suicide by cop' verdict was recorded at Hornsea Coroner's Court in London, in the case of 62-year-old Michael Malsbury, who was shot dead by police on 14 November 2001.

A nine-hour siege, which began when Malsbury attacked his wife with a rolling pin, ended when the minicab driver and gunclub member walked out of his house, saying, "Better get your guns out lads, I'm coming out!" and firing at police officers. Two suicide notes addressed to his wife were found with a box of bullets in his house.

The computer is clinical: "In 15 seconds you will receive a lethal injection and die – do you wish to proceed?"

MR. ANGRY

When film-maker Kenneth Anger published a book detailing Hollywood's secret sex and drug scandals, Tinseltown was blown apart. Fifty years on, he's about to do it again...

WORDS AND PHOTOS **MARK BERRY**

"Don't disobey me. Do as I say and don't talk back!" screams Kenneth Anger, waving his fist and practically foaming at the mouth. This isn't really an interview with the author, artist and filmmaker; it's more like a confrontation. "I can be charming," he says, staring straight into my eyes, "but I'm not going to be!"

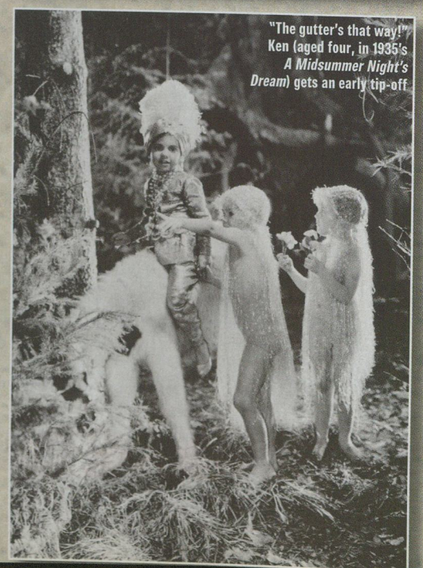
This is a man whose volatile temperament is renowned. And who recently didn't sleep for six months due to a rare medical condition. I had been warned though...

"He *is* Mr Anger," cautions a neighbour of the cantankerous director while I await his arrival in the lobby of his apartment block. Actually, the author of the *Hollywood Babylon* books – insightful, salacious and scandalous tales from the sewers of the film industry – and experimental filmmaker described by the American Film Institute as "the magus of cinema", should be addressed fully as Dr Kenneth Anger, since he was recently bestowed an honorary doctorate in humanities. Those that do not observe his wishes are risking the very nature of their existence – with his knowledge of the Thelema religion and the black magick rites of legendary occultist Aleister Crowley, he is renowned for placing hexes and curses upon those that cross him.

My questions are pitched during car journeys: a trip to Grauman's Chinese Theatre, a tour of his youthful haunts in Hollywood – populated by many black magicians it seems – and a light lunch off Sunset Boulevard. He answers with wonderfully detailed tales of old Hollywood, stories about his long list of celebrity friends and a – shall we say –'politically incorrect' stance on California's black and Mexican communities.

Kenneth Anger was born in 1930 into the land of make-up and make-believe, amidst the dream factories of Hollywood, California. His grandmother was a silent-film wardrobe mistress, and Anger soon found himself sucked into the film industry. Aged four, he was cast as the changeling prince in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1935) – which bizarrely featured James Cagney as Puck. Later, he danced with Shirley Temple, the blonde-haired kid with a lollipop smile. But performing was just an minor element of his artistic repertoire, for as soon as he discovered his family's home cinema camera, he quickly decided to make films. With a mere 17 years of life experience, he made his groundbreaking and influential *Fireworks* (1947), a dreamlike underground short flaunting iconic images of sailors who boasted lit candles for penises. Film critics place it alongside Bunuel's *Un Chien Andalou* (1929) and Jean Cocteau's *The Blood Of A Poet* (1930) as a surrealist classic, one that expanded the language of film.

"Hello sailor!" Anger's *Fireworks* (1947), is a classic surrealist short featuring spurting seamen with candles for penises



"The gutter's that way!" Ken (aged four, in 1935's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*) gets an early tip-off

After a move to Paris, Anger published the book *Hollywood Babylon* in 1959, which promptly became a bestseller in France. Expanded (though purportedly substantially toned-down) and released in America in 1975, it documented Golden-Age Hollywood scandals and falls from grace such as that of Fatty Arbuckle, and pulled the sordid secrets of the industry out from under the carpet.

A sequel soon followed, this time with more contemporary skeletons unearthed, such as James Dean's penchant for having men stub out their cigarettes on his torso. A third *Hollywood Babylon* book is now completed and after years of failed attempts to get it published – it contains taboo stories about many living personalities who might sue – Anger is selling it by mail order only.

Not included in the *Hollywood Babylon* books was the story of how a young Kenneth Anger was taken by his grandmother to meet Walt Disney. Uncle Walt was only too delighted to meet the "little Mousketeer", it seems:

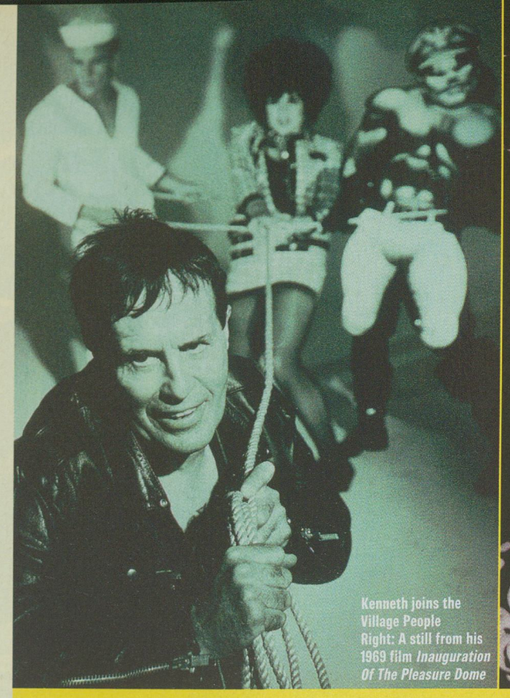
"He put his hand in the middle of my... you can print all this if you want, I don't give a fuck. It's true. And he did it with hundreds of boys, not girls. Walt Disney liked little boys. He was a closet paedophile. He never took their pants down or sucked them off or anything like that. But this is what happened. He put me on his lap. Slowly, I felt within his pants about an 8in erection. Right in front of my grandmother. She thought he was a harmless eccentric, but he was also a calculating monster."

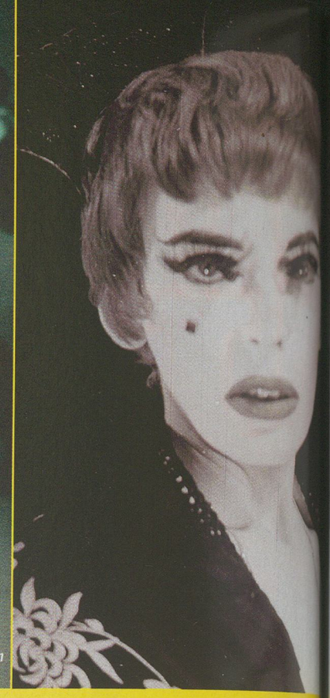
Still reeling in shock at this particular image, I walk with the doctor to the rental car for a tour of where he grew up. I ask him if he had many negative reactions from the publishing of the first two *Hollywood Babylon* books.

"Walt Disney put me on his lap and rubbed his erection against me – he did it with hundreds of young boys"

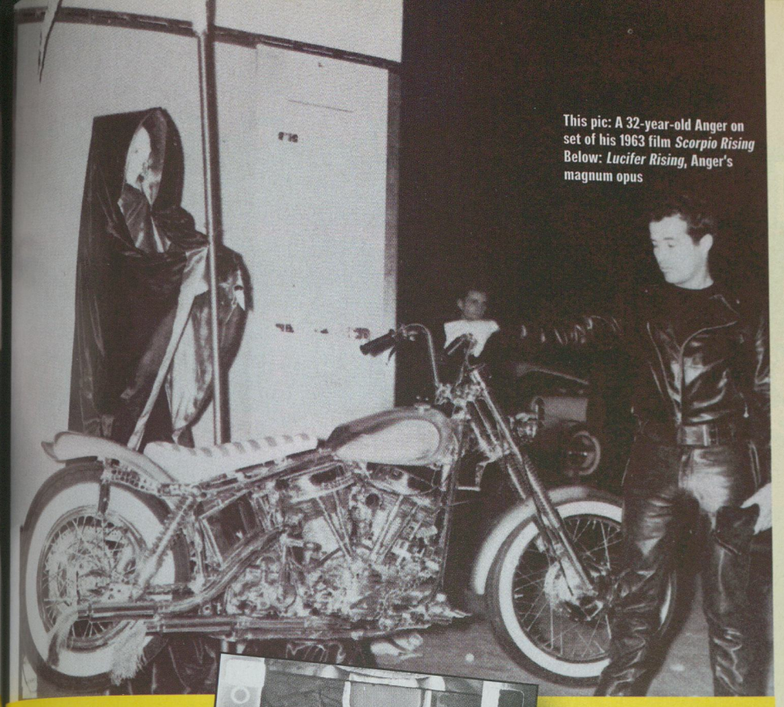
KOBAL; AQUARIUS; ALBUM-ONLINE; LFI

PROPHET OF RAGE

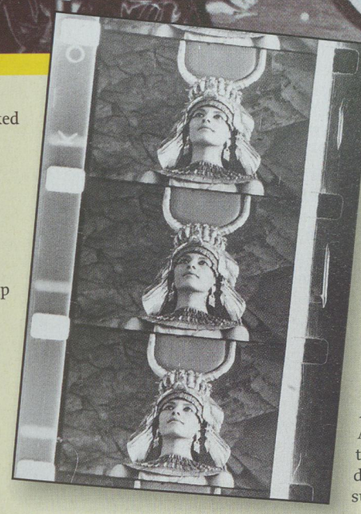




Kenneth joins the Village People
Right: A still from his 1969 film *Inauguration Of The Pleasure Dome*



This pic: A 32-year-old Anger on set of his 1963 film *Scorpio Rising*
Below: *Lucifer Rising*, Anger's magnum opus



▶ "I was only sued by one person," he explains, sounding almost surprised. "It was Gloria Swanson, and she was proved by my clinical psychiatrist to be mentally unbalanced and emotionally deranged through the effects of menopause. Anyway, she lost. She sued me for $12million for totally defaming her, humiliating her and making her seem like a common prostitute. Now, those were her words. And the judge read what I wrote – there was nothing. I never called her a common prostitute. I said that when she was poor she made some pornographic films because she needed a little money. They were like striptease films, it wasn't like she was getting fucked by a donkey."

In between endearing himself to aging starlets, Anger continued to make films. *Scorpio Rising* (1963) was a typically obsessive look at the leather and lust-for-speed of bikers, mixing footage of their homoerotic world with imagery of Jesus Christ, Adolf Hitler and the Devil. Anger has never limited himself to using synchronised sound, preferring instead to present silent, sensuous images, with music to support them. On *Scorpio Rising*, he used 13 pop songs for the score. It was a groundbreaking move that predicted the world of the MTV music video, and influenced countless filmmakers, notably Martin Scorsese and Quentin Tarantino, to use 'found' (as opposed to specially-commissioned) music as a soundtrack source.

When we arrive at my car, a problem is apparent. Overnight, some pigeons have left a friendly message on the bonnet. Dr Anger is not impressed.

"How can you drive a car with bird shit all over it – have you no pride?" he asks, screwing his face in disgust. "You must realise it's terrible bad luck."

He insists I wash the vehicle immediately, so we drive posthaste to the nearest carwash to appease him. During the journey, the director explains he is currently formulating plans for his new film project, a surrealist chapter play inspired by the old serial format that was so popular in the 1940s and 50s. He's looking for inspiration.

While the car is being cleaned, we head to one of his favourite local Italian cafes to grab some lunch but unfortunately it is closing. However, with a little Dr Anger arm-twisting, the owner Vincent is persuaded to keep his establishment open. I start a conversation about his interest in the occult. Kenneth Anger's later films are cinematic visions of occult practices and beliefs. They explode with images of demonic forces, gods and mystical energies – 1969's *Inauguration Of The Pleasure Dome* features the elaborate rituals practised by Aleister Crowley set to a Moog soundtrack by Mick Jagger. What's the appeal of magick and Crowley?

"Some people think I am a cannibal just because this child disappeared once, but I think cannibalism is vulgar"

"It's 'Crow-lay'; rhymes with 'magic unholy'," Dr Anger corrects me. "A crow like the bird, and a lay, which is a field from England where all the crows gather on a dead tree or a field."

Fair enough, but what displays of powerful magick has he experienced?

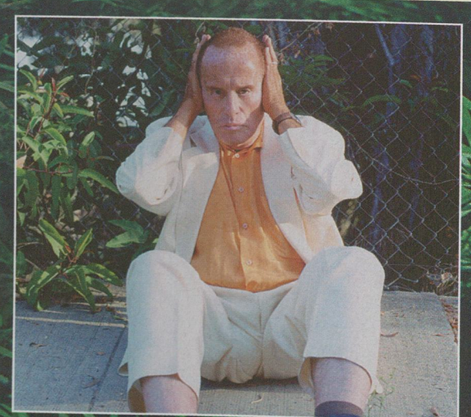
"I never talk about it with people that aren't magicians. Because they would think you were a fucking liar. But you see, I'm not a Satanist. Some people think I am. I don't care. Some people call me a cannibal because a child disappeared at one point. I mean, I had nothing to do with it. Well, cannibalism is vulgar and I would never harm a child in any way, shape or form."

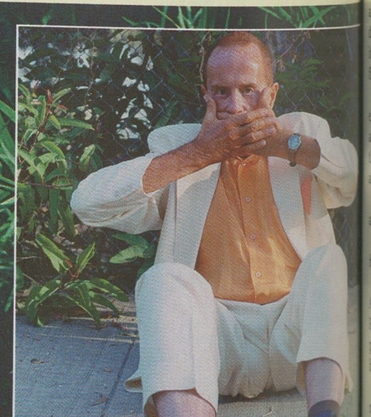
He did, however, cast several hexes during the filming of his long-term project, *Lucifer Rising* (1970-80). Shot in England, Germany and Egypt, the film in its current form is a haunting study of ceremonies and rituals, mixing the Rolling Stones, Marianne Faithfull, the pyramids and Satanism.

Many have said the film is cursed. Anger first tried to get the project off the ground in 1967, with Bobby Beausoleil (the guitarist in acid rock band Love) as the eponymous lead. Beausoleil was living with Anger in the old Russian Embassy in London. Events are unclear, but apparently Beausoleil was kicked out for hiding an enormous parcel of marijuana in the house.

The guitarist absconded with most of the footage, supposedly burying it somewhere in Death Valley. Furious, Kenneth Anger placed 'the curse of the frog' on him, by trapping a frog in a well. Soon after, Beausoleil became associated with the Manson family and murdered music teacher Gary Hinman. Though he escaped the death penalty because of a legal loophole, his association with the murderous clan meant a seemingly permanent incarceration behind prison walls, just like the poor frog.

Incredibly, Bobby Beausoleil eventually wrote the score for a later version of *Lucifer Rising* after reconciliation with his old flame, though it was composed and performed from inside prison walls. The original composer, Led Zeppelin guitarist Jimmy





Page (also obsessed with the teachings of Crowley), was sacked by Anger, and he too faced a retaliated curse from the magus.

"He was a multi-millionaire now," Anger recalls with venom. "He and Charlotte Martin, *Page's then-girlfriend*], they had so many servants, yet they would never offer me a cup of tea or a sandwich. Which is such a mistake on their part because I put the curse of King Midas on them. If you're greedy and just amass gold you'll get an illness. So I turned her and Jimmy Page into statues of gold."

The dialogue is halted as a Mexican street-peddler staggers into the café with a tray full of feathered pen toys, multicoloured birds with sucker cups.

"Look. Isn't it fabulous?" he squeals with delight, holding one of the birds in his hand. "I'm going to film these and put them in a movie. If you turn them, the feathers, like this, they're totally animated. I can make this into a whole idea for my dream sequence and you'll see it. I'm going to film it this summer. That's the magical way I put my films together."

After 10 minutes of jostling with the peddler over exactly which of the feathered fiends he wants, the account is settled. Another person enters the café, this time a tall surfer dude. Again, Dr Anger takes a keen interest.

"I'm a casting director. Would you like to be in a movie?" he asks.

"Sure!" nods the blond-haired man without hesitation. This is Hollywood, after all.

"You've got an incredible face," exclaims Dr Anger. "You look rather like a young Charlton Heston. Do you want to give me your card or your phone number? I'm not trying to pick you up. Well, here's my secretary, he'll take it down."

The mischievous director points at me, forgetting my name. Unsure of how to respond, I decide to simply play along.

"That's a very interesting tattoo, how long have you had it?" he enquires of the bemused twentysomething, who later explains he is the cousin of Emilio Estevez.

Anger stands up, unbuttons his orange silk shirt and pulls it apart to reveal his own tattoo – the word 'LUCIFER' emblazoned across his chest. He then tells the young actor about his friendship with James Dean, revealing a few juicy titbits about his death. After particulars are taken, Dr Anger asks me to photograph the guy, who afterwards swiftly disappears, apparently not quite sure what to make of the director.

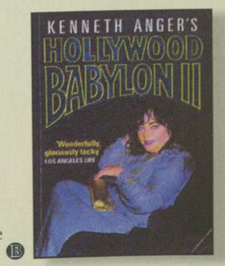
"I will die in the attempt to make him a star!" Anger cries. He's inspired by these recent encounters. "First came the toys, then came him and they are all part of the movie. Like he dreams they're dancing around."

I comment on the synchronicity of it all.

"It's called magick," he explains. "I caused him to happen. And you can say, 'Well it was just a fucking coincidence.' But I swear I will do it."

With determination burning in his eyes, this magus of cinema is going to be casting cinematic spells to make his visions happen. Perhaps something magical *will* occur.

Though Dr Kenneth Anger is a complicated and contradictory character, there's no doubt that he spins fascinating and wondrous tales, on page, on film and in person. Offscreen, his lifestyle is equally intriguing, and as enigmatic as his exotic experiments with celluloid. With so many plans afoot, I just hope he finally gets some sleep.



BABYLON AND ON AND ON

Kenneth Anger's *Hollywood Babylon* is Popbitch, *Heat* and *Bizarre* all rolled into one. First published in 1959 in France, it ripped Hollywood open with glee and abandon, sensationally detailing stars' unsavoury habits, and luridly spilling the secrets of life behind the silver screen.

ON CHARLIE CHAPLIN

"Chaplin first laid eyes on Lolita when she was seven years old… Little Lolita caught Charlie's eye and she just simpered and stared. Charlie saw a flimsily dressed little nuggins with bold eyes. Before long, Lolita was working as a child extra, and appeared as a flirting angel in the 'Heaven' scene in *The Kid*. Chaplin was helpful, placing Lolita in walk-on parts. With the pay cheques coming in for her little girl, Mrs McMurray could quit her job waiting on tables to devote herself full time to the 'education' of her daughter. Nana taught just one course, semester after semester: How To Marry A Millionaire. Dumb Dora finally caught on. Lolita at 12, 13, 14, 15 – and chicken-hawk Charlie never far away, mistily watching the bud unfold. Lo: Lolita had 'filled out' enough to become a leading lady."

ON RUDOLPH VALENTINO

"Valentino's demise at 31 left inconsolable paramours of both sexes, to judge by the tear-streaked testimonials. Aside from the 'Lady in Black' bearing flowers annually to the mausoleum on the anniversary of his death, the memory of Rudy was cherished by Ramon Novarro, who kept an Art-Deco dildo made of black lead, embellished with Valentino's silver signature in a bedroom shrine. A present from Rudy."

ON CLARA BOW

"Poor gregarious Clara took on Trojans (the crack University of Southern California football team) by the bunch. She'd play party girl to the entire 'thundering herd' during beery, brawling, gang-banging weekend parties, accommodating the fun-loving bruisers right down to the 11th man: hulking tackle Marion Morrison (later known as John Wayne)."

ON JUDY GARLAND

"Judy's self-snuff took place in a locked London bathroom. MGM's Amphetamine Annie really made it at last after so many attempts – pills, wrist-slashings years before in her Hollywood bathroom, hack hack with broken glass. Dorothy died seated on the 'loo' but this was no Over The Rainbow trip. Fully dressed, crouched over as if in meditation, her face a welter of blood, an Aztec mask. She was hundreds of years old, the oldest star ever, if you count emotional years, the toll they take, dramas galore for a dozen lifetimes. She was 'She', who had stepped into the flame once too often."

Excerpts from *Hollywood Babylon*, © Kenneth Anger

'Stangelyne' was a bodybuilder. And had Tourette's syndrome. And a transvestite. On GHB. And was involved in a bizarre love triangle. And was killed. Come again?

WORDS **DAN KAPELOVITZ**
PHOTOS **COURTESY OF PRIMA**

Prima knew something was wrong. The female bodybuilder hadn't heard from her boyfriend Stan for two days. He wasn't answering his cellphone, and the couple had a chiropractic appointment scheduled later that day.

She drove to the home of Linda Ross, known to her friends as Christina, where she knew Stan had been staying. He'd been switching between the two women for months now. Wednesday evening, Prima had left a note on Stan's car, which was parked in front of Christina's apartment building.

Now, it was Friday morning, the note had not been touched, and no-one had seen Stan for days. Prima walked up the steps to Christina's second-floor apartment, looked through the door's window and saw Stan slumped on the floor with his eyes closed. The left side of his face was purple. She dialled 911 as she pushed open the unlocked door. Stan's foot blocked the entrance, forcing Prima to kneel down to move it aside.

She quickly scanned the room. There were a few spots of blood on and around Stan. Further away, in the kitchen, she saw Christina, face down on the floor, dressed only in her underwear. Nearby, in the living room, Prima saw the body of another man. All three were dead.

That evening, the local news reported that three corpses had been discovered in a Los Angeles apartment, the scene of a grisly and bizarre love triangle. The newscaster added that one of the victims was a transvestite. That hardly painted the whole picture.

Stan Wright, aka Stangelyne, was a man filled with contradictions, none of which were diametrically opposed, except to whatever notion of 'normality' one might expect to find in Hollywood. Not only was Stan an underground cult figure, public-access TV star, beefed-up bodybuilder and a glamorous transvestite, he also suffered from a severe form of Tourette's Syndrome, a neurological disorder defined by multiple motor and verbal tics.

Less than 15 per cent of Tourette's sufferers experience its most famous symptom, coprolalia, the uncontrollable urge to voice obscene and socially unacceptable words and phrases. Stangelyne was one of the unlucky ones.

Coprolalia, by nature, is not random, and is usually asserted at the most inappropriate times, in the most inappropriate circumstances. Not only would Stan loudly blurt the typical profanities – often quickly slurred together ('Fuckyoubitch' or 'Fuckingfaggots'), he'd often shout racially charged expressions like 'Niggerkike!' 'Negroes!' 'Join the KKK!' and 'Heil Hitler!' (complete with Nazi salute). Even his less offensive outbursts could be fascistic in nature – 'Heil Fitness!'

Stan understood early on something was wrong with him. He'd often say, "When I was two years old, I knew my life was gonna be hell."

As a six-year-old, Stan was possessed with anger; he'd break everything in the garage and beat the family dog. By the time he was 11, he was stuttering so badly he couldn't even talk. This was the early 1960s, when information about Tourette's was hard to come by.

Misdiagnosed until he was a teenager, Stan began experiencing involuntary eye-blinking and throat-clearing, common early symptoms of Tourette's.

Stan's offensive outbursts didn't manifest until his mid-20s when the stress of operating his own business aggravated his disorder.

A machinist, Stan specialised in manufacturing prototypes for carburettors, fire hydrants, toilets, shelves and more.

He tried medication, which greatly reduced the twitches, but the drugs also dulled his personality. More dangerously, the meds could make Stan fall asleep at his machinery.

His father, also an avid weight-lifter, died when Stan was 36. Around this time, Stan

Anna Nicole Smith hadn't looked so good in years

▶ hair, which he either wore in a Marilyn Monroe 1960s flip or in a ponytail atop his head à la Madonna circa *Vogue*. Eventually, Stan lost the facial hair and began playing with make-up. He obsessed about his acrylic fingernails, and even crafted a wooden nail gauge to measure his fake nails' exact length.

According to Prima, "He wanted real long nails, which made it impossible to work, but that was part of the whole thing; he was really self-destructive that way."

Stan was serious about his new look. He played a twisted game with his many hairdressers that involved elaborate contracts. Among these contracts' stipulations was an agreement that the hairdressers could drop in on Stan at any time, and if his hair was not fixed just right, or if he was not wearing long dangling earrings, or could not pass 'the lipstick test' (wearing enough lipstick to be able to produce at least two kiss blots on a piece of paper), the hairdressers could dump large quantities of lotion on him, without notice. This wasn't much of a punishment, since Stan loved to be drenched in lotion. But eventually, the make-up masochism became more intense. Stan offered to pay fines when he breached a contract, to the tune of thousands of dollars.

Stan's life was changing. He felt increasingly isolated building prototypes in his shop, and his designs grew more bizarre. He dreamed of mass-producing the 'Cock & Roll', a toilet-paper holder in the shape of a penis that could double as a dildo in an emergency. He needed a new career.

In 1996, Stan started dating Michelle, whom he nicknamed Prima (after the popular anabolic steroid Primobolan). Stan was interested in massage, and Prima, a professional message therapist, helped open the doors for him. Stan became certified in Shiatsu and other massage techniques.

He had amassed a large collection of firearms and was always armed. He'd ham it up for videocameras, wearing nothing but tight white underwear and cowboy boots, performing action-film-style moves, brandishing huge assault weapons – half-Terminator, half-female impersonator. But Prima convinced Stan that if he was going to be involved with bodywork, he should stop carrying a gun.

By the time he met Prima, Stan had already assumed Charles Atlas proportions. His biceps bulged, his shoulders and pecs were humungous, and his thighs were like tree trunks. His father's passion for weightlifting had snared Stan. However, unlike his father, Stan worked out in full make-up. Unwilling to break his contracts with his stylists, he would pump iron wearing thickly painted red lipstick, three shades of eyeshadow, fingernails and toenails lacquered Ferrari-red and hair teased into a full-on flip.

As often happens in the world of weight-training, Stan regularly injected steroids. Unlike most musclemen, however, he openly bragged about it. "Bodybuilding is 10 per cent effort and 90 per cent drugs," he'd often half-joke. The steroids were not all without side-effects; one supplement caused him to kick down a bathroom door in an angry fit.

Stan stayed away from recreational drugs because they didn't mix well with his Tourette's, but he loved Gamma Hydroxybutyrate, better known as GHB. The so-called date-rape drug is used by many bodybuilders because it's thought to stimulate growth-hormone release.

GHB was legally available in the US and sold at nutrition stores until 2000, when Bill Clinton made possession and distribution of GHB a federal offence.

Stan acted as if he were the drug's official spokesman. "If you want to sleep, it helps you sleep," he'd say. "If you want to stay awake, it keeps you awake. It makes music sound better and food taste better. It's completely natural; your brain already produces it."

Even so, too much GHB causes the user to pass out, hence its date-rape rep. When mixed with alcohol or other narcotics, GHB can even induce a coma. But just the right amount of the drug can generate feelings of euphoria.

After his mother – who was extremely glamorous herself – died in 1999, Stan started using GHB more regularly, ingesting a couple of tablespoons over the course of each day. According to Prima, "GHB can enhance any mood. If you liked to be sad about something, you could be real sad about something. He would get very melancholy and start crying about his mother being dead and what a horrible son he was. That was the beginning of the end for him. It really contributed to his death because he just wasn't thinking clearly any more."

GHB's newly illegal status didn't stop Stan from buying large quantities of the drug for himself and his friends, and selling some on the side. Unsavoury characters began buying from Stan, one of whom turned out to be a violent gang member who demanded GHB even when Stan didn't have any.

Stan started carrying a gun again at all times.

While Prima introduced Stan to the world of massage therapy, Stan turned her on to bodybuilding. He moved into Prima's two-bedroom apartment, and the couple would work out up to five days a week. Prima, too, bleached her hair, and the blonde, muscular duo started offering tandem massage sessions they dubbed 'The Platinum Touch'. Prima was also taking GHB on a regular basis.

Stan had been calling himself 'Barbie the Barbarian' and 'Stanetta', but Prima suggested 'Stangelyne', and the name stuck.

The couple became regular guests on *The Three Geniuses*, a truly bizarre public-access TV show. Stangelyne quickly became the star. He supplied the cast and crew with healthy amounts of GHB, making the already mood-altered programme even more so. He wore a variety of wild outfits, including a blue leotard with New

Stan played a twisted game with his hairdressers – if he failed to wear enough make-up he would be 'punished' by being drenched in lotion

…ue sunglasses and a McDonald's flag as a cape, making him look like a psychedelic superhero. Stan would often blurt out, "Science!" like the Thomas Dolby song, or utter, "Sha-wa-wa-wa-waaah!" *The Three Geniuses* ran these Tourette's-fuelled outbursts through an analogue tape delay, producing endless echoes of spastic verbiage. At one taping, Stangelyne brought his expensive cutlery collection. He wielded a large knife while singing, "OJ can you see?" to the tune of 'The Star Spangled Banner'.

It was around this time that Christina Ross wormed her way into Stan's life. They met at the gym. Immediately, Prima sensed this woman was messed in the head. "We need to stay away from this one," she warned Stan.

But Stan didn't listen, and eventually started seeing Christina behind Prima's back, possibly as early as April 2000.

Stan and Prima both dyed their hair bleach-blonde and offered tandem massage sessions they dubbed The Platinum Touch

Stan's friend, Giddle Partridge, remembers her none-too-fondly: "Christina was a hideous bitch-cunt. She had the two-toned skin disease that Michael Jackson wishes he had. She had long brown hair, a greasy, ugly face, lizard eyes, a lizard mouth and the sex appeal of Meryl Streep dying of AIDS. She was on disability like some white-trash welfare bitch."

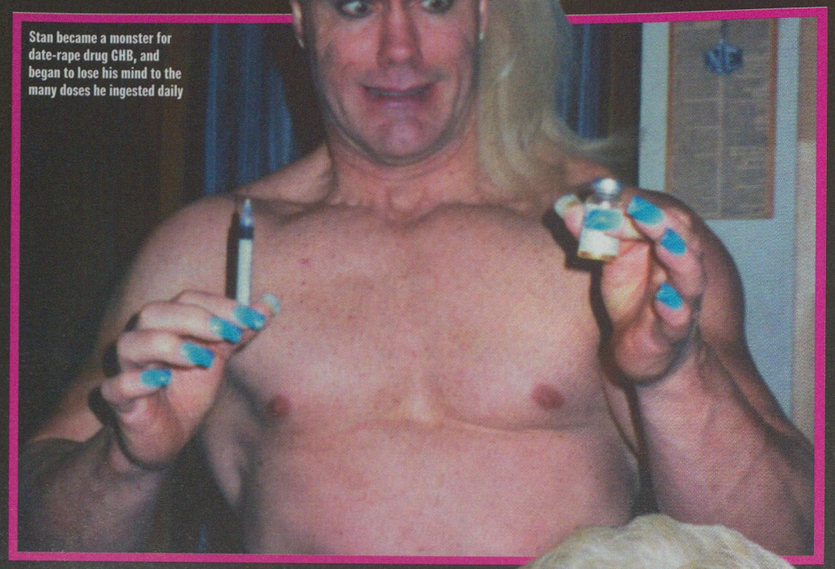
What did Stan possibly see in her?

"She was just a nasty slut," Partridge theorises. "She'd probably come up to him at the gym and say, 'Let me lick your balls tonight.' She was the type of girl who'd give cab drivers blowjobs in the back seat."

Christina abused Crystal Meth for many years before moving on to a wide variety of prescription drugs. "There's nothing better than working out on Vicodin," she would say. Unfortunately, she shared her psychotropic pills with Stan, which didn't interact well with his Tourette's.

Perhaps worse than her drug usage was the fact she was still legally married to a mentally ill stockbroker named Randy Ross, another prescription-pill addict. In June 2000, the two separated. She stayed in their LA apartment, he moved to Temecula, California, a two-hour drive away.

Randy eventually learned of Christina's and Stan's relationship and would leave threatening messages on Stan's phone. In an eerily prescient performance on homemade video, Stan can be seen imitating one of ▶



Stan became a monster for date-rape drug GHB, and began to lose his mind to the many doses he ingested daily

"As long as you look good in the coffin, that's all that really matters," Stan used to joke, in reference to his steroid use

▶Randy's threatening calls. It's a hilarious presentation until the end, when Stan stops the impersonation and deadpans, "Who knows? He does have a gun."

"Randy and Christina were very vindictive people," recalls Prima. "She would do something to hurt Randy, and he would do something to hurt her back. It got to be a nightmare for Stan, because he would never stay sober. He would always take a little more GHB, finally pass out, then wake up and take a little more so he wouldn't have to cope with what was going on around him."

After Christina sent her estranged husband some GHB, Randy called the post office to report that Stan was sending illegal substances through the mail. Now, in addition to having to worry about psychotic GHB buyers, his lover and her crazed husband, and that his business might go bankrupt, Stan had to worry about the cops.

On Wednesday 7 February 2001, Stan visited Prima's apartment for the last time. Abruptly, he said, "I have to go."

"Why do you have to leave?" Prima asked.

"I want to go shopping for shoes," he said.

"So Christina is waiting for you?" Prima asked.

"Well, yes," Stan admitted as he left Prima crying in the apartment they once shared.

Randy called Prima that day and said he was coming to LA. Strangely, the two jilted lovers communicated throughout the stressful relationship between their significant others. "He sounded a little weird," Prima recalls. "I told him I was through [with Stan], that I'd really had it."

Prima also told Randy she thought Christina was trying to move into Stan's mother's house, which Stan had been renovating. Christina was set to move out of her apartment by the end of March, the same time her divorce with Randy was to be finalised.

Suddenly, Randy burst out, "I'll kill 'em! That's what I'll do. I'll just kill them." Prima brushed it off as an idle threat.

Randy drove to Christina's apartment.

According to West Los Angeles Homicide Detective Ron Phillips, at approximately 11.15 pm on Wednesday 7 February, Randall Ross first tried to enter through the rear of Christina's apartment. "Neighbours heard someone at the back door," says Phillips. "Then he went around to the front door and either knocked on the door or used his key to come inside. He had lived there for several years so he had a key. Stan armed himself [with a knife] while in the house, probably after hearing Randall at the back door. We found a gun that belonged Stan in the home, but it was unloaded, and it wasn't on Stan at all."

Stan was shirtless, wearing jeans and a purple robe around his shoulders. According to Detective Phillips, Stan's hair was up in a ponytail on top of his head, but he was not wearing make-up. (Phillips says the local news must have received the information that one of the victims was a cross-dresser from someone on the street at the time, because, he says, the police department never released that information.)

Once the front door was open, Randy immediately shot Stan at close-range in the chest with a .38.

The bullet struck his aorta and lodged in his spine.

Stan died instantly.

"After Randy shot and killed Stan, he confronted Linda [aka Christina]," says Phillips. "We surmised something occurred in the kitchen area, because things were knocked down and broken." Randy shot Christina in the back, most likely as she was trying to escape. Christina, too, was shot in the spine and the aorta.

Now, in the living room, Randy took his gun, put it to his right temple, just above his right ear, and blew his brains out. The bullet travelled through his skull and exited through the left side of his head.

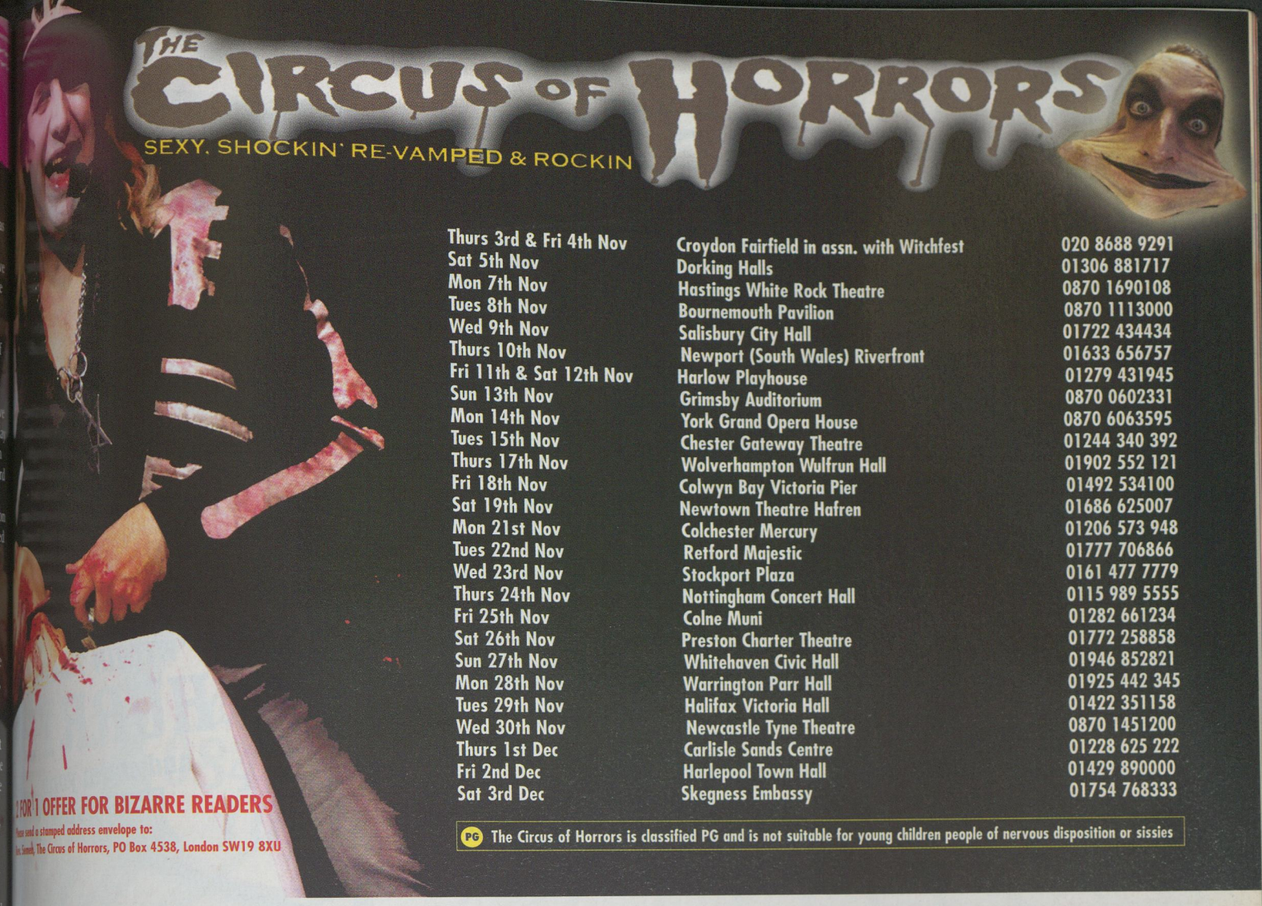
Police questioning later revealed neighbours had heard the gunshots but figured they were just the sounds of a car backfiring.

For nearly two days, the three remained in the apartment lifeless and unnoticed by anyone until Prima came to the door that Friday morning.

Stan used to joke, albeit in reference to his steroid use, "As long as you look good in the coffin – that's all that counts." Stan looked great when he died, but he never made it to the coffin. His long-lost cousin – one of Stan's only surviving relatives, since Stan was an only child and had no kids of his own – pocketed the money the city donates to bereaved families of murder victims to defray burial costs. Instead of burying his exquisite corpse, his cousin cremated Stan on the cheap and hired a courier service to dispose of the ashes. He promptly sold Stan's house, his business and his belongings and made off with the money.

Thus was the undignified end of one of God's most fascinating creations, Stangelyne. B

To learn more about Stangelyne, visit Stangelyne.com



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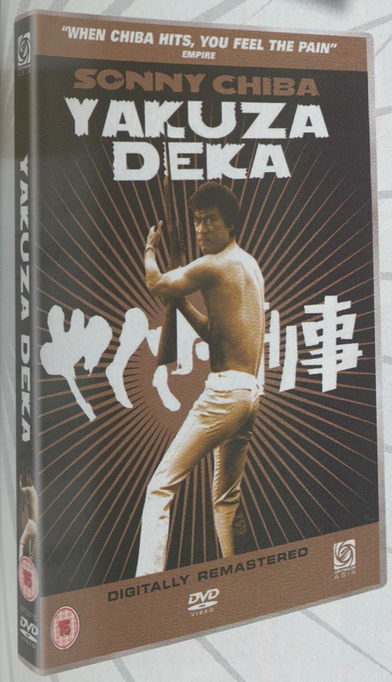

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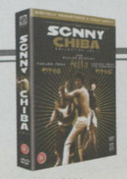

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TRAILER TRASH SEX! DISGUSTING JOKES! JAPANESE SCHOOLGIRLS! P104

DVD
SQUALID, SADISTIC FILTH! GUTS! TRANNIES ON SMACK! FLASH! P108

BOOKS
WAR WHORES! BILL DRUMMOND! JAPANESE HORROR! P112

WEB
DISABLED RUSSIAN WOMEN! HORSE ABUSE! BALLOON HATS! P113

GAMES
SHOOTING THINGS! JUMPING OVER THINGS! PRISON! P114

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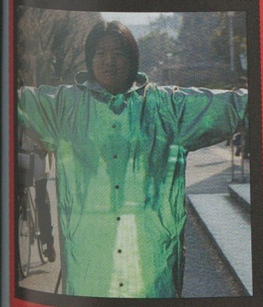
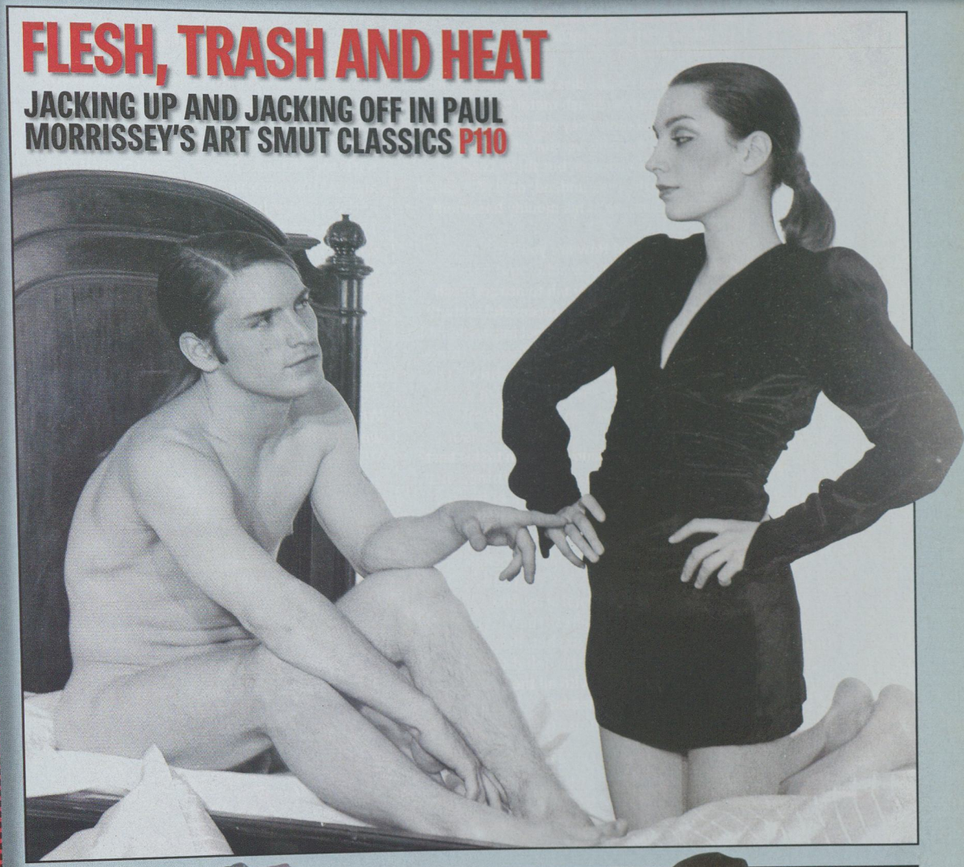
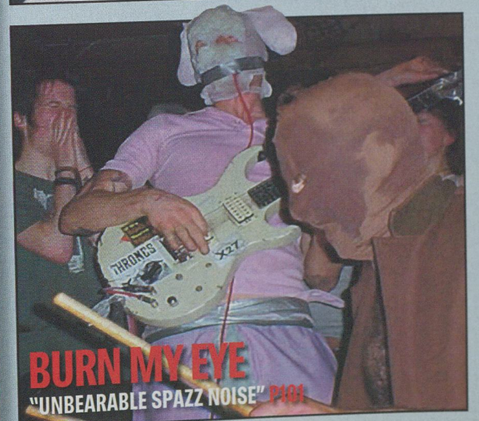
REAL-LIFE SUPERHERO EQUIPMENT! STATE OF THE ART WEAPONRY! P116



FLESH, TRASH AND HEAT

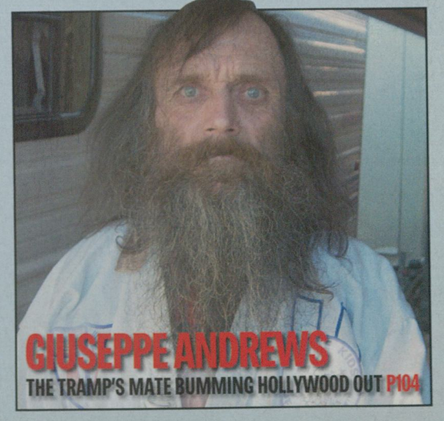
JACKING UP AND JACKING OFF IN PAUL MORRISSEY'S ART SMUT CLASSICS P110





BURN MY EYE

"UNBEARABLE SPAZZ NOISE" P101



GIUSEPPE ANDREWS

THE TRAMP'S MATE BUMMING HOLLYWOOD OUT P104

SEND MORE PARAMEDICS

ZOMBIE ROCKERS READY AND WILLING TO GOBBLE UP YOUR GREY MATTER

TALES TOLD BY DEAD MEN

OUT NOW, IN AT THE DEEP END RECORDS
SENDMOREPARAMEDICS.COM

Send More Paramedics are zombies. Zombies who play 80s thrash metal to attract humans with brains they can feed on. George Romero may have his version of the zombie lifestyle in the cinemas, but these Leeds lurchers are the real, undead, deal. We called singer B'Hellmouth in his mouldy basement.

Hey! B'Hellmouth! How are you?
Can't complain – a few aches and pains.
You say you use 80s thrash to attract fresh human brain tissue. How successful is that?
Pretty successful. We seem to get impressionable young kids coming to shows. They say things like, "It's a rad band, these guys shred!" Of course, by the time they get there, it's too late, and we can feed on them.
Which, of course, is fantastic.
What kind of human tastes best?
Well, as with anything, once you've eaten a lot of brains, you start to take different kinds of pleasure in them. The ageing rocker of course, has a certain degree of maturity, like cheese. Whereas the juveniles are fresher. But they're all equally delightful.
What do you do with all the leftover empty heads?
We might use them as receptacles or mindlessly bang them together. Or leave them lying around. Depends how we feel.
Is it true the severed heads you use onstage get stolen at shows?
Some people have no respect for the dead. The first instance was at a gig in Sunderland, at a cricket club. I'd been feeding just before the performance, and had a severed head with me onstage. It was being thrown around the audience, and by the end of the night it had disappeared. There were protracted wranglings trying to get it back, but I imagine it adorns somebody's wall now. So we don't take heads onstage any more. We just lose our food and that's intensely frustrating for a ghoul.
Who were you before you were zombies?
We don't recall. The decompositional process has unfortunately erased our memories of our former lives. We're more preoccupied with feeding and the manic spasms of bloodlust that wrack our disintegrating frames. It doesn't consume us too much, we have more pressing concerns.
Do you need to feed every day?
On an average day you'd be hoping for, maybe, 6lb of brain meat. Or two normal-sized human brains. Sometimes we can go without for protracted periods. But when we're gigging, we can feed to our rotting hearts' content.
Do you have any special recipes for brains?
That's sacrilege. You can't be messing around with them. Trying to make them all fancified. No. They have to be raw. And fresh. Living, in fact.
Who is your favourite zombie
Hmmm... that's tough. Zombies don't really tend to have much personality, so they don't always stick out. I guess Bob from *Day Of The Dead*, he's cool. I was always fond of the Hare Krishna zombies in *Dawn Of The Dead*, too. Oh! How about the guy from *Return...*? The floppy guy in the basement. He's a legend.
How true-to-life are zombie films?
They generally do a pretty good job. The one area in which verisimilitude tends to break down is that, unfortunately, zombie films have what you humans would call 'happy endings', where the humans survive. Now that I really don't understand. It's a blatant whitewash of the true situation. That never happens. At least, in the long run it will never happen. The dead will always triumph. But Romero does a good job, he's true to the facts.
What would you say to him if you met him?
Probably something like: "Rrrraaaaaaaaaaawhaarrrrrggrrrrrrrraaaaauuuuuughghhuuuuughaarrrrrrrrrrr." Yeah.
You're doing a split album with Zombie Apocalypse – are you planning to take over the world together?
Yes. A spore from the original West Yorkshire infection transplanted itself to the east of the US. It took root, and took the form of (zombie band) Zombie Apocalypse. I don't mean to imply they're copying us, it may be an independent outbreak. But we *were* doing it first. The album is great. It absolutely fucking destroys. Everyone involved is proud, and dead. Dead proud.
Do zombies cry?
They moan. The suffering is intense. You can feel yourself disintegrating all the time. And you never sleep. And you always want to eat.
Do you have a problem with limbs or digits falling off during shows?
We've managed to avoid any big breakages. But there's always that risk. The guitarists in the band, I don't know how they play so fast with their necrotic fingers. It would be quite easy for things to pop and come undone. We keep ourselves dosed with brains and 245 Trioxin. We bathe regularly in embalming fluid.
Do you get groupies?
It can be difficult sometimes. Some of the old human impulses are felt to some degree, but it's difficult when your anatomy is desiccated and its integrity is not so sound. You could get yourself into some really nasty situations.
What do you do if you're not touring or recording?
We hide in dank basements, and gibber to ourselves in cupboards. And skulk around wastelands on the edges of cities, hoping to pick off the occasional stray. It's a lonely life. ***Kate Hodges***

"Humans taste different – juveniles are fresher, ageing rockers' flavour is like mature cheddar"

GAY FOR JOHNNY DEPP
GOOD: THE NATURAL LUBRICANT

BY JEN BEVERIDGE, CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

Joining Turbonegro in the very small rank of 'hilarious' gay-themed rock'n'roll bands, GFJD boast members of US hardcore bands Garrison and Instruction. Sadly, they don't have much of the 'Negro. Although their scrabbly vocals and screeching vocals appeal fleetingly, if you don't hold that singing about gay sex is the funniest thing in the world, you'll find them more humourless Wankers than Captain Jacks. ***Kate Hodges***

THE YOUNG GODS
TWENTY YEARS: 1985-2005

BY VOM, PIAS

The most punk-rock thing ever to come out of Switzerland, The Young Gods made sampled guitars and lyrics in French seem as integral a part of ROCK as choking on vomit and fucking underage girls. Their later stuff, where they went all 'ambient' and started singing in English, is not always so good, but the Wagnerian metal of 'L'Eau Rouge' is as powerful as it's pompous, the sleazy 'Charlotte' makes accordions sexy and 'Envoyé ('Fuck off!')' and 'Our House' will blow your head off. Like a big gun. ***Kurt Lesbian***

LADYTRON
WITCHING HOUR

BY VOM, ISLAND

Dear Alison Goldfrapp, it's me, Dave, again. They've asked me to review the latest Ladytron album. It's generally excellent in that future-y, robot-y, Kraftwerk-meets-Bladerunner sort of way they do so well – though of course, they're nowhere near as talented and beautiful as you are. Have a listen to 'International Dateline', I think you'll like it the most, though naturally it would sound better if you sang it. Till next month, my darling Alison… ***Dave XXX***

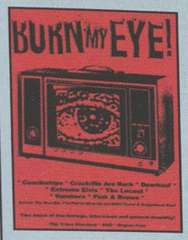
HORRORPOPS
BRING IT ON!

BY VOM, EPITAPH

This Danish band features a stand-up bassist and lead singer with technicolor Bettie Page hair, two go-go dancers, and more quiffs than an ice-cream man's convention. So, it's psychobilly, then. But fear not, singer Patricia Day shines a beam of sunshine into the genre's bowling corners. Horror and pop have always been red-hot bedfellows, and with their fizzy chorouses, and meaty riffs, songs like 'Walk Like A Zombie', are prime schlock'n'roll. ***Kate Hodges***

BURN MY EYE!

THE ANTIDOTE TO MTV, ON DVD



PLASTIC DONKEY/RIMBAUD RECORDS

Burn My Eye. Fuck me. What a show. The essence of underground PUNK FUCKING ROCK in 30-minute slabs, it ran between 2002 and 2003. Long available for download from the internet for no price (but quiet and small), and briefly available on Region 1 DVD, this brilliant distillation of all that is best about American music is now available to YOU, the British public, on proper PAL, Region 2 DVD-o-vision.

This means that right now, TODAY, you can enjoy, in perfect visual and audial quality, The Locust, Coachwhips, Pink And Brown, Crack:WAR, Numbers, Deerhoof, Extreme Elvis, The Mae Shi and Plot To Blow Up The Eiffel Tower. Moist yet? No? Well best lubricate your man-pussy, boy, cos fag-fuhrers Zeigenbock Kopf are also here, to fist again (like they did last summer).

We spoke to *BME* cameraman, producer, director and geek-in-chief Virgil Porter.

So, *Burn My Eye*: all those cool bands in one place. Good luck or careful selection?
V: I'd say it was both. The Locust are a group of folks I had known from college radio in San Diego – their guitarist Bobby had an AMAZING show – they were selected for sure. Deerhoof was something I'd chalk up to luck since they completed the entire segment on their own and just handed it over.
How did you blag a TV slot for *BME*?
V: In the States, when a cable-TV provider gets a contract for a region in the USA, they're obliged to set aside a handful of channels and a chunk of money for public use. Anyone can apply for an open time-slot and start dropping off tapes and it's *entirely* uncensored. I don't think I'll ever see anything as amazing as *Bavornia*, which came on right after *BME*. It was a man in a Viking hat making obscene phone calls while hardcore porn played behind him.
Speaking of obscenity, The Locust seem to be weeing on Extreme Elvis in his 'interview' with them…
V: Yeah, Extreme Elvis was pissed on by Joey, The Locust's keyboards guy. I was pissed off cos I missed the shot of Joey sneaking up and urinating on his leg. I got the shot of EE's balls in the opening sequence, though.
Did you have to put up with primadonna-ish behaviour from any of the bands?
V: Without naming any names, I had a couple of instances of questionable band behaviour... I just went on to the next set of folks since they obviously didn't need my help. The only *really* stupid demand I was faced with was not being allowed to show the Zeigenbock Kopf backstage amphetamine psychosis. That involved 10 men in a shower along with total destruction of the band room. I didn't press for that footage since it would have resulted in people being sued by the club owner.
Could *BME* be done now?
V: Of course! It's not as if we have a musician drought or anything. If I was gonna do it nowadays, it'd be a mix of stuff I missed and some new heart-throbs: Comets On Fire, GogogoAirheart, Bad Dudes, Battleship... But it just so happens there are a bunch of kids in Seattle doing *Live Eye TV* (Liveeyetv.org). That's a much better show than I could even dream of making! ***Duncan Bell***

To buy *Burn My Eye* on DVD and download episodes of the TV show, go to Burnmyeye.com

Zeigenbock Kopf: Confirmed bachelors

"I missed the shot of The Locust pissing on Extreme Elvis' leg. I got one of his balls though"

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

A GUIDE TO SOME OF THE *BURN MY EYE* BANDS

The Locust: Snotty speedcore yobs with song titles that go on longer than their 500mph songs.

Coachwhips: Amazing, sweaty garage rock.

Pink And Brown: Unbearable spazz-noizz by men in pink-and-brown body stockings.

Numbers: Funked-up android punk.

Deerhoof: Arty racket.

Zeigenbock Kopf: Gay German electro leather daddies who are actually neither German nor gay.

Extreme Elvis: What it says on the tin, uh-huh-huh.

The Locust, in their pants

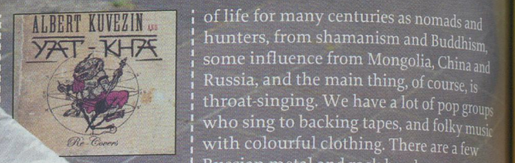
ALBERT KUVEZIN AND YAT-KHA

WHEN SIBERIAN THROAT-SINGING MET PUNK IT WAS ALWAYS GOING TO BE UNPREDICTABLE

RE-COVERS

OUT NOW, YAT-KHA.COM

Hailing from Tuva, an isolated republic in southern Siberia with a fine line in vodka, Albert Kuvezin and his band Yat-Kha are… different. After several albums mixing Tuva's traditional throat-singing folk heritage with metal and punk from further afield, Kuvezin now turns his guttural growl to *Re-Covers*, a collection of filthy folk'n'fuzz versions of cross-genre classics including Zeppelin, the Stones, Kraftwerk, Bob Marley, Joy Division and Hank Williams. And, like most throat-singers, Albert's larynx can emit two melodies *at the same time*.



Hi Albert. Can you explain throat-singing?
It's kind of meditation and entertainment at the same time. It's a gift from the spirits to the Tuvans and just a few other people in the world. It works like a wind blowing through different kinds of holes, like an eagle singing, like a few aeroplanes before take-off.

When did you discover you could sing like a hungry bear?
About 20 years ago, when I was really hungry in every sense. Cigarettes don't help – it's better to get some nice alcohol. But did you ever meet a wild and hungry bear and hear how he sounded?

"Did you ever meet a wild and hungry bear and hear how he sounded? That's us"

Is it something that anyone can do? Singing two notes at once?
Yes, if they have the same physical and mental structure as all other humans living in Tuva. Sometimes they can do three notes at once.

Your music gives me nightmares. Is this normal?
No, it's not normal. Usually our music brings a nice emotion, kind of a white shamanism instead of black magic. Try to listen to it in the morning or during the day. But I know for Western people, they always need to see a psychologist afterwards.

What's the music like in Tuva?
It comes from our style of life for many centuries as nomads and hunters, from shamanism and Buddhism, some influence from Mongolia, China and Russia, and the main thing, of course, is throat-singing. We have a lot of pop groups who sing to backing tapes, and folky music with colourful clothing. There are a few Russian metal and rock bands, one punk band and a few who try to mix it up, like us.

Daniel Robson

HANK STIRRUP & CHET TENDON

RIP-ROCKIN' REDNECKS

18 RURAL STOMPS AND BALLADS

OUT NOW ON RIM RECORDS, SEXTONMING.CO.UK. SEE HANK AND CHET'S TATS AT TIMMYTATTS.COM

Somewhere in a parallel universe, there's a parallel planet like our own. On that planet is a parallel forest, and in that forest is a parallel shack. In that shack lives a parallel Hasil Adkins, and Chet Tendon and Hank Stirrup are his parallel, slow-witted, bastard sons.

When did you two hayseeds discover a mutual love of fucked-up hillbilly stomps?
HANK: Me 'n' Hank just like things most people don't. We grew up in a Pennsylvanian Dutch farmin' community, and our gran'pappy played for folks at the local radio hall. Our parents didn't like us playin' music, though – they thought it would lead to a sinner's life.

CHET: I played guitar in school, but never mastered it – I just liked the sound. One day I said to Hank, "Here's some drumsticks – hit them skins, boy!" and he started whoopin' on 'em. It sounded great cos no-one taught him nothin'.

These days you work as tattoo artists. Do you have any signature tats?
CHET: I like tattooin' Japanese tin-toy robots and anchors stickin' outta skills with deerstalker hats on. Sometimes people ask for stuff that's real stupid, but I gotta do it. I ain't gettin' rich on music and ain't gonna work in no factory neither. If people wanna wear crap, that's their business. Serves 'em right, I say.

One of your songs is about a UFO encounter.
HANK: One mornin' we were headin' out to do some huntin', and saw flashin' lights zoom past near 40ft above our truck. When we got into the woods there weren't no deer, and I reckon those aliens spooked 'em with their rayguns.

CHET: Why would aliens wanna come visit us anyway? All we do is talk shit on them ETs, sayin' they only wanna tool with our bumholes.

Much of your album is kind of disturbing. Was it recorded in tough conditions?
CHET: We were livin' in the attic of a rundown house, and the winter was bitter and the snow sucked. There was a lot of drinkin' and strugglin' to survive.

HANK: The only thing that kept us from freezin' to death was the friction of playin' our instruments. That and my human-skin coat.

David McComb

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GIUSEPPE ANDREWS

TRAILER-DWELLING NIETZSCHE BUFF MAKES WEIRD SHIT

Best known for playing the party-loving Deputy Winston in *Cabin Fever*, Giuseppe Andrews is far from your typical rising young star. He lives in a trailer park, his best friends are old alcoholics, who he uses as actors in the no-budget films that he shoots, writes and edits. His work is also nothing like your standard Hollywood fare.

In *Trailer Town*, an unemployed comedian threatened with eviction runs riot with a strap-on before taking to the roof of his van with a rifle, proclaiming himself the victim of an "aluminium holocaust". *Dribble*, winner of the 2004 Kodak TromaDance Independent Soul Award, tells the story of a fucked-up former basketball player who sells lemonade spiked with LSD to little kids. A couple in *Who Flung Poo?* decide to have a baby because the girlfriend wants to make "pregnancy porn". Giuseppe has also had parts in *Detroit Rock City*, *American History X*, *Pleasantville*, *2001 Maniacs* (with horror icon Robert Englund) and is currently filming *Black Dahlia*, with Julie Strain.

We tracked him down to his mobile home in California to ask, "Dude… what the fuck?"

You recently finished filming *2001 Maniacs*. Do you enjoy doing horror films?
Well, the scenarios are always people from LA or something finding these weirdos in the woods... and I get to play the characters they meet.

Do you see yourself as an outsider?
I grew up in mobile homes, in vans, and in this kind of life, you meet the people of society who have kind of checked out of it in a way.

Are you more interested in making films than starring in them?
When I get a feeling about something, I try to document it by writing stories with these characters, with the people I know in the trailer park. I'm very sceptical and afraid of producers and things like that.

How do you plan to stay independent?
I would say I live as simply as I can. My place is kind of empty. It's got the main things I need, like my music equipment, my camera and an editing system and that's about it.

"Every time I write, I take on the character of this little girl with a tumour on her pussy lips"

Why is there so much about alcoholism in your films?
I think it's the most fascinating thing about society to tell you the truth. Why people do it. The struggle against it. It's a monster, you know. I think it is the monster of the planet. I mean, me and my dad were driving around the other day talking about dinosaurs and I said, "Man, look around you, they're still around you, big fucking liquor stores. Shit, there's dinosaurs on every corner man."

All those companies trying to make money selling you this poison and shit, *they're* not the ones dying from the booze. They're just up there fuckin' playing God. People are a mess. Also, I do have to say, *my* alcoholism – in my films – I put it out comedically, you know? Many times I've tried to write a dramatic idea – whatever that means – but it comes out as comedy. You've got to admit that a lot of tragic stuff is sometimes hilarious.

What makes a great film?
Fassbinder's *In A Year With 13 Moons* is my favourite movie. There's a scene in a slaughterhouse and the main character has a voiceover about her life that goes over these shots of cows being butchered. Every scene has the elements that should be in every film: beauty, depression, trying to live, wanting to die, a search to make art in a society that may sometimes not particularly care.

Haven't you also written a book?
I wrote this book called *Dolly Balls*. It's very autobiographical. Dolly Balls is the main character – she's a little girl with a tumour on her pussy lips.

Where's the autobiography there?
Well, it's me. The people who know me call me Dolly Balls. It's a character that I take on in my mind almost every time I write, this little girl poet with this tumour on her crotch. When I write, I usually wear this wig, and I call myself Dolly Balls.

So you're taking yourself out of 'normality'?
Yeah, yeah, exactly. I don't really like the game that's been built up in society so I have my own world here.

And you create your own games…
Yeah, with words and wigs. [Laughs] I never really went to school. I never really did any of these things that are part of society. I don't really know how people live. I couldn't stand myself if I had to live and walk around in a society with these dinosaurs and all this shit that they've built. It's just not for me. I just have to be in this place for myself where I can make it.

You used to be very interested in Nietzsche. Are you still?
I just like the thought of his power, you know? It's not only the writing but the way he went about attacking ideas and bringing his own thing and making his own name this powerful thunder. The main work I was interested in was his autobiography *Ecce Homo*. It's a film that I'm making in the future and I'm going to play Nietzsche. It's going to be called *Fred*.

What's it going to be about?
I went to this stripclub and I got this stripper and I'm going to have her play Nietzsche's modern-type girlfriend. I'm going to be dressed like him but it's going to be none of his lines, it's just going to be about a writer in a room and his relationship with this very society-engulfed stripper. Everything's going to be what's in my mind – voice-overs and shit. That's what's in the future. ***Tim Hardy***

We're not sure what's going on in this picture and the one below, but it certainly doesn't look very wholesome

Giuseppe demonstrates the importance of careful beard-grooming to one of his actors

***The Bathrobe Home School Boxset*, featuring four of Giuseppe's films, is being released in Autumn. See Troma.com for updates. Troma are also selling *Trailer Town* (which includes *Who Flung Poo?* as an extra) for $9.95. *Dribble* can be found on *The Best Of Tromadance Volume 3*, which is also $9.95**

LAND OF THE DEAD
OUT 23 SEPTEMBER

Everyone's got a favourite Romero zombie film. *Night Of The Living Dead* is arguably the most influential horror film ever. *Dawn…* took the genre to new heights of intelligence and humour AND gore and terror, while *Day…* was taut, claustrophobic and underrated. This is just 90 minutes of exploding heads, dumb-boys' toys and 'Hollywood' acting that is grating in the extreme when compared to the naturalistic style of the first three films. It's fun. But it's not right. ***Duncan Bell***

A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE
OUT 30 SEPTEMBER

David Cronenberg's latest is a small, intense drama interspersed with brief but stunning bursts of ultra-violence, as Viggo Mortensen's idyllic smalltown life is shattered by a nasty incident with a couple of hoods. Viggo really kicks ass here, finally breaking away from all that Hobbit schtick, and although this isn't what you'd call a typical Cronenberg film, it's still cool as hell, while the extremely inventive – and very gruesome – gore, coupled with a spot of rough sex, reminds you who you're dealing with. ***Alex Godfrey***

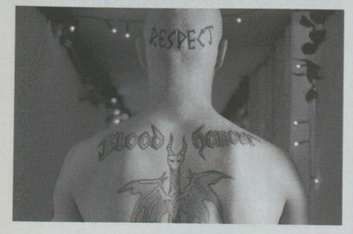
ABNORMAL BEAUTY
OUT 23 SEPTEMBER

Oxide Pang, co-director of *The Eye* and *Bangkok Dangerous*, ventures into darker territory with this amazingly nasty psychological thriller. Perfect for those who like their sick treats with an arthouse hue, this glossy film takes the ideology of beauty-in-horror to exhilarating new levels. Not only do you get hot lesbian Asian babes but also a sadistic-serial-killer subplot, as a female photography student becomes obsessed with death after snapping a car crash victim's final moments. Joel-Peter Witkin fans will love it. ***Sloan Freer***

WITH BLOOD ON MY HANDS: PUSHER 2

OUT 16 SEPTEMBER

Danish life has never looked more bleak than in Nicolas Winding Refn's sequel to his 1996 drugs' drama *Pusher*. Picking up the story of skinhead Tonny (Mads Mikkelsen), it's a violent account of a con trying to reform. Though superbly acted, it never quite matches the blistering original. As Tonny sinks further into the shit, the tragedy of his situation becomes all-consuming, almost burying the film's initial adrenalin rush of excitement in an avalanche of grimy despair. ***Sloan Freer***



INNOCENCE

OUT 30 SEPTEMBER

French director Lucile Hadzihalilovic's dreamy fairytale follows the experiences of pupils in a mysterious, isolated girls' boarding school. The unfolding strangeness is unexplained, beguiling and baffling in equal measure. Who knows why each new student arrives in a coffin, or why apparently innocuous events ooze stomach-knotting unease? Symbolically, the film represents the female journey from childhood to adolescence, though there's definitely something sinister festering amid the soft-focus purity. ***Sloan Freer***

RED EYE

OUT NOW

The latest absurd Wes Craven chiller ruthlessly exploits the claustrophobia of turbulent night plane flights, with hitman Cillian Murphy terrorising fellow passenger Rachel McAdams as part of a political assassination plot. Despite tense aircraft sequences, the best scenes come when the action shifts to solid ground. Events get increasingly preposterous, and injured Murphy lurching like a pantomime villain is entertaining for all the wrong reasons. ***Sloan Freer***

THE ARISTOCRATS

THE MOST OFFENSIVE JOKE OF ALL TIME ISN'T VERY FUNNY

OUT NOW

The Aristocrats concerns what is supposedly the most offensive joke of all time – a joke that begins with a family walking into a theatrical agent's office and offering their act for consideration. It ends with them telling him that their act is called The Aristocrats. What their act specifically involves is up to the person telling the joke. It can be literally anything as long as it is offensive and makes the family's name ironic and therefore, in theory at least, hilarious.

But it's never hilarious. And it isn't because you know the joke. It just isn't a funny joke. Simple as that. It makes no difference if the family act involves bestiality, incest, rape, coprophilia, murder, drinking cocktails of liquidised abortions and tramp cum, it just isn't funny. Period.

The only people who come close to making it funny are *South Park*'s Cartman and Kyle, Robin Williams, and Sarah Silverman, which is a pretty poor return for an hour-and-a-half of your life. Especially when you consider most of you will be able to come up with something funnier, more shocking and more distasteful than the people in this film. In the absence of laughs, all you're left with is an indulgent mixture of backslapping and boring anecdotes from people who are nowhere near as funny as they think they are. Only go if someone else is paying. ***James Doorne***

The joke is told 95 times through the course of the film; it rarely raises a laugh

Above: Comedy magicians Penn and Teller make funny faces (but not jokes) in *The Aristocrats*

ALSO OUT

NIGHT WATCH

OUT 7 OCTOBER

Russia takes on *The Matrix* with this epic battle of good and evil in Moscow, with all manner of demons, witches and weird children to make you forget you're reading subtitles.

WOLF CREEK

OUT 16 SEPTEMBER

The best (and certainly the most sadistic) horror film in years, as three kids travelling through the Australian outback experience pure evil. Approach with caution.

HOWL'S MOVING CASTLE

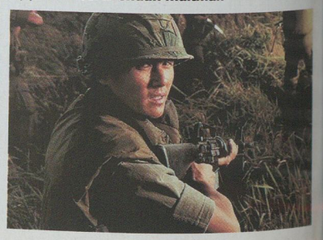
OUT 23 SEPTEMBER

A retro-futuristic fantasy set in a magical, war-torn land, Hayao Miyazaki's follow-up to *Spirited Away* is more complex and emotionally sophisticated. Even the dubbed version is enchanting, with Christian Bale's seductive tones bringing to life the vain young wizard Howl, whose romancing of an 18-year-old gets her turned into a pensioner by a jealous witch. This incredibly imaginative opus puts most of Hollywood's flashy cartoon product to shame. ***Sloan Freer***

R-POINT

OUT 16 SEPTEMBER

Spooky, atmospheric horror set during the final days of the Vietnam War. Eerie radio signals emerge from a desolate island where nine soldiers went missing six months earlier, and a Korean platoon is sent to investigate, encountering a terrifying supernatural force. Definitely a cut above the usual ghostly shenanigans, although the ubiquitous long-haired female ghost puts in yet another appearance. ***Brendan Maltman***



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Donna
yrs old, lovely ve body with 34C firm boobs ving to b sucked. ller men 20-30 with hard ds who r up for no strings
nd me a txt and get me wet
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Kim
31 yrs old, primary teacher, recently single & soo horny for txt fun with local men. 5'9, tight bod, peachy bum and 34B breasts – watch it I can be a handful!
TO TXT ME OR OTHER HORNY GIRLS IN THIS AREA: SEND KIM TO 89333

Laura
24 yrs old, my flatmate & me r both young, single & gagging to hear frm u – this is me, my m8 has long dark hair & small boobs ...wanna play, we're a txt away
TO TXT ME OR OTHER HORNY GIRLS IN THIS AREA: SEND LAURA TO 89333

Louisa
36 yrs old, still attractive, firm, fit bod as I get a sweat on at the gym 3 times a week. Wanna get a sweat on with me? I'm only a txt away
TO TXT ME OR OTHER HORNY GIRLS IN THIS AREA: SEND LOUISA TO 89333

Kate
25, very slim bi-sexual brunette work as legal secretary. Want quick& dirty no-strings sex with guys or couples, will travel. Txt me & I'll tell u my filthy sex secrets.
TO TXT ME OR OTHER HORNY GIRLS IN THIS AREA: SEND KATE TO 89333

Tania
ly 19 yrs old, started lege away from t, want 2 chat n older guy n show me a good time uld b really hot for u, touch!
TXT ME OR OTHER HORNY RLS IN THIS AREA: ND TANIA TO 89333

Rachel
Busty blonde divorcee 33, I love guys playing with my big tanned boobs... I'm up for some no strings horny txt fun, ideally with well-hung male 25-38yrs.
TO TXT ME OR OTHER HORNY GIRLS IN THIS AREA: SEND RACHEL TO 89333

Mandy
22 yrs old Uni Graduate, bored, living at home while looking for job. If ur bored & want to cum with me, get in touch, I want dirty phone sex with you now.
TO TXT ME OR OTHER HORNY GIRLS IN THIS AREA: SEND MANDY TO 89333

Dominique
Me & Lorna are gagging for a gangbang with horny guys.
Text me what filth u would do to us!
TO TXT ME OR OTHER HORNY GIRLS IN THIS AREA: SEND DOM TO 89333

Shaz
30, tall good-looking out-going girl, looking for sexy soul-mate for fun times who can make me laugh. Send me a text on my mobile, I wud love to hear from u
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DEAD MAN

OUT 3 OCTOBER

Jim Jarmusch's stunning metaphysical Western finally gets a DVD release. Beautifully shot in black and white, it follows Johnny Depp's wounded fugitive as he stumbles around the wild West with a Native American, who's preparing him for death. A trio of bounty hunters are on his tail, including bad-ass Lance Henriksen, and the amazing cast also includes Robert Mitchum, Iggy Pop, Gabriel Byrne, Crispin Glover, John Hurt and Billy Bob Thornton, *and* there's a sublime guitar score from Neil Young. Essential. ***Alex Godfrey***

THE MIGHTY BOOSH

OUT NOW

Kangaroo-boxing Howard Moon and panda-seducing Vince Noir wouldn't fit in at any zoo apart from Bob Fossil's, where there may be a lack of real animals but there's never a dull moment. Psychotic cockney nut-jobs with outsize thumbs might trap you in a Tardis-like animal penitentiary. Or a Hoover made of chewing gum might reveal his shameful secret – that he sucked up tiny Inuits at the North Pole and shot them into the eyes of the crocodile that saved him from melting in San Francisco. Either way, it's genius. ***James Doorne***

FLASH GORDON

OUT NOW

What a film! Thrill! As puny Earthling Flash Gordon takes on the might of Emperor Ming! Gasp!! At the outrageous gayness of the costumes! Rock!!! To Queen's totally unsubtle soundtrack! And generally gape in awe at one of the most purely enjoyable films ever made, as Bergman regular Max Von Sydow (as Ming) camps it up for all he's worth, alongside such GODS of over-acting as Brian Blessed, Topol and Peter Wyngarde. Nice extras on this 'Silver Anniversary Edition', too. Fly my hawkmen! Fly!! (To the shops, to buy this DVD). Hahaha!!! ***Duncan Bell***

PALINDROMES

OUT 26 SEPTEMBER

Director Todd Solondz prefers not to explain or justify his material, so there's no DVD commentary while the young girl in this film (played by eight different actors) travels around America, being thrown back and forth between murderous pro-lifers and other dubious characters. Solondz is the man behind *Welcome To The Dollhouse* and *Happiness*, but this is even loopier, taking in as it does a very jolly family of "special children" and culminating in an outstandingly pessimistic monologue from a suspected paedophile. ***Alex Godfrey***

BOX OF THE BANNED

THE VIDEO NASTIES RIDE AGAIN IN THIS SUMPTUOUSLY HAND-CRAFTED BOXSET

OUT 19 SEPTEMBER, ANCHOR BAY

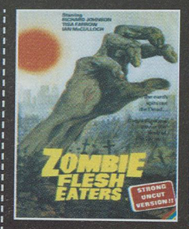
Must… Kill… Again… Hello readers! I've just finished watching Anchor Bay's *Box Of The Banned*. Now I'm about to set out on a stomach-turning orgy of gang-rape, murder and visiting-of-occult-bookshops!

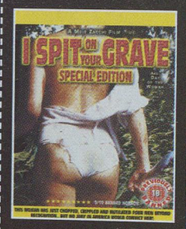
I'm joking, of course.

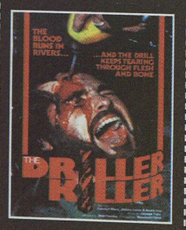
These, my children, are The Nasties. Punk-rock horror. The films your big brother or older friends told you about in between bouts of wanking. *The Last House On The Left*, *The Evil Dead*, *Driller Killer*, *Zombie Flesh Eaters*, *I Spit On Your Grave* and *Maniac*. Well, no. Actually, not *Maniac*. They obviously couldn't get that one, so instead there's something called *Nightmares In A Damaged Brain*, which seems to be an inferior *Maniac* 'homage', like *Don't Go In The House*. Too bad.

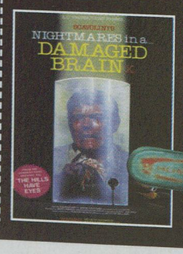
How do they measure up today, these 'sick', 'sadistic', banned no-budgeters? Pretty well, I'd say. Exploitative, crass and, yes, often jaw-droppingly poorly-made they may be, but – *Evil Dead* aside – there's no smug knowingness or eyebrow-raised nudge-nudging here. You want a really revolting rape scene that feels like it goes on for hours… and is then followed IMMEDIATELY by ANOTHER revolting rape scene? *I Spit On Your Grave* delivers. Looking for a zombie fighting a fucking SHARK? *Zombie Flesh Eaters* is right this way. After unrelentingly crass, blank-eyed, decidedly non-cathartic violence? *I Spit…* and Wes Craven's *Last House On The Left* are for you.

Then there's Abel Ferrara's *Driller Killer*, where an artist is driven mad by the 'punk' band practising next door and goes on a Black And Decker-assisted killing spree. While seemingly being filmed by a group of half-blind, drunk teenagers using a couple of cheap camcorders. Who'd make a movie like that nowadays? Who'd show it? More to the point, who'd make a film as cheap, weird and notorious as this and then be making a *Bad Lieutenant* 15 years later?









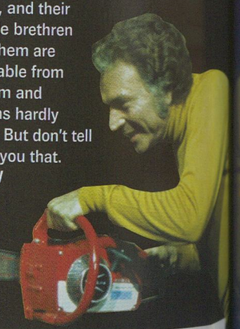
Buyer beware, though. Apart from *Evil Dead*'s celebrated 'tree rape' scene and a literally eye-popping moment in *Flesh Eaters* (oh, and that bit where the zombie fights the fucking SHARK!), the special effects in these films are not going to impress modern gorehounds. The horror in these films is in their lack of humour, their seediness, their ineptitude and their willingness to keep cranking up the tension, when modern directors would have given the audience their moment of relief about 15 minutes ago.

Also, of course, although this is being marketed as 'the films they didn't want you to see', or some such crap, all of these films (except *Evil Dead*, again) are cut versions (I guess 'they' *still* don't want you to see them).

You might also justifiably ask why such classic Nasties as *Maniac* (loonsploitation), *Cannibal Holocaust* (long-pigsploitation), *Gestapo's Last Orgy* (reichsploitation) and *Island Of Death* (ludicrous Greek-incestuous-Christian-fundamentalist-murderers-on-holiday, er, 'sploitation') have been left out.

Still, if you're young, or squeamish and an introduction to classic grindhouse cinema is what you require, this is as good as it gets. If you want the FULL horror, do a little online research and get the Region 1 versions of these films, and their lower-profile brethren – most of them are freely available from Amazon.com and HM Customs hardly ever check. But don't tell them I told you that.

Duncan Bell



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DOWNFALL
OUT 19 SEPTEMBER

"The Nazis were human beings, not creatures from Hell. That's what makes it so frightening," says *Downfall*'s German director on the making-of documentary, explaining that this phenomenal film could only have worked with a more rounded portrait of Hitler, as opposed to the usual demonic caricatures. A claustrophobic masterpiece, set mostly in his bunker in the last few days of his life, it's an extremely compelling and very human look at the end of the Third Reich, and all the absolute madness that accompanied it. ***Alex Godfrey***

OLGA'S GIRLS
OUT NOW, SYNAPSE-FILMS.COM

Sadistic dominatrix Olga runs a drug-trafficking den and white-slavery ring in Chinatown. Discovering there's a police informant in their midst, she rounds up her girls and drags them to her torture chamber to unmask the grass. Heroin abuse, electrocution, chastity belts, blowtorches, whipping, tongue-chopping and go-go dancing result. Shot in 1964, with no dialogue, the film was shocking for its day, but tame by today's standards, with most of the violence taking place offscreen. ***Brendan Maltman***

THE TERMINATOR
OUT 26 SEPTEMBER

The original cyberpunk classic is back, and though the soundtrack and Linda Hamilton's hair have dated it, it stands up well. On the new documentaries, John Landis blames the film for fast-tracking an Austrian musclehead's US political career, while James Cameron says he expects that in 50 years, someone "in a Christopher Reeve situation" will be able to put his brain inside a robot and do something interesting with the rest of his life. Don't you want it to be Arnold? ***Alex Godfrey***

PREY FOR ROCK & ROLL
OUT 26 SEPTEMBER

Films about rock'n'roll are always good. Especially if they're full of hackneyed dialogue, unrealistic club scenes, and stereotyped characters. In this example, based on the autobiography of US punker Cherie Lovedog, Gina Gershon plays Jacki, the leader of appallingly named all-girl rock band Clam Dandy. She inhabits a fabulous mess of a world, where tattooed 'guys' float about, there are rapes and fatal car crashes, and the girls sneer and 'rawk' all over the shop. The results are unrealistic, but hilarious. ***Kate Hodges***

PAUL MORRISSEY BOXSET

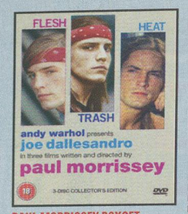
SEX'N'DRUGS'N'ROCK'N'ROLL'N'TRANNIES'N'FAME'N'MORE SEX

Paul Morrissey is one of the most perplexing figures in modern cinema. An authoritarian, Republican and staunch Catholic, Morrissey has nonetheless made some of the most transgressive and joyously weird films ever. Films that are at once gritty and political and off-the-wall and experimental and wonderfully, life-affirmingly humane.

Oh. You came here for the tits and arse and trannies shooting up? OK. There's that, too. Come. Join Joe Dallesandro (the "little Joe", who "never once gave it away" of Lou Reed's 'Walk On The Wild Side') as he makes his way through this loose 'trilogy' of films, as hustler, junkie and, finally, 'star' (of sorts).

Right from the opening shot of *Flesh*, you know you're in a world that has nothing to do with the painted whores of Hollywood. It opens on a close-up of a sleeping Joe. And stays there. And stays… And stays… Finally, there is a cut – and as with every subsequent cut, it's accompanied by a loud 'pop' on the soundtrack. Yes, there's a cut to… a slightly further-out shot of a sleeping Joe! Now, we can see that he is naked and… oh my gosh! If there's a problem with these films, it's that Joe is MUCH prettier than all his female co-stars. Straight men may find themselves 'turning'.

Joe eventually wakes and goes out to work as a rentboy, ostensibly to pay for (deep breath) his lesbian wife's girlfriend's abortion – yes, it's an everyday tale of simple folk! But there's no 'plot' to this film as such. Joe meets and talks to 'customers', and some other young lads on the game. He gets buck-naked and has sex with men and women. He looks amazing and New York has never looked cooler.



PAUL MORRISSEY BOXSET
OUT NOW, TARTAN DVD

MORE MORRISSEY MOVIES

LONESOME COWBOYS (1968)
Camp-as-tits Western with Warhol 'superstars' Taylor Mead and Viva packing guns and bitchy one-liners.

FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN (1973)
Hilarious, gory and overtly sexual Eurotrash take on the Frankenstein story. In fucking 3D! They don't make 'em like this no more.

BLOOD FOR DRACULA (1974)
The Count gets the Paul Morrissey treatment, though sadly only in two dimensions. Joe Dallesandro plays a bit of rough and Udo Keir a sexually jaded vampire: "The blood of these whores is killing me!"

Drag queens turn up in *Flesh* to chitter-chatter, but one of the greatest *ever* is integral to its follow-up, *Trash*. Holly Woodlawn (as in "Holly came from Miami, FLA…") gives a screamingly brilliant performance that quite eclipses Joe, who is now impotent, a junkie; still pretty, but with the light that burned in his eyes in *Flesh* going out.

In this, the most magical film of the trilogy, Joe encounters Jane Forth and Andrea Feldman as rich-girl trash-voyeurs with almost supernaturally irritating voices. Both of them beg our floppy 'stud' to rape them. Meanwhile, Holly becomes 'pregnant' to get a dole payout. Conceiving a child can be difficult for any couple, but when the man is impotent and the woman is, well, a man…

Finally, in *Heat*, Morrissey and Joe arrive in Hollywood – but to bury it, not to praise it. A hyper-manic tribute to *Hollywood Boulevard*, it casts Joe as a knackered former child star. The film is stolen, though, by Andrea Feldman, as the psychotic, lesbotic daughter of the washed-up old hag of an actress that Joe is trying to leach off of. Feldman killed herself just before the film came out, and she is absolutely *fried* in this.

Four years on from *Flesh*, the soundtrack pops have faded and something resembling a plot is in place, but *Heat* is still sexy, funny and oddly insightful. And Joe… well, the light's all but extinguished now, but he's still damn pretty.

With three great films and extras that you'll actually want to watch, this is a must-have for anyone with the slightest interest in 60s counter-culture, experimental film, and very juicy tits and cocks. Buy one today, and take a walk on the wild side. ***Duncan Bell***

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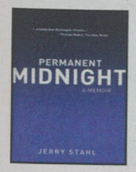
PERMANENT MIDNIGHT
JERRY STAHL

PROCESS MEDIA; £10.99; ISBN 0976082209



Stahl's account of his recovery from addiction to heroin, cocaine, crack, dilaudids and more pulls no punches. A frequently disturbing account of his downfall and recovery, Stahl has ensured that, by choosing honesty over ego, his story is revolting and embarrassing in places, but somehow still funny and compelling. Immeasurably better than any other addiction autobiography published since, I can't recommend this highly enough. ***James Doorne***

THE MIDNIGHT EYE GUIDE TO NEW JAPANESE FILM
TOM MES & JASPER SHARP

STONE BRIDGE PRESS; $22.95; ISBN 1880656892

Growing out of their excellent Midnight Eye website, this handy tome on new Japanese film fills a yawning void in readable coverage of the diverse new-new-wave directors who've taken the world by storm. Mes and Sharp serve up informed profiles of recent Japanese cinema's major names as well as critical accounts of their key movies and lashings of useful background material. ***David Sutton***

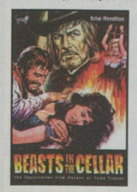
OH THE GLORY OF IT ALL
SEAN WILSEY

PENGUIN PRESS; £14.99; ISBN 1594200513

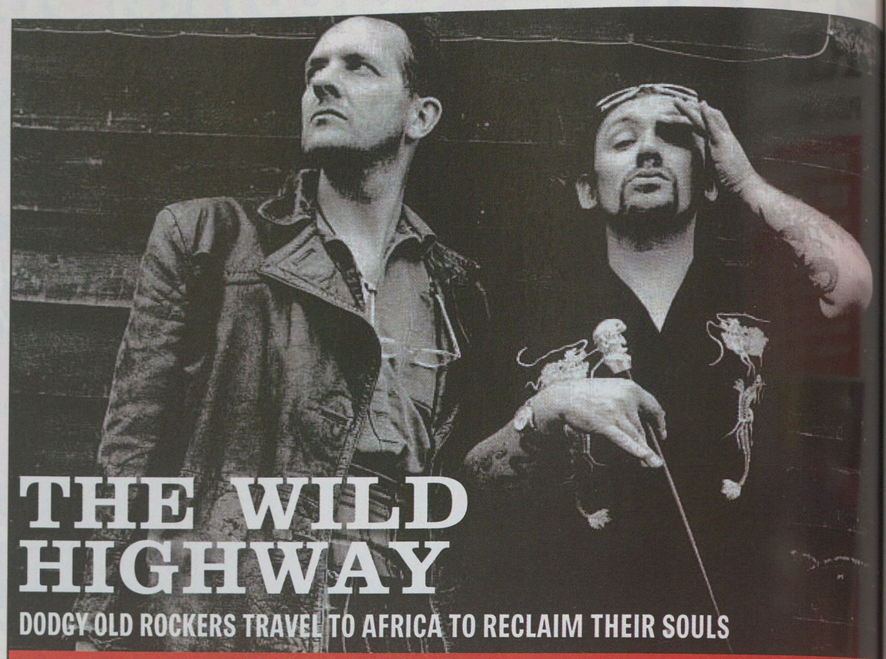
There are few things funnier than rich narcissists, especially when they're slightly unhinged, as Sean Wilsey's life story illustrates. His life, with a father who would use a helicopter to drop his son off at the arcade, and a mother whose mood swings made her vacillate between attempting to solve the world's problems and trying to enter into a suicide pact with her son, is funny and disturbing in the right measures. ***James Doorne***

BEASTS IN THE CELLAR: THE EXPLOITATION FILM CAREER OF TONY TENSER
JOHN HAMILTON

FAB PRESS; £17.99; ISBN 903254272



John Hamilton's informative and picture-packed study follows a career that began with nudie classic *Naked – As Nature Intended* in 1961 and ended with the brilliantly nasty *Frightmare* in 1974. In between, Tenser launched Michael Reeves as a director with *Witchfinder General*, helped make Polanski a household name with *Repulsion* and *Cul De Sac* and finished off Norman Wisdom's ailing film career with woeful sex comedy *What's Good For The Goose* – now that's entertainment! ***David Sutton***

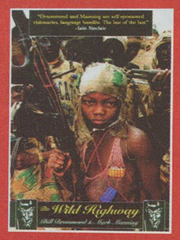


THE WILD HIGHWAY

DODGY OLD ROCKERS TRAVEL TO AFRICA TO RECLAIM THEIR SOULS

BILL DRUMMOND & MARK MANNING

CREATION; £11.95; ISBN 1840681160


"Drummond and Manning are self-stereotyped visionaries, baggage handles. The last of the lost."
– Iain Sinclair
The Wild Highway
Bill Drummond & Mark Manning

T*he Wild Highway* is the most amazing book of the year. A coruscating, hilarious and grotesque psycho-travelogue, it follows authors Bill Drummond, formerly of the KLF, and Z (Mark Manning) as they and faithful companion Gimpo make their safari-suited way through Africa's heart of darkness (or up a river in the Congo, to be more specific) to buy their souls back from Satan.

In the book, Drummond (Scottish, dapper-suited and sensible-haired) and Z (northern, tattooed and rocking) exchange chapters like bullets in a shootout. Drummond's are more literary and considered, while Z's are blood- and spunk-drenched; Burroughsian, Stewart Home-ish and Loony-on-the-bus-esque. Their conversation is a little similar.

I later find out that Z/Manning is, in fact, God of Rock, Zodiac Mindwarp. Once again, my research has been thorough.

You write about race in a very direct way. Did you agonise over using the word 'nigger'?

Z: No.

Bill Drummond: Errrmm... I don't think there was a lot of agony involved. Obviously, we don't have a right-wing agenda. We're beyond racism, so we can use whatever language we choose.

Z: Yeah, I've fucked a wog and a Paki – I can't be racist!

B: You have to be very, very careful when you're writing in magazines, newspapers or in films or TV, but in books you can say what you like. I mean, this book isn't going to be on Richard and Judy's book club, is it?

Is there much financial gain to be had from writing books like this?

[Loud, manly laughter]

B: Er... no. It's basically just self-indulgence.

Z: Yeah, but I think it should be up for the fucking Booker. This book fucking shits on modern literature!

You can't have just written it with the intention of not selling any copies. There's always an element of vanity in writing a book.

Z: Vanity? He's writing about shitting his pants! How's that fucking vanity?

B: Ah, but the vanity is in me saying 'I can write about this. Can you write about this, Martin Amis? Can you?'

Z: No, he fucking can't.

B: There you go.

Z: Ehhh... My mate. [They shake hands, mate-ily]

It's a very multi-layered book. You could view it as a critique of Western views of Africa or as a travelogue…

Z: It's *not* a fucking travelogue... We could write the same sort of shit if we were in Aylesbury.

B: Yes, it's not really about travelling, it's about US. Me and Z and Gimpo.

Z: For me, it was about wanting to stuff it to fucking Kate Adie. She rushes over to these places when there's a war and then reports on 'em... from the roof of her fucking hotel! I wanted to say to her: "This is what you are. You're a fucking war-whore."

Do you think you really got your souls back as a result of your adventures?

B: Well, just look at us. I think our souls are pretty retrieved, wouldn't you say? I think we concluded that we never actually sold them.

Z: Bill never sold his soul, all his records came out on his own label. I never sold mine... I've fucking been into a meeting with record company chief execs, meeting a Jew while wearing a fucking SS uniform! They've offered us money and I've told them to fuck off!

B: There are many ways to sell your soul. Maybe it's not for us to say whether we've ever sold our souls or retrieved them.

Z: I can. I *haven't* sold my soul. So fuck off.

Duncan Bell

BILL & Z'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURES

The Wild Highway is the middle part of a trilogy. It began with *Bad Wisdom*, where our intrepid duo set off to the North Pole to deposit a statue of Elvis, in order to allow The King's "divine vibes" to spread through the world. The final part, says Bill Drummond, "Will be about death. The final frontier."

"It's a laugh to me," adds Z. "I love going to the fucking doctor's, looking over the receptionist's shoulder and seeing fucking 'middle-aged' written there. Or when Gimpo got his fucking colostomy bag…"

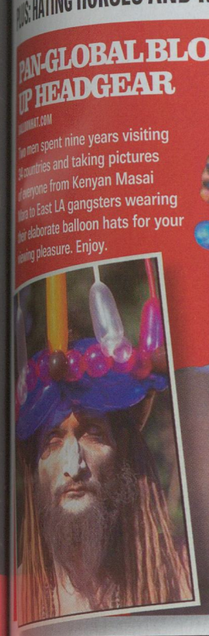
RIDICULOUS BALLOON HATS

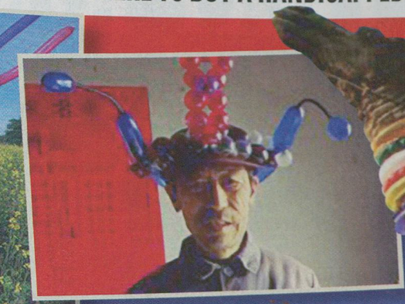
AND: HATING HORSES AND KITTYS, BIG-BOLLOCKED BACON AND WHERE TO BUY A HANDICAPPED RUSSIAN WOMAN

PAN-GLOBAL BLOW-UP HEADGEAR

HUMMAT.COM

Two men spent nine years visiting 28 countries and taking pictures of everyone from Kenyan Masai tribes to East LA gangsters wearing their elaborate balloon hats for your viewing pleasure. Enjoy.





#1. Oksana
Born in 1982. Education: high school. Occupation: no choice to find a job.
More about >>
#2. Gylia
Poliomyelitis. Born in 1973. Education: University. Occupation: video engineer.
More about >>
#3. Ksenia
Miopatia. Born in 1972. Education: Graduating from The Literary institute.
More about >>
#4. Irina
Car accident. Born in 1978. Education: Studying in college, Future editor. Using wheelchair.
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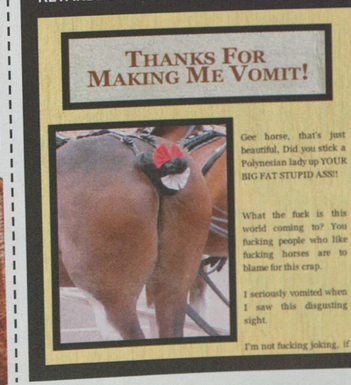
REALLY FUCKING GENIUS WHEN YOU HAVE TO NAIL YOUR CLOTHES TO YOUR RETARDED ASS!!"


Thanks For Making Me Vomit!
Gee horse, that's just beautiful. Did you stick a Polynesian lady up YOUR BIG FAT STUPID ASS!!
What the fuck is this world coming to? You fucking people who like fucking horses are to blame for this crap.
I seriously vomited when I saw this disgusting sight.
I'm not fucking joking, if

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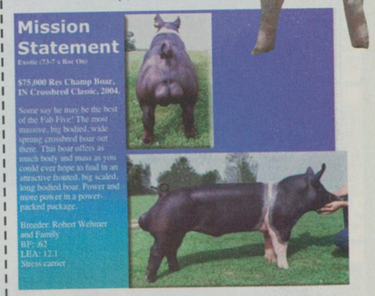
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BF: 63
LEA: 12.1
Stress carrier

HELLO KITTY HEADLAMPS

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Someone kill Kitty.

THE SUFFERING: TIES THAT BIND

SWEARY HORROR A-GO-GO

LURKING IN THE BOWELS OF THE JAIL ARE BEASTS WITH SYRINGES COMING OUT OF THEIR EYES

OUT 30 SEPTEMBER; MIDWAY; XBOX, PS2, PC; £24.99

In the follow-up to last year's prison horror shooter *The Suffering*, once again you play convict Torque, framed for the brutal murder of your wife and child, and destined to wander the foul, soiled slums of Baltimore and the bowels of the city's jail. Naturally, these are populated by scary beasts with syringes coming out of their eyes and thuggish men who say naughty things like 'Fuck you, you motherfucking fuck', so this game has an 18 rating.

While *TTB* offers nothing more than any other first-person shooter in terms of gunplay, it's solid enough, and the horror is spot-on, the grim collection of beasts dragged from the black corners of the developers' minds inventive and pleasingly revolting in equal measures. *Greg Hughes*

SUPER MONKEY BALL DELUXE

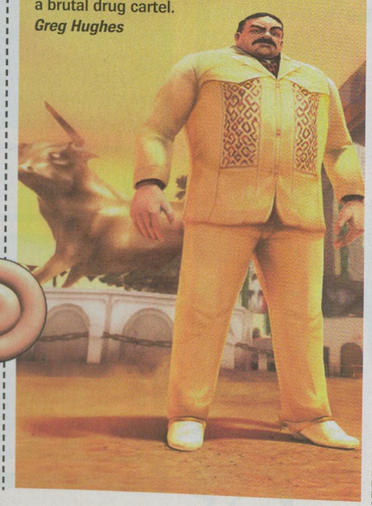
OUT NOW; SEGA; XBOX, PS2; £29.99

The simian-in-a-sphere stoner classic is transplanted to the PS2 and Xbox from Nintendo's GameCube. The platform rolling games are giddily good. And you get to roll your little chap around the courses from *SMB 1* and *2* combined. But the best bits are, of course, the party games. Go ape, gather a group of friends and some supplies, and spend the evening knocking down bowling pins, floating through space to giant targets, and hammering each other senseless with massive boxing gloves. Then pass out in a mess of smoke and frazzled synapses. *Kate Hodges*

TOTAL OVERDOSE

OUT 16 SEPTEMBER; SCI; XBOX, PS2, PC; £29.99

Tequila-soaked fun down old Mexico way, awash with big guns and bigger explosions as you – Ramiro Cruz – go hunting for your father's (officially the victim of a drug overdose) killer. To that end you'll be jumping motorbikes, brawling in the street, hotwiring tractors, chowing down on burritos, chatting up senoritas and encountering overweight men in purple briefs, as you attempt to close down a brutal drug cartel.
Greg Hughes



MORTAL KOMBAT: SHAOLIN MONKS

OUT 23 SEPTEMBER; MIDWAY; XBOX, PS2; £24.99

Everyone's favourite musclebound extreme-violence-fest has a new look. Gone are the traditional fighting arenas, and in their place a free-roaming(ish) action adventure, that sees you wandering *Prince Of Persia*-style between spike-filled pits, gloomy dungeons and black-magic-infected monasteries, slicing ogres and demons to bits with your hat and leaping from platforms high above certain doom. This is a very different type of game from usual *MK* fare, so if you're expecting a ring-based beat-'em-up be warned. Nonetheless, the fighting is great, with ludicrous combo moves a cinch and spectacular violence, including the vile Fatality moves – pulling out people's spines through their eyes and so on – still in place for your perverted pleasure. *Greg Hughes*

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K = 11
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R = 18
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Ragnorak
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SUPERHERO GEAR

STAND ASIDE SUPERMAN – SCIENCE HAS FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH THE MOVIES!

WORDS **JAMES DOORNE**

You would think people with the job title 'superhero' would be in some way extraordinary examples of the human form. But think about it for a second: What actually makes a superhero so super? It's not their fake six-pack, oh-so tortured childhood, gay little eyemask, or figure-hugging Lycra. No, what makes them super is their hardware. Once you've got your hands on that, any old couch potato could fill their spare time with auxiliary crime-fighting histrionics without even breaking sweat. Don't believe me? Read on.

HUMAN GILLS

Henry's Law states the solubility of a gas in a liquid is proportional to the pressure of the gas over the solution, which, when applied to the O component of H_2O, means that using a centrifuge you can extract oxygen from water, in exactly the way fish do. Which, in turn, means if you can make the unit small enough it could replace divers' oxygen tanks. Israeli inventor Alan Izhar-Bodner has created the Like A Fish underwater breathing system, which, with a 1kg battery, allows a diver to remain submerged for approximately one hour.

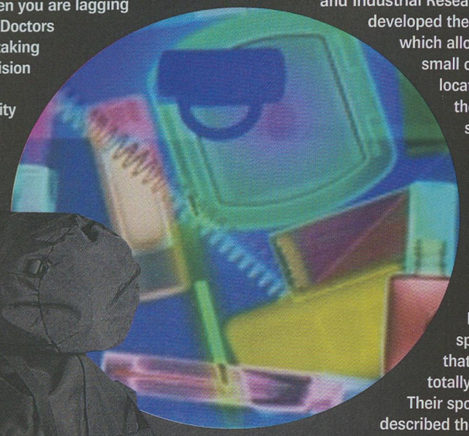
7.5/10

X-RAY SPECS

6/10

If you think X-ray-vision technology means those crappy plastic glasses with the swirly pattern on them you used to be able to find ads for in the back of pulp magazines (and can now buy online at Fakecrap.com), then you are lagging way, way behind the times. Doctors and the military have been taking advantage of proper X-ray vision for years now.

Carnegie Mellon University in Pennsylvania has created what they call The Sonic Flashlight, a handheld device that allows the user to experience a real-time ultrasound scan, meaning it can be used to make the human body translucent.



And CSIRO (Australia's Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation) have also developed their own brand of X-ray vision, which allows them to see "very small objects, devices, and wires located inside walls, beneath the ground, or under road surfaces." There is even a handheld version called Siro-Pulse.

And you can now look through envelopes and into letters too. In 2000, *New Scientist* reported that Mistral Security of Bethesda, Maryland, had created a spray called See-Through that rendered envelopes totally, well, see-through. Their spokesman, Bob Schlagel, described the invention as a "non-conductive, non-toxic, environmentally safe liquid" that made letters as easy to read as postcards for 15 minutes, before it returned to its normal state with nothing to indicate it had ever been treated.

SUPER STRENGTH

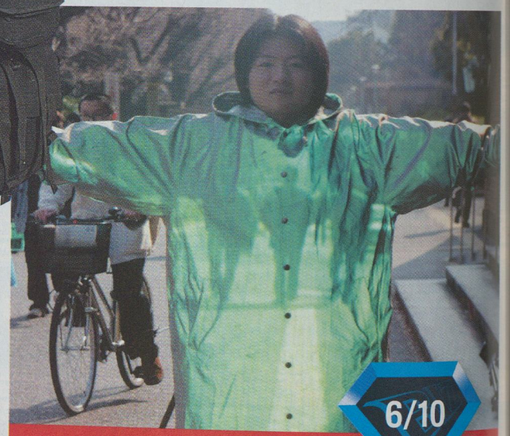
The Berkeley Lower Extremity Exoskeleton (BLEEX) is the brainchild of the Pentagon's Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), which has a reputation for putting the 'mental' in experimental science.

Equipped with more than 40 sensors and hydraulic mechanisms, BLEEX constantly calculates how best to distribute weight being borne, redistribute it and create a minimal load for the wearer.

In tests, the actual load being borne was up to 85 times heavier than that being experienced by the BLEEX wearer.

The BLEEX Robocop-style legs allow the wearer to carry 85 times the weight he perceives

9/10



6/10

INVISIBILITY

At one time or another most people have dreamed of what it would be like to be invisible for a day, and thanks to Susumu Tachi's invisibility coat that dream is getting closer to being reality. And actually *is* reality if you dream about spying on someone who is partially sighted.

The coat doesn't allow people to literally see through you, it merely creates the impression that they can by projecting the image that is on the other side of the wearer onto microscopic reflectors on the front of the coat. They act like a movie screen, creating the illusion that you simply aren't there. At the moment it isn't quite up to superhero quality but it can't be long.

INVISIBLE FLAMETHROWER

...the ability to fire flames at your enemies, this allows ...ange invisible flames. Developed jointly by Air Force ...search Laboratory and the Department of Defense's Joint ...nless Weapons Directorate, the Active Denial System, to ...its proper name, fires 95-GHz millimetre electromagnetic ...d energy (whatever they are) at the enemy.

...ese rays penetrate only the top 1/64 of the skin, but ...second zapping from the ADS system can heat your ...ins to a temperature of 130°F. The system has a range of ...rds and leaves the 'victim' completely unharmed by their ...with extreme pain. (Unless they stay in the beam for more ...ur minutes; then they would start to burn to death.)

The Invisible Flamethrower isn't invisible itself – but the 'flames' it can shoot 700 yards to heat you to frying point are

SUPER GOO

Any superhero worth their salt is able to apprehend a baddie by squirting some liquidy-type stuff at them that renders them incapable of movement. And now the American army have it too. Preferring the term 'polymer-based superadhesive agent' or 'Sticky Foam' to 'Super Goo', for some reason, the Americans first deployed on February 28, 1995, when US Marines used it in Mogadishu, Somalia.

'Sticky Foam' is carried in a self-contained backpack and dispensed in the same manner as flames from a flamethrower, and leaves the victim completely unable to move. (And, erm, dead, in some of the more unfortunate cases that have restricted its use since American operations in Somalia…)

8.5/10

HEAD EXPLODERS

Long Range Acoustic Devices (LRADs) are more than just the most powerful speakers ever to have existed; a very-low-frequency (VLF) modulator version can do more than just send out loud noises. Working within the 20-35 KHz spectrum, the unit is able to send a sort of 'acoustic bullet' via a 1-2m antenna.

At a low setting it can cause nausea, vomiting and abdominal pain. At higher settings it has the capacity to make human bones vibrate. If the unit is aimed at the head, vibrating skullbones can make people hear voices; if you go to maximum power, you could theoretically make the skullbones vibrate so violently a person's head explodes.

It was allegedly offered to the FBI by the Russian military to use during the standoff with the Branch Davidians cult at Waco, the idea being they might convince people in the compound that God was talking to them. Sadly, it was decided that without being able to control what the message from God was, it was probably too risky to try.

10/10

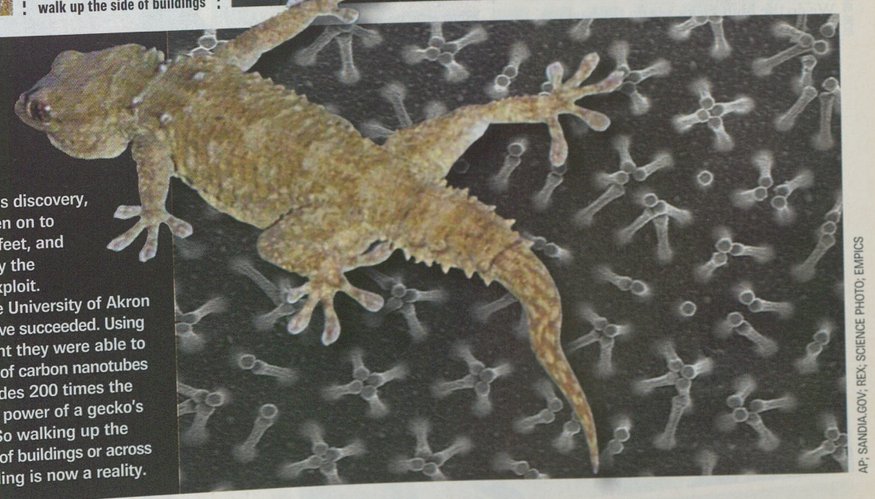
CARBON NANOTUBE GECKO GRIPPERS

A few years ago, scientists began seriously studying the gecko, fascinated by its extraordinary talent for walking on surfaces that even insects couldn't. They found that a gecko's five-toed feet are covered with microscopic elastic hairs called setae, the ends of which split into spatulas that can hold the feet in place when they come into contact with a surface.

Upon investigation, it transpired this was thanks to natural nanotech grippers on the pads of their feet, which allow a 100g gecko to theoretically support 6.5 stone in weight while stuck on a ceiling. Since this discovery, the race has been on to replicate gecko feet, and to do so in a way the military could exploit.

Recently, the University of Akron reported they have succeeded. Using a $400,000 grant they were able to create a 'carpet' of carbon nanotubes that provides 200 times the gripping power of a gecko's feet. So walking up the sides of buildings or across the ceiling is now a reality.

Thanks to boffins studying the gecko, soldiers can now walk up the side of buildings



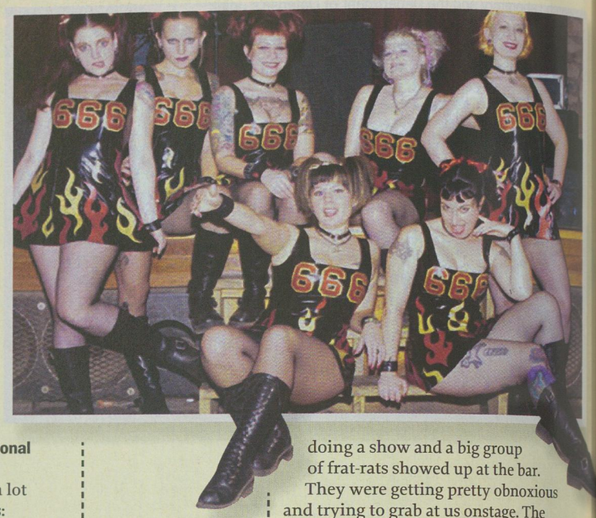
9/10

AP; SANDIA.GOV; REX; SCIENCE PHOTO; EMPICS

"WE CHEER FOR SATAN"

GIVE US A 6! AND ANOTHER 6! AND ANOTHER 6! WADDYAGOT?

WORDS DENISE STANBOROUGH



Srixi Stix and Scarlett Fury are part of The Satan's Cheerleaders. They honour Beelzebub by bumping and grinding their way through a devilish routine supporting Texan rock band The Flametrick Subs.

How did you become a Satan's Cheerleader?
Trixi: I didn't choose it – it chose me. I got an offer from Buster Crash of The Flametrick Subs. We shook our asses while the band rocked and the Satan's Cheerleaders were born. It was a match made in Hell.
Scarlett: In 2003, the squad announced they were taking applications for new members. I made it to the audition phase, where I did my *Flashdance* impression and poured a bottle of water all over myself while I danced. After a private interview with Satan himself, I was asked to join the squad.

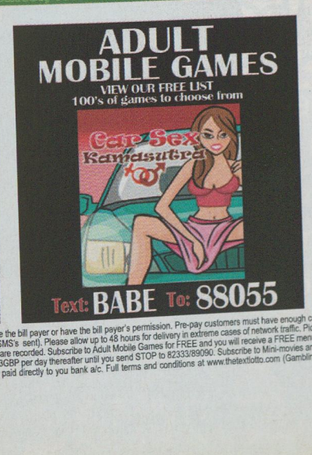
"In the space of a minute, we were smacked around by Jesus and humped by dwarfs"

What inspired the look?
Trixi: Conventional cheerleader outfits are cute, but nowhere near evil enough. I saw the potential in the usual cheerleader dresses and decided to treat 'em like a hot rod: I stripped 'em down, shined 'em up, and added flames. The result was the hellish *haute couture* that we wear to this day – black-and-red miniskirts with 666 across our chests.
Is being in the squad like flipping the middle finger at ordinary cheerleaders?
Scarlett: In Texas, football is practically a religion, and cheerleaders go hand-in-hand with that. We love cheerleading as an art form. 'Ordinary' cheerleaders get snarky because we steal their thunder. Who wants to watch a regular old pom-pom squad when you could have the Devil's Debutantes gyrating in vinyl minidresses and fishnets? We do the high kicks, we do the basket tosses, and we look damn sexy doing them!

Trixi: If we had the chance, we'd gladly go 10 rounds in the mud-wrestling ring with the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders. And you can be damn sure we'd come out on top! Nobody fights dirtier than Satan's Cheerleaders.
What attributes would a girl need to be a Satan's Cheerleader?
Trixi: Ass, ass, and more ass. Besides having a bountiful ass, the girls need to straddle the fine line between sweetness and nastiness. We have to be sweet enough to win converts, but we also have to be ready to get down and dirty at a moment's notice.
Do you perform conventional cheerleading moves?
Scarlett: We mix a lot of different styles: cheerleading, go-go, burlesque and punk. We are definitely naughtier than the average cheerleader! Our influences run the gamut from Tempest Storm to Michael Jackson to *Napoleon Dynamite*. Within the squad, different girls have different strengths. Vixin, Lucky, and Trixi are all very talented with hip-hop moves. Ruby and I specialise in the slow bump-and-grind style. Doc is pure drill-team and Sindee's moves are straight from the stripper pole.
How do you prepare before going onstage?
Scarlett: I like to mingle with the audience beforehand, but immediately before we go onstage, we all get together and do a little demonic meditation. It helps us cast our evil spell over the audience.
What was your most memorable performance?
Scarlett: One night, we were doing a show and a big group of frat-rats showed up at the bar. They were getting pretty obnoxious and trying to grab at us onstage. The final straw was when one of them dared to touch my ass. I decided to heat things up a little bit – I set their Abercrombie baseball hats aflame and they ran out of there like bats outta Hell!
Has anything ever gone drastically wrong during a routine?
Scarlett: The worst was probably when the girls were performing at an electronics expo. Trixi was shaking her ass onstage when Jesus appeared, complete with crucifix; he was the mascot for one of the game companies in attendance. Jesus knocked her down with his cross and she fell flat on her face. To add insult to injury, a roving band of dwarves jumped on the stage and proceeded to hump her! So in the space of a minute, Trixi got smacked around by the Son of God and violated by a gang of little people.
Any over-enthusiastic fans?
Trixi: One time we encountered a pervert who followed us from a gas station. At first he was just following us, but then he pulled up next to us and we saw he was masturbating! We ran him off the road by brandishing a 9mm and a shotgun.
Who's your most famous fan?
Scarlett: We're really lucky that we've earned the respect of many fellow performers. We've performed with Mötley Crüe, The Pietasters, and The Misfits. Masuimi Max is a good friend of ours and we love to work with her.
Ever thought about crashing the National Christian Cheerleading Championships?
Trixi: Yes! It's in Orlando, it would be fantastic for us to show up and take it by storm. We'd show them some moves they've never seen! And there would be so many pure souls there ripe for the picking and ready for conversion to the Dark Side. It makes my mouth water to think about it.

For more visit Satanscheerleaders.com

BOB SHERMAN



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Cannibals: contributing to global warming but not necessarily breaking the law

Is it legal to eat yourself? And can you eat someone else if you have their consent?
Joe, Nottingham

First, I need to point out I am not legally allowed to condone cannibalism of any kind whatsoever. Personally, I would love nothing more than to see someone chow down on a human drumstick but I am legally obliged to point out – even though there is no specific law banning the act of cannibalism in the UK – that it is potentially dangerous, immoral and blahdy blahdy blahdy blah.

Let's start with the question of self-cannibalism. This is not illegal, and not just in the sense that people who bite their nails and eat them or eat the skin next to their nails are technically practising autophagy, the technical name for self-cannibalism. Actual, proper, hardcore cannibalism isn't technically illegal in the UK. Sort of.

That's because if you chop off your arm, marinate it, cook it and serve it up drizzled with sweet-and-spicy pan sauce on a bed of fluffed rice then you haven't committed a crime and cannot be prosecuted. The law recognises it is impossible to legislate against self-harm where no other parties are involved and, as such, there is no provision in law to prosecute you. Having said that, in reality, you're almost certain to be sectioned under the Mental Health Act of 1983, even if you do win the *One-Armed Masterchef* title.

When it comes to the legality of eating someone else's voluntarily donated flesh, a legal fog descends.

According to the legal eagle we spoke to, the fact there is no law criminalising the consumption of human flesh doesn't mean no charges will be brought against you. You wouldn't be charged with cannibalism, but you would be very likely to be charged in relation to the accompanying acts. Our expert reckoned it would be almost impossible to not commit some offence in the course of procuring the human meat. You could then expect the maximum sentence the offence carried, to reflect the public's outrage at such an immoral crime.

So, it is, as they say, a legal minefield, but there is a route through that minefield, which leaves you in a moral grey area. But that's better than being in prison.

'Interesting' fact: Endocannibalism is the term for eating someone you know. Exocannibalism is the term for eating a stranger.

Is it true that cows can cause global warming?
Jordan Leslie by email

Wait! Come back! This might be one of the dullest questions ever asked (no offence, Jordan!) as all we could find out about cows causing global warming is that they fart a lot, which releases harmful gases into the atmosphere, and that they taste yummy if you barbecue them, slice them up and put them in a bun – which means more people have more barbecues, also contributing to global warming – but we found out something quite interesting in the process of researching. Which is that dandruff – yes, dandruff – is contributing to global warming. See? I told you.

A recent study by Ruprecht Jaenicke of the Institute for Atmospheric Physics at the University of Mainz in Germany found that huge clouds of fine dust in the atmosphere are contributing to global warming. The fine dust particles are approximately 8,000 times thinner than a human hair and Dr Jaenicke reckons there are 1billion tons of them in the atmosphere.

And while 60 per cent of that is made up of 'normal' dust things like smoke, ash, sand, evaporated sea salt and industrial chemicals, the rest is made up of organic waste – including dandruff.

"Cellular (and protein) particles injected directly into the atmosphere include fur fibres, dandruff, skin fragments, pollen, bacteria, plant fragments, algae, fungi, viruses, protein 'crystals' and more," writes Jaenicke.

These clouds have long been acknowledged as contributors to global warming. It is not known if they reflect sunshine back to Earth or absorb light and warm up the air, but their effect is not a positive one.

So forget the earlier advice to not eat yourself. As this is a case of global importance, I am prepared to risk the jail-time for saying this. You must eat yourselves! Make scab baguettes! Cover your pets in Veet! Snort lines of dandruff! It's the only way we won't end up like the dinosaurs.

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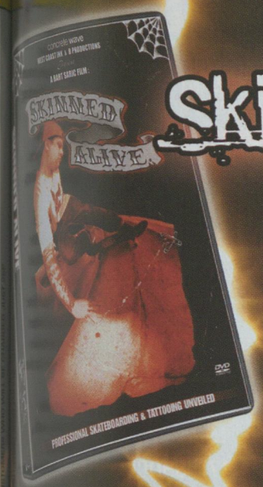
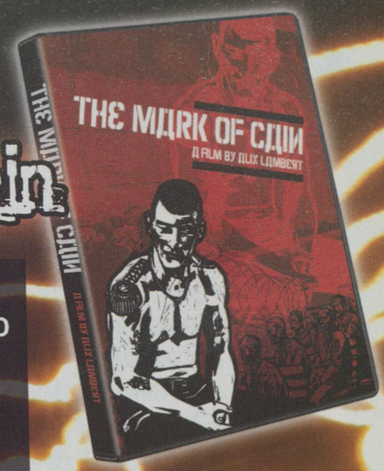


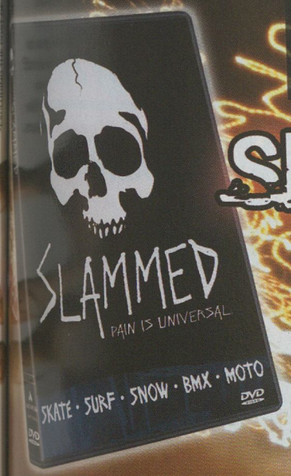
Skinned Alive

Tattooing and skateboarding are closely linked, see what makes pro-skaters and top tattooists tick and how they cut loose....



Mark of Cain

From the streets of LA to the prisons of Russia, this time we go deep into the underbelly of Russian crime to explore the dying art of Prison Tattooing.



Slammed

If those two haven't wetted your appetite, then this assault on your senses will. Extreme sports go wrong frequently, we just happened to catch it all on one DVD... enjoy!

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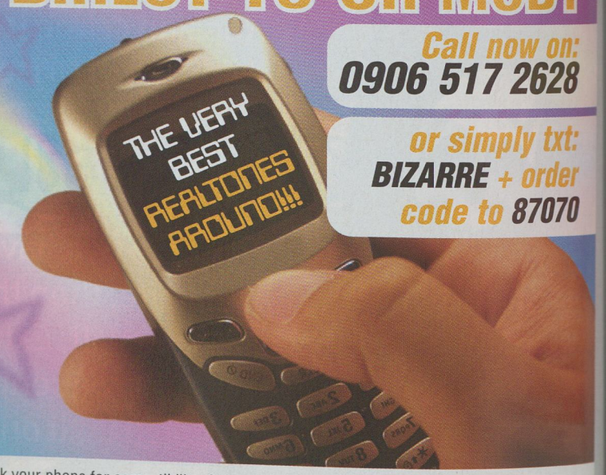

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Angel	4603	8949	Dambusters	5788	9252	Mission Imposs	1421	6975
A-Team	3652	8454	Deliverance	4457	9253	Rocky	1050	8542
Benny Hill	1027	8165	Dr Who	5471	8693	Scooby Doo	4562	9241
Beverly Hlls C	1432	8313	Exorcist	4460	7167	Star Wars	1425	8543
Big Brother	4613	8166	Fields Athenry	3828	9727	Time Warp	5233	8352
Blowing Bubbles	3773	9722	Italian Job	5658	9260	White Horses	6793	8631
Buffy	1028	8553	Knight Rider	4645	8696	WWF Stone Cold	11134	11130

ROCK Zone

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2Pac - Changes	5156	9240	Gwen Stefani - Hollaback Girl	11706	11657
2Pac Ft - Ghetto Gospel	12136	12114	James Blunt - You're	12058	12055
50 Cent - Candy Shop	11679	11647	Killers - Somebody Told Me	9950	11276
Akon - Belly Dancer (Bananza)	12276	12256	Killers - Somebody Told Me	9950	9932
Akon - Locked Up	11512	11502	Lee Ryan - Army Of Lovers	12235	12215
Akon - Lonely	11922	11910	Lemar - Don't Give It Up	12272	12258
Audio Bullys - Shot You Down	12040	12030	Longview - Further	9003	12261
Axwell - Feel The	12279	12260	Magic Numbers - Love Me Like	12277	12263
Black Eyed Peas - Don't Phunk	12010	11996	Mario - Let Me Love You	11678	11663
Bodyrockers - I Like The Way	11866	11856	Mattafix - Big City Life	12278	12257
Bon Jovi - Living On A Prayer	3945	9569	Meatloaf - Bat Out Of Hell	4521	11260
Britney Spears - Everytime	10318	10307	My Chemical - I'm Not Okay	11579	11558
Christina - Dirrty	7912	7898	Nelly - Dilemma	7952	7951
Ciara - 1 2 Step	11761	11727	Nine Black Alps - Unsatisfied	12281	12267
Ciara Ft Ludacris - Oh	12269	12264	Peter Kay - Amarillo	11546	11545
Craig David - All The Way	12274	12255	Pink Floyd - Another Brick	1311	8471
Crazy Frog - Axel F	12038	12023	Queen - Don't Stop Me Now	11122	11076
Dana Rayne - Object Of My	11245	11233	Rakes - Work Work	12273	12268
DJ Sammy - Heaven	7137	8366	Robbie Williams - Angels	3580	8482
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Eminem - Like Toy Soldiers	11362	11338	Salt N Pepa - Push It	9646	9619
Eminem - Mockingbird	11923	11913	Scissor - Filthy/Gorgeous	11244	11231
Eric Prydz - Call On Me	10679	10669	Scooter - The Logical Song	6658	8503
Game - Dreams	12271	12259	Special D - Come With Me	10010	10000
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Goldfrapp - Ooh La La	12275	12265	System Of A Down - BYOB	11771	11732
Gorillaz - Feel Good Inc	11766	11736	Texas - Getaway	12270	12262
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Green Day - Wake Me Up	11710	11676	Uniting Nations - You And Me	12244	12234
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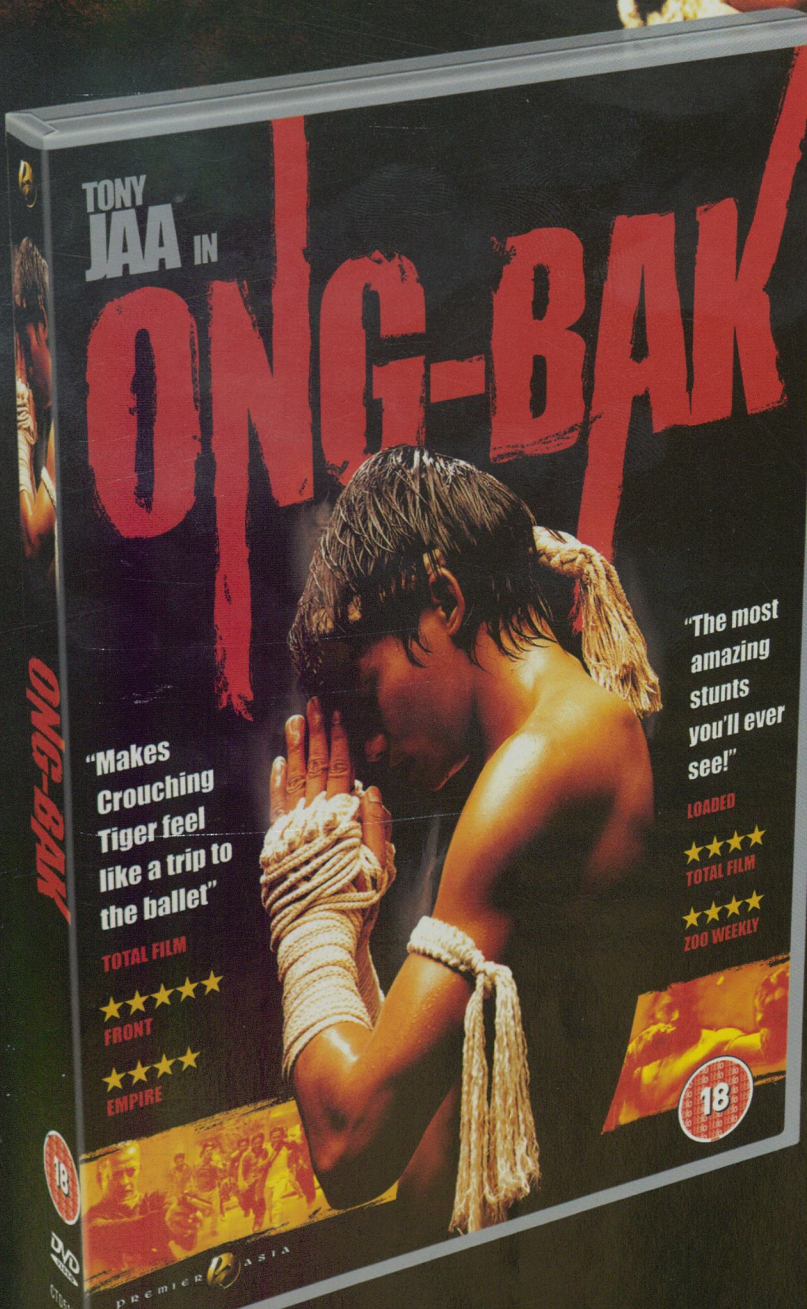
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